



*Allan Ramsay Jun. pinx.*

*A. Bell. Sculp.*

*The*  
Tea-Table

MISCELLANY:

(or,  
*A Collection of*  
*Choice*  
*SONGS,*  
*Scots & English?*

— *By* —  
*Allan Ramsay.*

The TWELTH EDITION.

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EDINBURGH

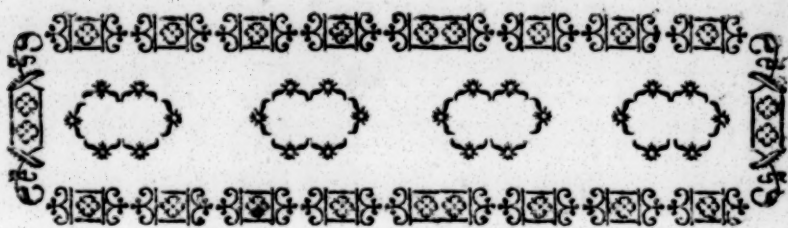
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*for Eben: Wilson in DUMFRIES.*

MDCCCLX.

1760

Heide has horns to look  
like a goat, but the horns  
are not like a goat's. I've read  
that the young animals have  
small horns with living  
membranes covering them, but  
these horns are so small





## DEDICATION.

*To ilka lovely BRITISH lass,  
Frae Ladies Charlotte, Anne, and Jean,  
Down to ilk bonny singing Bess,  
Wha dances barefoot on the green.*

DEAR LASSES,

**Y**Our most humble slave,  
Wha ne'er to serve you shall decline,  
Kneeling, wad' your acceptance crave,  
When he presents this sma' propine.

Then take it kindly to your care,  
Revive it with your tunefu' notes:  
Its beauties will look sweet and fair,  
Arising fastly through your throats.

iv DEDICATION.

The wanton wee thing will rejoice,  
When tented by a sparkling eye,  
The spinet tinkling with her voice,  
It lying on her lovely knee.

While kettles dringe on ingles dour,  
Or clashes stay the lazy las;  
Thir sangs may ward you frae the four,  
And gaily vacant minutes pass.

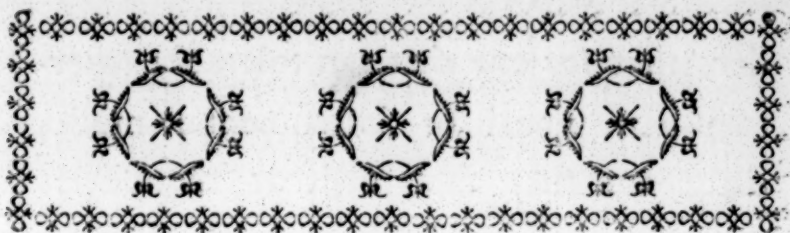
E'en while the tea's fill'd reeking round,  
Rather than plot a tender tongue,  
Treat a' the circling lugs wi' sound,  
Syne safely sip when ye have sung.

May happiness had up your hearts,  
And warm you lang with loving fires:  
May pow'rs propitious play their parts,  
In matching you to your desires.

EDINBURGH, *Jan. 1.*

1724.

A. RAMSAY.



## P R E F A C E.

**A**Lthough it be acknowledged, that our Scots tunes have not lengthened variety of music, yet they have an agreeable gaiety and natural sweetness that make them acceptable where-ever they are known, not only among ourselves, but in other countries. They are, for the most part so chearful, that, on hearing them well played, or sung, we find a difficulty to keep ourselves from dancing. What further adds to the esteem we have for them, is their antiquity, and their being universally known. Mankind's love for novelty would appear to contradict this reason; but will not, when we consi-

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der, that for one that can tolerably entertain with vocal or instrumental music, there are fifty that content themselves with the pleasure of hearing, and singing without the trouble of being taught. Now, such are not judges of the fine flourishes of new music imported from *Italy* and elsewhere, yet will listen with pleasure to tunes that they know, and can join with in the chorus. Say that our way is only an harmonious speaking of merry, witty, or soft thoughts, after the poet has dressed them in four or five stanzas, yet undoubtedly these must relish best with people, who have not bestowed much of their time in acquiring a taste for that downright perfect music, which requires none, or very little of the poet's assistance.

My being well assured, how acceptable new words to known tunes would prove, engaged me to the making verses for  
above

above sixty of them; in this and the second volume: about thirty more were done by some ingenious young gentlemen, who were so well pleased with my undertaking, that they generously lent me their assistance; and to them the lovers of sense and music are obliged for some of the best songs in the collection. The rest are such old verses as have been done time out of mind, and only wanted to be cleared from the dross of blundering transcribers and printers; such as, *The Gaberlunzieman*, *Muirland Willy*, &c. that claim their place in our collection for their merry images of the low character.

THIS thirteenth edition in a few years, and the general demand for the book by persons of all ranks, where-ever our language is understood, is a sure evidence of its being acceptable. My worthy friend Dr *Bannerman* tells me from *America*,

*Nor only do your lays oe'r Britain flow,  
Round all the globe your happy sonnets go;  
Here thy soft verse, made to a Scottish air,  
Are often sung by our Virginian fair.  
Camilla's warbling notes are hear'd no more,  
But yield to Last time I came o'er the moor;  
Hydaspes and Rinaldo both give way  
To Mary Scot, Tweedside, and Mary Gray.*

FROM this and the following volume, Mr *Thomson* (who is allowed by all to be a good teacher and singer of *Scots* songs) culled his *Orpheus Caledonius*, the music for both the voice and flute, and the words of the songs finely engraven in a folio book, for the use of persons of the highest quality in *Britain*, and dedicated to the late Queen. This, by the by, I thought proper to intimate, and do myself that justice which the publisher neglected; since he ought to have acquainted his illustrious list of subscribers, that  
the

the most of the songs were mine, the music abstracted.

IN my compositions and collections, I have kept out all smut and ribaldry, that the modest voice and ear of the fair singer might meet with no affront; the chief bent of all my studies being to gain their good graces; and it shall always be my care to ward off those frowns that would prove mortal to my muse.

Now, little books, go your ways; be assured of favourable reception wherever the sun shines on the free-born cheerful *Briton*; steal yourselves into the ladies bosoms. Happy volumes! you are to live too as long as the song of *Homer* in *Greek* and *English*, and mix your ashes only with the odes of *Horace*. Were it but my fate, when old and ruffled, like you to be again reprinted, what a curious figure would I appear on the utmost limits of time, after

x P R E F A C E.

a thousand editions? Happy volumes !  
you are secure ; but I must yield, please  
the ladies, and take care of my fame.

In hopes of this, fearless of coming age, [nown'd,  
I'll smile through life ; and when for rhyme re-  
I'll calmly quit the farce and giddy stage,  
And sleep beneath a flow'ry turf full sound.

I N.



# I N D E X.

Beginning with the first Line of every SONG.

The SONGS marked C, D, H, L, M, O, &c. are new words by different hands; X, the authors unknown; Z, old songs; Q, old songs with additions.

## A.

AH, <i>Chloe</i> , thou treasure, thou joy, &c.	34
A lovely lass to a friar came	38
Ah, <i>Chloris</i> , cou'd I now but sit	46
As from a rock past all relief	52
Auld <i>Rob Morris</i> that wins in yon glen	58
As <i>Sylvia</i> in a forest lay	60
And I'll o'er the moor to <i>Maggy</i>	64
At <i>Polwart</i> on the green	65
As walking forth to view the plain	66
Ah! why those tears in <i>Nelly's</i> eyes	88
Ah! the shepherd's mournful fate	89
As I went forth to view the spring	98
Adieu for a while, my native green plains	132
An I'll away to bonny <i>Tweed-side</i>	136
As early I walk'd on the first of sweet <i>May</i>	164
Although I be but a country-lass	169
As I sat at my spinning-wheel	171
Adieu the pleasing sports and plays	175
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A cock laird fu cadgie	194
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All in the <i>Downs</i> the fleet was moor'd	230
Ah ! bright <i>Belinda</i> , hither fly	234
<i>Alexis</i> shunn'd his fellow-swains	247
A quire of bright beauties	273
As charming <i>Clara</i> walk'd alone	274
Amongst the willows on the grafs	281
A trisling song ye shall hear	283
As the snow in valleys lying	304
Awake, thou fairest thing in nature	306
Away, you rover	309
A four reformation	315
As musing I rang'd in a meadow alone	326
All you that would refine your blood	340
As down in the meadows I chanced to pass	354
A cobbler there was, and he liv'd in a stall	355
As I am a friend	372
Ah ! woes me, poor <i>Willy</i> cry'd	377
As tippling <i>John</i> was jogging on	390
As after noon, on summer's day	397
<i>Alexis</i> , how artless a lover	397
A maid is like the golden ore	417
A fox may steal your hens, Sir	419
As <i>Dolly</i> was milking of the cows	430
A woman's ware like china	436
Assist your vot'ry, friendly Nine	445

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By a murmuring stream a fair shepherdes lay	17
Blate <i>Jonny</i> faintly told fair <i>Jean</i> his mind	24
Bright <i>Cynthia's</i> power divinely great	35
By smooth winding <i>Tay</i> a swain was reclining	66
Beneath a beech's grateful shade	71
By the delicious warmth of thy mouth	75
Beneath a green shade I found a fair maid	76
<i>Bessy's</i>	

<i>Bessy's</i> beauties shine fae bright	97
Bless'd as th' immortal gods is he	109
Beauty from fancy takes its arms	112
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep	120
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride	133
Blyth <i>Jocky</i> young and gay	151
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride	221
Be wary, my <i>Celia</i> , when <i>Geladon</i> lues	235
Bless'd as th' immortal gods is he	287
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<i>Belinda</i> with affected mien	310
By the side of a great kitchen-fire	329
<i>Bacchus</i> must now his power resign	331
Blyth, blyth, blyth was she	423
By mason's art the aspiring dome	346
Believe my sighs, my tears, my dear	398

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Come fill me a bumper, my jolly brave boys	43
Confess thy love, fair blushing maid	118
Come, <i>Florinda</i> , lovely charmer	157
Come here's to the nymph that I love	158
Could be the rebel's cast	201
<i>Celia</i> , let not pride undo you	254
<i>Eupid</i> , god of pleasing anguish	271
<i>Celia</i> , too late you wou'd repent	301
<i>Cupid</i> , ease a love-sick maid	327
Come, neighbours, now we've made our hay	332
Come, carles a' of fumblers ha'	357
Come let us prepare	362
Custom prevailing so long amongst the great	387
<i>Cynthia</i> frowns whene'er I woo her	394
Come, love, let's walk by yonder spring	407
Care, away, gae thou frae me	408
Come, lads, ne'er plague your heads	414
Can love be controll'd by advice	418
<i>Celia</i> now my heart hath broke	447
* b	

## D.

<i>Dumbarton's</i> drums beat bonny — O	49
Dear <i>Roger</i> , if your <i>Jenny</i> geck	199
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Despairing beside a clear stream	242
Do not ask me, charming <i>Phillis</i>	277
<i>Diogenes</i> surly and proud	289
<i>Damon</i> , if you will believe me	306
Did ever swain a nymph adore	327
<i>Daphnis</i> stood pensive in the shade	382
Dear <i>Chloe</i> , while thus beyond measure	384
Dear <i>Colin</i> , prevent my warm blushes	401

## F.

Fy let us a' to the bridal	82
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For the sake of somebody	181
Fair, sweet, and young, receive a prize	184
Fair <i>Iris</i> and her swain	232
Fie ! <i>Liza</i> , scorn the little arts	234
Farewell, my bonny, witty, pretty <i>Maggy</i>	250
From rosy bowers, where sleeps the god of love	256
From grave lessons and restraint	284
Fair <i>Amoret</i> is gone astray	305
From <i>White's</i> and <i>Will's</i>	346
Flutt'ring spread thy purple pinions	365
False tho' she be to me and love	399

## G.

Gin ye meet a bonny lassie	74
Gi'e me a lass with a lump of land	114
Go, go, go, go, falsest of thy sex, begone	310
Gently touch the warbling lyre	347
Gently stir and blow the fire	347
Good Madam, when ladies are willing	401
Good people, draw near	441
How	

## H.

How sweetly smells the summer green	1
Hear me, ye nymphs, and every swain	2
Hearken, and I will tell you how	7
How blyth ilk morn was I to see	13
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Have you any pots or pans	96
Honest man <i>John Ochiltree</i>	125
How happy is the rural clown	186
How shall I be sad when a husband I hae	201
Hid from himself now by the dawn	203
Here are people and sports	268
How happy are we	280
Here's a health to the king, and a lasting peace	191
He that will not merry merry be	292
Hark, how the trumpet sounds to battle	303
He who for ever	309
How happy a state does the miller possess	322
How blest'd are beggar-lasses	348
Having spent all my time	353
How pleasant a sailor's life passes	364
Happy the world in that blest'd age	385
Hark! away, 'tis the merry ton'd horn	393
How happy are we	424
Hey! my kitten, a kitten	439

## I.

Is <i>Hamilla</i> then my own	5
In vain, fond youth, thy tears give o'er	36
In <i>April</i> , when primroses paint the sweet plain	42
I will awa' wi' my love	63
<i>Jocky</i> said to <i>Jeany</i> , <i>Jeany</i> , wilt thou do't	70
In winter when the rain rain'd cauld	105
It was the charming month of <i>May</i>	119
If love's a sweet passion, why does it torment	124
In <i>January</i> last	128
I tofs and tumble thro' the night	140
I have a green purse and a wee pickle gowd	168
b 2	<i>Jocky</i>

<i>Jocky</i> met with <i>Jenny</i> fair	176
<i>Jocky</i> fou, <i>Jenny</i> fain	178
I was anes a well-tocher'd lass	191
I yield, dear lassie, you have won	201
I'll range around the shady bowers	254
In this grove my <i>Strephon</i> walk'd	272
Jolly mortals, fill your glasses	293
I'll sail upon the dog-star	296
If she be not kind as fair	306
In spite of love at length I've found	307
It was in and about the <i>Martinmas</i> time	343
I thank thee, my friend	366
I have been in love, and in debt, and in drink	368
I once was a poet at <i>London</i>	374
If heaven, its blessings to augment	379
In yonder town there wons a <i>May</i>	381
I'll sing you a ditty and warrant it true	385
I had a heart, that now does heartless gae	405
In ancient times, in <i>Britain's</i> isle	409
If <i>Phyllis</i> denies me relief	416
If love the virgin's heart invade	417
If you at an office solicit your due	421
I hate the coward tribes	434
In pimps and politicians	437
I am a poor maiden forsaken	444

## K.

Kindly, kindly, thus my treasure	315
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## L.

Let's be jovial, fill our glasses	6
Look where my dear <i>Hamilla</i> smiles	18
Leave kindred and friends, sweet <i>Betty</i>	28
Lassie, lend me your bra hemp heckle	34
Love's goddess in a myrtle grove	43
Love never more shall give me pain	55
Late in an evening forth I went	111
Let meaner beauties use their art	269
Last Sunday at <i>St James's</i> pray'rs	241
Love,	

# I N D E X.

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Love, thou art the best of human joys	242
Let soldiers fight for prey or praise	250
Leave off your foolish prating	252
<i>Leander</i> on the bay	319
Little fyren of the stage	375
Let's drink, my friends, while here we live	413
Let us drink and be merry, dance, joke, and rejoice	424
Let matters of state	433

## M.

My <i>Jocky</i> blyth for what thou hast done	59
My mither's ay glowran o'er me	62
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My dear and only love, I pray	102
March, march	131
My <i>Patie</i> is a lover gay	134
My <i>Jeany</i> and I have toil'd	156
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My <i>Peggy</i> is a young thing	198
My days have been so wondrous free	229
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My friend and I	248
My <i>Chloe</i> , why do ye slight me	271
My dear mistress has a heart	296
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My goddess <i>Lydia</i> heavenly fair	302
My dearest maid, since you desire	375
Man may escape from rope and gun	420
My love was fickle once and changing	448

## N.

<i>Nancy</i> to the green-wood gane	19
Now wat ye wha I met yestreen	61
Now the sun's gane out o' sight	73
Now <i>Phæbus</i> advances on high	92
Now spring begins her smiling round	146
Now all the virgin-sweets are mine	173
Now from rusticity and love	205
Now God be wi' old <i>Symon</i>	433

b 3

O lovely

O.	
O lovely maid ! how dear's thy power	14
O <i>Bell</i> , thy looks have kill'd my heart	31
O <i>Sandy</i> , why leaves thou thy <i>Nelly</i> to mourn	44
O <i>Bessy Bell</i> and <i>Mary Gray</i>	53
Of race divine thou needs must be	68
O <i>Mary</i> , thy graces and glances	89
O steer her up and had her gawn	95
O mither dear, I gin to fear	126
Of all the birds whose tuneful throats	127
One day I heard <i>Mary</i> say	129
O come away, come away	152
O had away, had away	152
O wha's that at my chamber-door	154
Over the mountains	163
O waly, waly up the bank	170
O virgin kind ! we canna tell	190
O <i>Jeany, Jeany</i> , where has thou been	192
O dear <i>Peggy</i> , love's beguiling	200
Of all the girls that are so smart	236
Oh ! love, if a god thou wilt be	238
On a bank beside a willow	246
Oh lead me to some peaceful gloom	257
Oh lead me to some peaceful room	257
Of all comforts I miscarried	266
Oh ! the charming month of <i>May</i>	270
One evening as I lay	275
One long <i>Whitefun</i> holy-day	279
One <i>April</i> morn, when from the sea	280
O surprising lovely fair	308
On a bank of flowers	311
Oh ! happy, happy grove	313
On <i>Ettrick</i> banks, in a summer's night	317
O my heart ! my heavy, heavy heart	339
O grant me, kind <i>Bacchus</i>	345
O <i>Leister</i> , fam'd for maidens fair	349
One <i>Sunday</i> after mass	352
Of all the torment, all the care	392
Of	

# I N D E X.

Of all the girls in our town	39
Our <i>Polly</i> is a sad slut ! nor heeds what we taught her	40
Ourselves, like the great, to secure a retreat	402
Old <i>Chiron</i> thus preach'd to his pupil <i>Achilles</i>	428
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Of all the trades from east to west	433

## P.

Pain'd with her slighting <i>Jamie's</i> love	51
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Pious <i>Selinda</i> goes to prayers	257
Pray now, <i>John</i> , let <i>Jug</i> prevail	259
Pretty parrot, say, when I was away	267
<i>Phillis</i> the fairest of love's foes	278
Prithee, <i>Susan</i> , what dost muse on	297
Prithee, <i>Billy</i> , ben't so silly	315
Proud woman, I scorn you	389
<i>Phillis</i> , despise not your faithful lover	413
Pure as the new fallen snow appears	435

## R.

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Remember, <i>Damon</i> , you did tell	245

## S.

Subjected to the power of love	29
Should auld acquaintance be forgot	49
Sweet Sir, for your courtesie	56
<i>Swift, Sandy, Young, and Gay</i>	107
<i>Somnolente</i>	130
Since all thy vows, false maid	134
<i>Sandy</i> in <i>Edinburgh</i> was born	145
Saw ye <i>Jenny Nettles</i>	177
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Speak on, — speak thus, and still my grief	206
Stately slept he east the wa'	211
Send home my long stray'd eyes to me	226
Sweet are the charms of her I love	231
<i>Stella</i>	

<i>Stella</i> and <i>Flavia</i> every hour	255
See, see, she wakes, <i>Sabina</i> wakes	257
See, see, my <i>Seraphina</i> comes	259
Since times are so bad, I must tell thee, sweet-heart	261
See, Sirs, see here! a doctor rare	269
<i>Selinda</i> sure's the brightest thing	282
Some say, women are like the sea	285
Since we die by the help of good wine	293
Shall I, wasting in despair	304
So much I love thee, O my treasure!	323
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Saw ye the nymph whom I adore	343
Since drinking has power to bring us relief	345
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Since laws were made for ev'ry degree	423
Sum up all the delights	429

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Teach me, <i>Chloe</i> , how to prove	16
'Tis I have seven braw new gowns	21
The meal was dear short syne	26
Tell me, <i>Hamilla</i> , tell me why	30
Tell me, tell me, charming creature	36
'Twas summer, and the day was fair	37
The last time I came o'er the moor	39
The lass of <i>Peaty's</i> mill	40
Tho' for seven years and mair honour, &c.	54
<i>Tibby</i> has a store of charms	72
The pawky auld carle came o'er the lee	78
The lawland lads think they are fine	85
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This is not mine ain house	92
The maltman comes on <i>Munday</i>	97
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The shepherd <i>Adonis</i>	114
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'Twas at the fearful midnight-hour	137
The	

The sun was sunk beneath the hill	139
The morn was fair, fast was the air	142
The widow can bake, and the widow can brew	149
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The yellow-hair'd laddie sat down on yon brae	183
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The laird who in riches and honour	202
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There gowans are gay, my joy	404
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'Tis woman that seduces all mankind	417
The miser thus a shilling fees	419
The gamesters and lawyers are jugglers alike	420
The first time at the looking-glass	421
Thus gamesters united in friendship are found	421
The modes of the court so common are grown	422
The gypsies came to our good Lord's gate	427
The world is always jarring	434
'Tis	

'Tis wine that clears the understanding	435
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The manners of the great affect	436

## U.

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Upbraid me not, capricious fair	443

## W.

What beauties does <i>Fora</i> disclose	4
When we meet again, <i>Phely</i>	9
When flow'ry meadows deck the year	11
Why hangs that cloud upon thy brow	12
While fops in fast <i>Italian</i> verse	22
When we came to <i>London</i> town	31
When innocent pastime our pleasure did crown	32
While some for pleasure pawn their health	43
When trees did bud, and fields were green	45
What means this niceness now of late	57
With broken words, and downcast eyes	77
Where wad bonny <i>Annie</i> lie	80
Will ye go to the ew-bughts, <i>Marion</i>	81
What numbers shall the muse repeat	86
When I think on my lad	93
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When summer comes, the swains on <i>Tweed</i>	144
<i>Willy</i> , ne'er inquire what end	148
When I've a saxpence under my thumb	154
When beauty blazes heavenly bright	160
While our flocks are a-feeding	161
When <i>Phæbus</i> bright the azure skies	179
<i>Willy</i> was a wanton wag	188
When first my dear laddie gade to the green hill	202
Were I assur'd you'll constant prove	204
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A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
CHOICE SONGS.

+++++

BONNY CHRISTY.

**H**OW sweetly smells the summer green !  
Sweet taste the peach and cherry :  
Painting and order please our een,  
And claret makes us merry :

But finest colours, fruits, and flowers,  
And wine, tho' I be thirsty,  
Lose a' their charms, and weaker powers,  
Compar'd with those of *Christy*.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,  
No nat'ral beauty wanting,  
How lightsome is't to hear the lark,  
And birds in consort chanting ?  
But if my *Christy* tunes her voice,  
I'm rapt in admiration ;  
My thoughts with ecstasies rejoice,  
And drap the hail creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,  
I take the happy omen,  
And aften mint to make advance,  
Hoping she'll prove a woman :  
But, dubious of my ain desert,  
My sentiments I smother ;  
With secret sighs I vex my heart,  
For fear she love another.

VOL. I.

\* A

Thus

A

Thus sang blate *Eddie* by a burn,  
 His *Christy* did o'erhear him ;  
 She doughtna let her lover mourn,  
 But ere he wist drew near him.  
 She spake her favour with a look,  
 Which left nae room to doubt her ;  
 He wisely this white minute took,  
 And sang his arms about her.

My *Christy* ! — witness, bonny stream,  
 Sic joys frae tears arising,  
 I wish this may na be a dream ;  
 O love the maist surprising !  
 Time was too precious now for tauk ;  
 This point of a' his wishes  
 He wadna with set speeches bauk,  
 But war'd it a' on kisses.

### The Bush aboon TRAQUAIR.

**H**ear me, ye nymphs, and every swain,  
 I'll tell how *Peggy* grieves me.  
 Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,  
 Alas ! she ne'er believes me.  
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,  
 Unheeded never move her ;  
 At the bonny bush aboon *Traquair*,  
 'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,  
 No maid seem'd ever kinder ;  
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,  
 So sweetly there to find her.  
 I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,  
 In words that I thought tender ;  
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,  
 I meant not to offend her.

Yet

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,  
 The fields we then frequented ;  
 If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,  
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.  
 The bonny bush bloom'd fair in *May*,  
 Its sweets I'll ay remember ;  
 But now her frowns make it decay,  
 It fades as in *December*.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,  
 Why thus should *Peggy* grieve me ?  
 Oh ! make her partner in my pains,  
 Then let her smiles relieve me.  
 If not, my love will turn despair,  
 My passion no more tender.  
 I'll leave the bush aboon *Traquair*,  
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.

C.

---

### An O D E.

To the tune of, *Polwarth on the Green*.

**T**HO' beauty, like the rose,  
 That smiles on *Polwarth* geen,  
 In various colours shows,  
 As 'tis by fancy seen :  
 Yet all its different glories lie  
 United in thy face ;  
 And virtue, like the sun on high,  
 Gives rays to ev'ry grace.

So charming is her air,  
 So smooth, so calm her mind,  
 That to some angel's care  
 Each motion seems assign'd :  
 But yet so chearful, sprightly, gay,  
 The joyful moments fly,  
 As if for wings they stole the ray  
 She darteth from her eye.

A 2

Kind

Kind am'rous *Cupids*, while  
 With tuneful voice she sings,  
 Perfume her breath and smile,  
 And wave their balmy wings :  
 But as the tender blushes rise,  
 Soft innocence doth warm,  
 The soul in blisful ecstasies  
 Dissolveth in the charm.

D.

## T W E E D - S I D E .

W<sup>H</sup>at beauties does *Flora* disclose ?  
 How sweet are her smiles upon *Tweed* ?  
 Yet *Mary*'s still sweeter than those ;  
 Both nature and fancy exceed.  
 Nor daisy, nor sweet-blushing rose,  
 Not all the gay flowers of the field,  
 Not *Tweed* gliding gently through those,  
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,  
 'The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,  
 The blackbird, and sweet-cooing dove,  
 With music inchant ev'ry bush.  
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,  
 Let us see how the primroses spring,  
 We'll lodge in some village on *Tweed*,  
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day ?  
 Does *Mary* not tend a few sheep ?  
 Do they never carelessly stray,  
 While happily she lies asleep ?  
*Tweed*'s murmurs should lull her to rest ;  
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,  
 To relieve the soft pains of my breast,  
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis

'Tis she does the virgins excel,  
 No beauty with her may compare ;  
 Love's graces all round her do dwell,  
 She's fairest, where thousands are fair.  
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray ?  
 Oh ! tell me at noon where they feed ;  
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding *Tay*,  
 Or the pleasanter banks of the *Tweed* ?

---

## S O N G.

To the tune of, *We's my heart that we should sunder.*

**I**S *Hamilla* then my own ?  
 O ! the dear, the charming treasure ;  
 Fortune now in vain shall frown ;  
 All my future life is pleasure.

See how rich with youthful grace,  
 Beauty warms her ev'ry feature ;  
 Smiling heaven is in her face,  
 All is gay, and all is nature.

See what mingling charms arise,  
 Rosy smiles, and kindling blushes ;  
 Love sits laughing in her eyes,  
 And betrays her secret wishes.

Haste then from th' *Idalian* grove,  
 Infant smiles, and sports, and graces ;  
 Spread the downy couch for love,  
 And lull us in your sweet embraces.

Softest raptures, pure from noise,  
 This fair happy night surround us ;  
 While a thousand sprightly joys  
 Silent flutter all around us.

\* A 3

'Thus

Thus unfour'd with care or strife,  
 Heaven still guard this dearest blessing !  
 While we tread the path of life,  
 Loving still, and still possessing.

S.

## S O N G.

LET's be jovial, fill our glasses,  
 Madnefs 'tis for us to think,  
 How the world is rul'd by asses,  
 And the wise are sway'd by chink.  
*Fa, la, ra, &c.*

Then never let vain cares oppress us,  
 Riches are to them a snare,  
 Were ev'ry one as rich as *Cræsus*,  
 While our bottle drowns our care.  
*Fa, la, ra, &c.*

Wine will make us as red as roses,  
 And our sorrows quite forget :  
 Come let us fuddle all our noses,  
 Drink ourselves quite out of debt.  
*Fa, la, ra, &c.*

When grim death is looking for us,  
 We are toping at our bowls,  
*Bacchus* joining in the chorus :  
 Death, be gone, here's none but souls.  
*Fa, la, ra, &c.*

God-like *Bacchus* thus commanding,  
 Trembling death away shall fly,  
 Ever after understanding,  
 Drinking souls can never die.  
*Fa, la, ra, &c.*

MUIRLAND

## MUIRLAND WILLIE.

**H**Earken and I will tell you how  
Young Muirland *Willie* came to woo,  
Tho' he could neither say nor do ;

The truth I tell to you.

But ay he cries, whate'er betide,  
*Maggy*, I've hae her to be my bride,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

On his g<sup>r</sup>āy yad as he did ride,  
With durk and pistol by his side,  
He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,  
Wi' meikle mirth and glee.

Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,  
Till he came to her dady's door,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,  
I'm come your doughter's love to win,  
I care no for making meikle din,

What answer gi'e ye me ?

Now, wooer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,  
I'll gi'e ye my doughter's love to win,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

Now, wooer, sin ye are lighted down,  
Where do ye win, or in what town ?  
I think my doughter winna gloom

On sic a lad as ye.

The wooer he stepp'd up the house,  
And wow but he was wondrous crouse,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

I have three owfen in a plough,  
Twa good ga'en yads, and gear enough,  
The place they ca' it *Cadeneugh* ;

I scorn to tell a lie :

Besides,

Besides, I had frae the great laird,  
A peat-pat, and a lang kail-yard,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

The maid put on her kirtle brown,  
She was the brawest in a' the town ;  
I wat on him she did na gloom,  
But blinkit bonnilie.  
'The lover he stended up in haste,  
And gript her hard about the waste,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

To win your love, maid, I'm come here,  
I'm young, and ha'e enough o' gear ;  
And for mysel you need na fear,  
Troth try me whan ye like.  
He took aff his bonnet, and spat in his chow,  
He dighted his gab, and he pri'd her mou',  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

The maiden blush'd, and bing'd fu law,  
She had na will to say him na,  
But to her dady she left it a',  
As they twa cou'd agree.  
The lover he ga'e her the tither kifs,  
Syne ran to her dady, and tell'd him this,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

Your doughter wad na say me na,  
But to yourfell she has left it a',  
As we cou'd 'gree between us twa ;  
Say what'll ye gie me wi' her ?  
Now, wooer, quo' he, I ha'e nae meikle,  
But sic's I ha'e, ye's get a pickle,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

A kilnfu' of corn I'll gi'e to thee,  
'Three founs of sheep, twa good milk ky,  
Ye's ha'e the wadding dinner free ;  
Troth I dow do na mair.

Content, quo' he, a bargain be't.  
 I'm far frae hame, make haste let's do't,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

The bridal-day it came to pass,  
 With mony a blythesome lad and lass ;  
 But sicken a day there never was,  
     Sick mirth was never seen.  
 This winsome couple straked hands,  
 Mefs *John* ty'd up the mariage-bands,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

And our bride's maidens were na few,  
 Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blew,  
 Frae tap to tae they were braw new,  
     And blinkit bonnilie.  
 Their toys and mutches were sae clean,  
 They glanced in our ladses' een,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

Sic hirdum, dirdum, and sic din,  
 Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him ;  
 The minstrels they did never blin,  
     Wi' meikle mirth and glee.  
 And ay they bobit, and ay they beckt,  
 And ay their wames together met,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

Z.

## The PROMIS'D JOY.

To the tune of, *Carl an the king come.*

**W**hen we meet again, Phely,  
     When we meet again, Phely,  
 Raptures will reward our pain,  
 And loss result in gain, Phely,

Long

Long the sport of fortune driv'n,  
 To despair our thoughts were giv'n,  
 Our odds will all be ev'n, *Phely,*  
*When we meet again, Phely, &c.*

Now in dreary distant groves,  
 Tho' we moan like turtle doves,  
 Suffering best our virtue proves,  
 And will enhance our loves, *Phely,*  
*When we meet again, Phely, &c.*

Joy will come in a surprize,  
 Till its happy hour arise;  
 Temper well your love-sick sighs,  
 For hope becomes the wise, *Phely,*  
*When we meet again, Phely,*  
*When we meet again, Phely,*  
*Raptures will reward our pain,*  
*And loss result in gain, Phely.*

M.

TO DELIA, on her drawing him to  
 her Valentine.

To the tune of, *Black-ey'd Susan.*

YE powers ! was *Damon* then so blest'd,  
 To fall to charming *Delia's* share;  
*Delia*, the beauteous maid, possess'd  
 Of all that's soft, and all that's fair?  
 Here cease thy bounty, O indulgent heav'n,  
 I ask no more, for all my wish is giv'n.

I came, and *Delia* smiling show'd,  
 She smil'd, and show'd the happy name;  
 With rising joy my heart o'erflow'd,  
 I felt and blest'd the new born-flame.

May

May softest pleasures careless round her move,  
May all her nights be joy, and days be love.

She drew the treasure from her breast,  
That breast where love and graces play,  
O name beyond expression blest?  
Thus lodg'd with all that's fair and gay.  
To be so lodg'd! the thought is ecstasy,  
Who would not wish in paradise to lie?

R.

### The FAITHFUL SHEPHERD.

To the tune of, *Auld lang syne.*

**W**hen flow'ry meadows deck the year,  
And sporting lambkins play,  
When spangl'd fields renew'd appear,  
And music wak'd the day;  
'Then did my *Chloe* leave her bow'r,  
To hear my am'rous lay,  
Warm'd by my love she vow'd no pow'r  
Shou'd lead her heart astray.

The warbling quires from ev'ry bough  
Surround our couch in throngs,  
And all their tuneful art bestow,  
To give us change of songs:  
Scenes of delight my soul possess'd,  
I blest'd, then hugg'd my maid;  
I robb'd the kisses from her breast,  
Sweet as a noon-day's shade.

Joy transporting never fails  
To fly away as air,  
Another swain with her prevails  
To be as false as fair.  
What can my fatal passion cure?  
I'll never woo again;  
All her disdain I must endure,  
Adoring her in vain.

What

What pity 'tis to hear the boy  
 Thus sighing with his pain!  
 But time and scorn may give him joy,  
 To hear her sigh again.  
 Ah! fickle *Chloe*, be advis'd,  
 Do not thyself beguile,  
 A faithful lover should be priz'd,  
 Then cure him with a smile.

O.

To Mrs S. H. on her taking something  
 ill I said.

To the tune of, *Hallow ev'n.*

**W**HY hangs that cloud upon thy brow?  
 That beauteous heav'n erewhile serene?  
 Whence do these storms and tempests flow,  
 Or what this gust of passion mean?  
 And must then mankind lose that light,  
 Which in thine eyes was wont to shine,  
 And lie obscure in endless night,  
 For each poor silly speech of mine?

Dear child, how can I wrong thy name,  
 Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all hands,  
 That could ill tongues abuse thy fame,  
 Thy beauty can make large amends:  
 Or if I durst profanely try  
 Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t' upbraid,  
 Thy virtue well might give the lie,  
 Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For *Venus* every heart t' ensnare,  
 With all her charms has deck'd thy face,  
 And *Pallas*, with unusual care,  
 Bids wisdom heighten every grace,  
 Who can the double pain endure;  
 Or who must not resign the field

To.

To thee, celestial maid, secure  
With *Cupid's* bow, and *Pallas'* shield?

If then to thee such pow'r is given,  
Let not a wretch in torment live,  
But smile, and learn to copy heaven,  
Since we must sin ere it forgive.  
Yet pitying heaven not only does  
Forgive th' offender and th' offence,  
But even itself appears'd bestows,  
As the reward of penitence.

### The Broom of Cowdenknows.

**H**Ow blyth ilk morn was I to see  
The swain come o'er the hill!  
He skipt the burn, and flew to me:  
I met him with good-will.  
*O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,*  
*The broom of Cowdenknows;*  
*I wish I were with my dear swain,*  
*With his pipe and my ewes.*

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,  
While his flock near me lay:  
He gather'd in my sheep at night,  
And cheer'd me a' the day.  
*O the broom, &c.*

He tun'd his pipe and reed fae sweet,  
The burds stood list'ning by:  
E'en the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,  
Charm'd with his melody.  
*O the broom, &c.*

While thus we spent our time by turns,  
Betwixt our flocks and play;  
I envy'd not the fairest dame,  
Tho' ne'er sae rich and gay.  
*O the broom, &c.*

Hard fate that I shou'd banish'd be,  
 Gang heavily and mourn,  
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain  
 That ever yet was born.  
*O the broom, &c.*

He did oblige me every hour,  
 Cou'd I but faithfu' be?  
 He staw my heart: cou'd I refuse  
 Whate'er he ask'd of me?  
*O the broom, &c.*

My doggie, and my little kit  
 That held my wee soup whey,  
 My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick,  
 May now lie usefess by.  
*O the broom, &c.*

Adieu, ye *Cowdenknows*, adieu,  
 Farewell a' pleasures there;  
 Ye gods, restore me to my swain,  
 Is a' I crave or care.  
*O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,  
 The broom of Cowdenknows;  
 I wish I were with my dear swain,  
 With his pipe and my ewes.*

S. R.

## TO CHLOE.

To the tune of, *I wish my love were in a mire.*

**O** Lovely maid! how dear's thy pow'r?  
 At once I love, at once adore:  
 With wonder are my thoughts possess'd,  
 While softest love inspires my breast.  
 This tender look, these eyes of mine,  
 Confess their am'rous master thine;

These.

These eyes with *Strepbon's* passion play,  
First make me love, and then betray.

Yes, charming victor, I am thine ;  
Poor as it is, this heart of mine  
Was never in another's pow'r,  
Was never pierc'd by love before.  
In thee I've treasur'd up my joy,  
'Thou canst give bliss, or bliss destroy :  
And thus I've bound myself to love,  
While bliss or misery can move.

O should I ne'er possess thy charms,  
Ne'er meet my comfort in thy arms ;  
Were hopes of dear enjoyment gone,  
Still would I love, love thee alone.  
But, like some discontented shade,  
'That wanders where its body's laid,  
Mournful I'd roam with hollow glare,  
For ever exil'd from my fair.

L.

---

Upon hearing his picture was in  
CHLOE'S breast.

To the tune of, *The fourteen of October.*

YE gods ! was *Strepbon's* picture blest  
With the fair heaven of *Chloe's* breast ?  
Move softer, thou fond flutt'ring heart,  
Oh gently throb, — too fierce thou art.  
Tell me, thou brightest of thy kind,  
For *Strepbon* was the bliss design'd ?  
For *Strepbon's* sake, dear charming maid,  
Didst thou prefer his wand'ring shade ?

And thou, blest'd shade, that sweetly art  
Lodged so near my *Chloe's* heart,  
For me the tender hour improve,  
And softly tell how dear I love.

B 2

Ungrateful

Ungrateful thing ! it scorns to hear  
 Its wretched master's ardent pray'r,  
 Ingrossing all that beauteous heav'n,  
 'That *Chloe*, lavish maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee : Were I lord  
 Of all the wealth those breasts afford,  
 I'd be a miser too, nor give  
 An alms to keep a god alive.  
 Oh smile not thus, my lovely fair,  
 On these cold looks, that lifeless are ;  
 Prize him whose bosom glows with fire,  
 With eager love and soft desire.

'Tis true thy charms, O powerful maid,  
 To life can bring the silent shade :  
 'Thou canst surpass the painter's art,  
 And real warmth and flames impart.  
 But oh ! it ne'er can love like me,  
 I've ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee :  
 'Then, charmer, grant my fond request,  
 Say thou canst love, and make me blest'd.

---

### SONG for a SERENADE.

To the tune of, *The Broom of Cowdenknows*.

**T**Each me, *Chloe*, how to prove  
 My boasted flame sincere :  
 'Tis hard to tell how dear I love,  
 And hard to hide my care.

Sleep in vain displays her charms,  
 To bribe my soul to rest,  
 Vainly spreads her silken arms,  
 And courts me to her breast.

Where

Where can *Strephon* find repose,  
 If *Chloe* is not there?  
 For ah! no peace his bosom knows,  
 When absent from the fair.

What tho' *Phœbus* from on high  
 With-holds his chearful ray,  
 Thine eyes can well his light supply,  
 And give me more than day. L.

### Love is the cause of my mourning.

**B**Y a murmuring stream a fair shepherdess lay,  
 Be so kind, O ye nymphs, I oftimes heard her say,  
 Tell *Strephon* I die, if he passes this way,  
*And that love is the cause of my mourning.*  
 False shepherds, that tell me of beauty and charms,  
 You deceive me, for *Strephon's* cold heart never warms;  
 Yet bring me this *Strephon*, let me die in his arms,  
*Oh Strephon! the cause of my mourning.*  
 But first, said she, let me go  
 Down to the shades below,  
 Ere ye let *Strephon* know  
 That I have lov'd him so:  
 Then on my pale cheek no blushes will show  
*That love was the cause of my mourning.*

Her eyes were scarce closed when *Strephon* came by,  
 He thought she'd been sleeping, and softly drew nigh;  
 But finding her breathless, Oh heavens! did he cry,  
*Ah Chloris! the cause of my mourning.*  
 Restore me my *Chloris*, ye nymphs, use your art.  
 They sighing, reply'd, 'Twas yourself shot the dart,  
 That wounded the tender young shepherdess' heart,  
*And kill'd the poor Chloris with mourning.*  
 Ah then is *Chloris* dead,  
 Wounded by me! he said;  
 I'll follow thee, chaste maid,  
 Down to the silent shade.

Then on her cold snowy breast leaning his head,  
*Expir'd the poor Strephon with mourning.* X.

---

To Mrs A. H. on seeing her at a concert.

To the tune of, *The bonniest lass in a' the world.*

**L**ook where my dear *Hamilla* smiles,  
*Hamilla!* heavenly charmer;  
 See how with all their arts and wiles  
 The *Loves* and *Graces* arm her.  
 A blush dwells glowing on her cheeks,  
 Fair feats of youthful pleasures,  
 'There love in smiling language speaks,  
 There spreads his rosy treasures.

O fairest maid, I own thy pow'r,  
 I gaze, I sigh, and languish,  
 Yet ever, ever will adore,  
 And triumph in my anguish.  
 But ease, O charmer, ease my care,  
 And let my torments move thee;  
 As thou art fairest of the fair,  
 So I the dearest love thee.

2. C.

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### The BONNY SCOT.

To the tune of, *The boatman.*

**Y**E gales, that gently wave the sea,  
 And please the canny boatman,  
 Bear me frae hence, or bring to me  
 My brave, my bonny *Scot*—man:  
 In haly bands  
 We join'd our hands,

Yet

Yet may not this discover,  
 While parents rate  
 A large estate,  
 Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loor chuse in Highland glens  
 To herd the kid and goat—man  
 E'er I cou'd for sic little ends  
 Refuse my bonny *Scot*—man.  
 Wae worth the man  
 Wha first began  
 The base ungenerous fashon,  
 Frae greedy views  
 Love's art to use,  
 While strangers to its passion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,  
 Hasten to thy longing lassie,  
 Who pants to press thy bawmy mouth,  
 And in her bosom hawse thee.  
 Love gies the word,  
 Then hasten on board,  
 Fair winds and tenty boatman,  
 Waft o'er, waft o'er,  
 Frae yonder shore,  
 My blyth, my bonny *Scot*—man.

## SCORNFU' NANCY.

To its own tune.

**N**ancy's to the *green wood gane*,  
 To hear the *gowdspink* chatt'ring,  
 And *Willie* he has followed her,  
 To gain her love by flatt'ring:  
 But a' that he cou'd say or do,  
 She geck'd and scorned at him;  
 And ay when he began to woo,  
 She bid him mind wha gat him.

What

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,  
 My minny or my aunty ?  
 With crowdy-mowdy they fed me,  
 Lang kail and ranty-tanty :  
 With bannocks of good barley-meal,  
 Of thae there was right plenty,  
 With chapped stocks fou butter'd well ;  
 And was not that right dainty ?

Altho' my father was nae laird,  
 'Tis dassin to be vaunty,  
 He keeped ay a good kail-yard,  
 A ha' house and a pantry :  
 A good blew bonnet on his head,  
 An owrlay 'bout his craggy ;  
 And ay until the day he dy'd,  
 He rade on good shanks naggy.

Now wae and wander on your snout,  
 Wad ye ha'e bonny *Nancy* ?  
 Wad ye compare ye'r sell to me,  
 A docken till a tansie ?  
 I have a wooer of my ain,  
 They ca' him souple *Sandy*,  
 And well I wat his bonny mou'  
 Is sweet like fugar-candy.

Wow, *Nancy*, what needs a' this din ?  
 Do I not ken this *Sandy* ?  
 I'm sure the chief of a' his kin  
 Was *Rab* the beggar randy :  
 His minny *Meg* upo' her back  
 Bare baith him and his billy ;  
 Will ye compare a nasty pack  
 To me your winsome *Willy* ?

My gutcher left a good braid sword,  
 Tho' it be auld and rusty,  
 Yet ye may tak it on my word,  
 It is baith stout and trusty ;

And

And if I can but get it drawn,  
Which will be right uneasy,  
I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,  
That he shall get a heezy.

Then *Nancy* turn'd her round about,  
And said, Did *Sandy* hear ye,  
Ye wadna miss to get a clout,  
I ken he disna fear ye :  
Sae had ye'r tongue, and sae nae mair,  
Set somewhere else your fancy ;  
For as lang's *Sandy's* to the fore,  
Ye never shall get *Nancy*.

Z.

## SLIGHTED NANCY.

To the tune of, *The kirk wad let me be.*

'TIS I have seven braw new gowns,  
And ither seven better to mak ;  
And yet for a' my new gowns,  
My wooer has turn'd his back.  
Besides I have seven milk-ky,  
And *Sandy* he has but three ;  
And yet for a' my good ky,  
The laddie winna ha'e me.

My dadie's a delver of dikes,  
My mither can card and spin,  
And I am a fine fodge lads,  
And the filler comes linkin in,  
The filler comes linking in,  
And it is fou fair to see,  
And fifty times wow ! O wow !  
What ails the lads at me ?

Whenever

Whenever our *Baty* does bark,  
 Then fast to the door I rin,  
 To see gin ony young spark  
 Will light and venture but in :  
 But never a ane will come in,  
 Tho' mony a ane gaes by,  
 Syne far ben the house I rin ;  
 And a weary wight am I.

When I was at my first prayers,  
 I pray'd but anes i' the year,  
 I wish'd for a handsome young lad,  
 And a lad with muckle gear.  
 When I was at my neist pray'rs,  
 I pray'd but now and than,  
 I fash'd na my head about gear,  
 If I got a handsome young man.

Now when I'm at my last pray'rs,  
 I pray on baith night and day,  
 And O ! if a beggar wad come,  
 With that same beggar I'd gae.  
 And O ! and what'll come o' me !  
 And O ! and what'll I do ?  
 That sic a braw lassie as I  
 Shou'd die for a wooer I trow.

## LUCKY NANCY.

To the tune of, *Dainty Davie*.

WHILE fops, in fast Italian verse,  
 Ilk fair ane's een and breast rehearse,  
 While fangs abound and sense is scarce,  
 These lines I have indited :  
 But neither darts nor arrows here,  
*Venus* nor *Cupid* shall appear,  
 And yet with these fine sounds I swear,  
 The maidens are delited.

*was ay telling you,  
 Lucky Nancy, lucky Nancy,  
 Auld springs wad ding the new,  
 But ye wad never throw me.*

Nor snaw with crimson will I mix,  
 To spread upon my lassie's cheeks ;  
 And syne th' unmeaning name prefix,  
*Miranda, Chloë, or Phillis.*  
 I'll fetch nae simile frae *Jove*,  
 My height of ecstasy to prove,  
 Nor sighing — thus — present my love  
 With roses eke and lilies.

*I was ay telling you, &c.*

But stay, — I had amais't forgot  
 My mistress and my sang to boot,  
 And that's an unco' faut I wat ;  
 But, *Nancy*, 'tis nae matter.  
 Ye see I clink my verse wi' rhyme,  
 And ken ye, that atones the crime ;  
 Forby, how sweet my numbers chime,  
 And slide away like water.

*I was ay telling you, &c.*

Now ken, my reverend sonfy fair,  
 Thy runckled cheeks and lyart hair,  
 Thy half-shut een and hodling air,  
 Are a' my passion's fewel.  
 Nae skyring gowk, my dear, can see,  
 Or love, or grace, or heaven in thee ;  
 Yet thou hast charms enow for me,  
 Then smile, and be na cruel.

*Leeze me on thy snawy porw,  
 Lucky Nancy, lucky Nancy ;  
 Driest wood will eitheft low,  
 And, Nancy, sae will ye now.*

Troth

Troth I have sung the sang to you,  
Which ne'er anither bard wad do ;  
Hear then my charitable vow,

Dear venerable *Nancy*.

But if the world my passion wrang,  
And say ye only live in sang,  
Ken I despise a stand'ring tongue,  
And sing to please my fancy.

*Leez me on thy, &c.*

Q.

## A SCOTS CANTATA.

The tune after an *Italian* manner.

Composed by Signor Lorenzo Bocchi.

### RECITATIVE.

**B**Late *Jenny* faintly tald fair *Jean* his mind ;  
*Jeany* took pleasure to deny him lang ;  
He thought her scorn came frae her heart unkind,  
Which gart him in despair tune up this sang.

### A I R.

O bonny lassie, since 'tis fae,  
That I'm despis'd by thee,  
I hate to live, but O I'm wae,  
And unco sweer to die.  
Dear *Jeany*, think what dowy hours  
I thole by your disdain ;  
Ah ! should a breast sac fast as yours  
Contain a heart of stane ?

### RECITATIVE.

These tender notes did a' her pity move,  
With melting heart she list'ned to the boy ;  
O'ercome she smil'd, and promis'd him her love :  
He in return thus sang his rising joy.

A I R.

Hence frae my breast, contentious care,  
 Ye've tint the power to pine ;  
 My *Jeany's* good, my *Jeany's* fair,  
 And a' her sweets are mine.  
 O spread thine arms, and gi'e me sowth  
 Of dear enchanting blifs,  
 A thousand joys around thy mouth  
 Gi'e heaven with ilka kifs.

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## The T O A S T.

To the tune of, *Saw ye my Peggy.*

Come let's ha'e mair wine in,  
*Bacchus* hates repining,  
*Venus* loves nae dwinning,  
 Let's be blyth and free,  
 Away with dull, Here t'ye, Sir ;  
 Ye'er mistress, *Robie*, gi'es her,  
 We'll drink her health wi' pleasure,  
 Wha's belov'd by thee.

Then let *Peggy* warm ye,  
 That's a lass can charm ye,  
 And to joys alarm ye,  
 Sweet is she to me.  
 Some angel ye wad ca' her,  
 And never wish ane brawer,  
 If ye bare-headed saw her  
 Kiltet to the knee.

*Peggy* a dainty lass is,  
 Come let's join our glassies,  
 And refresh our hauses  
 With a health to thee.  
 Let coofs their cash be clinking,  
 Be statesmen tint in thinking,  
 While we with love and drinking,  
 Give our cares the lie.

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\* C

MAGGIE'S

## MAGGIE'S TOCHER.

*To its ain tune.*

THE meal was dear short syne,  
 We buckl'd us a' the gither ;  
 And *Maggie* was in her prime,  
 When *Willie* made courtship till her :  
 Twa pistols charg'd beguets,  
 To gi'e the courting shot ;  
 And syne came ben the las,  
 Wi' swats drawn frae the butt.  
 He first speer'd at the guidman,  
 And syne at *Giles* the mither,  
 An ye wad gi's a bit land,  
 We'd buckle us e'en the gither.

My doughter ye shall hae,  
 I'll gi'e you her by the hand ;  
 But I'll part wi' my wife by my fae,  
 Or I part wi' my land.  
 Your tocher it fall be good,  
 There's nane fall hae its maik,  
 The las bound in her snood,  
 Aud *Crummie* who kens her stake :  
 With an auld bedden o' claiths,  
 Was left me by my mither,  
 They're jet black o'er wi' flaes,  
 Ye may may cuddle in them the gither.

Ye speak right well, guidman,  
 But ye maun mend your hand,  
 And think o' modesty,  
 Gin ye'll not quat your land :  
 We are but young, ye ken,  
 And now we're gawn the gither,  
 A house is butt and benn,  
 And *Crummie* will want her fother.

The

The bairns are coming on,  
 And they'll cry, O their mither !  
 We have nouthar pat nor pan,  
 But four bare legs the gither.

Your tocher's be good enough,  
 For that ye need na fear,  
 Twa good stils to the pleugh,  
 And ye your fell maun steer :  
 Ye shall hae twa good pocks  
 That anes were o' the tweel,  
 The t'ane to had the grots,  
 The ither to had the meal :  
 With an auld kist made of wands,  
 And that fall be your coffer,  
 Wi' aiken woody bands,  
 And that may had your tocher.

Consider well, guidman,  
 We hae but borrow'd gear,  
 The horse that I ride on  
 Is *Sandy Wilson's* mare :  
 The faddle's nane of my ain,  
 An thae's but borrow'd boots,  
 And whan that I gae hame,  
 I maun take to my coots :  
 The cloak is *Geordy Watt's*,  
 That gars me look fae crouse ;  
 Come fill us a cogue of swats,  
 We'll mak na mair toom ruse.

I like you well, young lad,  
 For telling me fae plain,  
 I married when little I had,  
 O' gear that was my ain.  
 But sin that things are fae,  
 The bride she maun come furth,  
 'Tho' a' the gear she'll hae,  
 It'll be but little worth.

A bargain it maun be,  
 Fy cry on *Giles* the mither :  
 Content am I, quo' she,  
 E'en gar the hiffie come hither.  
 The bride she gade till her bed,  
 The bridegroom he came till her ;  
 The fiddler crap in at the fit,  
 An they cuddl'd it a' the gither.

Z.

## S O N G.

To the tune of, *Blink over the burn, sweet BETTY.*

**L** eave kindred and friends, sweet *Betty*,  
 Leave kindred and friends for me :  
 Assur'd thy servant is steddý  
 To love, to honour, and thee.  
 The gifts of nature and fortune  
 May fly by chance as they came ;  
 They're grounds the destinies sport on,  
 But virtue is ever the same.

Altho' my fancy were roving,  
 Thy charms so heavenly appear,  
 That other beauties disproving,  
 I'd worship thine only, my dear.  
 And shou'd life's sorrows embitter  
 The pleasure we promis'd our lover,  
 To share them together is fitter,  
 Than moan asunder, like doves.

Oh ! were I but once so blessed,  
 To grasp my love in my arms !  
 By thee to be grasp'd ! and kissed !  
 And live on thy heaven of charms ;  
 I'd laugh at fortune's caprices,  
 Shou'd fortune capricious prove ;  
 Tho' death shou'd tear me to pieces,  
 I'd die a martyr to love.

M.

S O N G.

## S O N G.

To the tune of, *The bonny grey-ey'd morning.*

Celestial muses, tune your lyres,  
 Grace all my raptures with your lays,  
 Charming, enchanting *Kate* inspires,  
 In lofty sounds her beauties praise :  
 How undesigning she displays  
 Such scenes as ravish with delight ;  
 Tho' brighter than meridian rays,  
 They dazzle not, but please the sight.

Blind god, give this, this only dart,  
 I neither will, nor can her harm ;  
 I would but gently touch her heart,  
 And try for once if that cou'd charm.  
 Go, *Venus*, use your fav'rite wile,  
 As she is beauteous, make her kind,  
 Let all your graces round her smile,  
 And sooth her till I comfort find.

When thus, by yielding, I'm o'erpaid,  
 And all my anxious cares remov'd,  
 In moving notes I'll tell the maid,  
 With what pure lasting flames I lov'd.  
 Then shall alternate life and death,  
 My ravish'd flutt'ring soul possess,  
 The softest tend'rest things I'll breathe,  
 Betwixt each am'rous fond care.

O.

## S O N G.

To the tune of, *The broom of Cowdenknows.*

SUBJECTED to the power of love,  
 By *Nell's* resistless charms,  
 The fancy fix'd no more can rove,  
 Or fly soft love's alarms.

C-3

Say.

Gay *Damon* had the skill to shun  
 All traps by *Cupid* laid,  
 Until his freedom was undone  
 By *Nell* the conquering maid.

But who can stand the force of love,  
 When she resolves to kill ?  
 Her sparkling eyes love's arrows prove,  
 And wound us with our will.

O happy *Damon*, happy fair,  
 What *Cupid* has begun,  
 May faithful *Hymen* take a care  
 To see it fairly done.

G.

## S O N G.

Tune of, *Logan water.*

*Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Chloe.*

**T**ELL me, *Hamilla*, tell me why  
 Thou dost from him that loves thee run ?  
 Why from his soft embraces fly,  
 And all his kind endearments shun ?

So flies the *fawn*, with fear oppress'd,  
 Seeking its *mother* ev'ry where,  
 It starts at ev'ry empty blast,  
 And trembles when no danger's near.

And yet I keep thee but in view,  
 To gaze the glories of thy face,  
 Not with a hateful step pursue,  
 As age to rifle every grace.

Cease then, dear wildness, cease to toy,  
 But haste all rivals to outshine,  
 And grown mature, and ripe for joy,  
 Leave *mamma's* arms, and come to *mine*.

W.

A

## A SOUTH-SEA SANG.

Tune of, *For our lang biding here.*

WHEN we came to *London* town,  
 We dream'd of gowd in gowpens here,  
 And rantinly ran up and down,  
 In risin' stocks to buy a skair:  
 We dastly thought to row in rowth,  
 But for our daffin pay'd right dear;  
 The lave will fare the war in trouth,  
 For our lang biding here.

But when we find our purses toom,  
 And dainty stocks began to fa',  
 We hang our lugs, and wi' a gloom  
 Girn'd at stockjobbing ane and a'.  
 If ye gang near the *South-sea* house,  
 The whilly wha's will grip ye'r gear,  
 Syne a' the leave will fare the war,  
 For our lang biding here.

## HAP ME WITH THY PETTICOAT.

O *Bell*, thy looks have kill'd my heart,  
 I pass the day in pain,  
 When night returns, I feel the smart,  
 And wish for thee in vain.  
 I'm starving in cold, while thou art warm:  
 Have pity and incline,  
 And grant me for a hap that charm-  
 ing petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd fancy in amaze  
 Still wanders o'er thy charms,  
 Delusive dreams ten thousand ways  
 Present thee to my arms.

But

But waking think what I endure,  
 While cruel you decline  
 Those pleasures, which can only cure  
 This panting breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,  
 Because you still deny  
 The just reward that's due to love,  
 And let true passion die.  
 Oh! turn, and let compassion seize  
 That lovely breast of thine;  
 Thy petticoat could give me ease,  
 If thou and it were mine.

Sure heaven has fitted for delight  
 That beauteous form of thine,  
 And thou'rt too good its law to slight,  
 By hind'ring the design.  
 May all the pow'rs of love agree,  
 At length to make thee mine,  
 Or loose my chains, and set me free  
 From ev'ry charm of thine.

### LOVE INVITING REASON.

A SONG to the tune of, — *Chami ma chattle, ne duce  
 skar mi.*

WHEN innocent pastime our pleasure did crown,  
 Upon a green meadow, or under a tree,  
 Ere *Annie* became a fine lady in town,  
 How lovely, and loving, and bonny was she?  
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,  
 Let ne'er a new whim ding thy fancy aje; —  
 O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,  
 And favour thy *Jamie* wha dotes upon thee.

Does

Does the death of a lintwhite give *Annie* the spleen?  
 Can tining of trifles be uneasy to thee?  
 Can lapdogs and monkeys draw tears from these een,  
 That look with indifference on poor dying me?  
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,  
 And dinna prefer a paroquet to me;  
 O! as thou art bonny, be prudent and canny,  
 And think on thy *Jamie* wha dotes upon thee.

Ah! shou'd a new manto or *Flanders* lace head,  
 Or yet a wee cottie, tho' never sae fine,  
 Gar thee grow forgetfu', and let his heart bleed,  
 That anes had some hope of purchasing thine?  
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,  
 And dinna prefer ye'er fleegeries to me;  
 O! as thou art bonny, be solid and canny,  
 And tent a true lover that dotes upon thee.

Shall a *Paris* edition of new-fangle *Sany*,  
 Tho' gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,  
 By adoring himself, be admir'd by fair *Annie*,  
 And aim at these benisons promis'd to me?  
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,  
 And never prefer a light dancer to me;  
 O! as thou art bonny, be constant and canny,  
 Love only thy *Jamie* wha dotes upon thee.

O! think, my dear charmer, on ilka sweet hour,  
 That glade away fastly between thee and me,  
 Ere squirrels, or beaus, or fopp'ry had power  
 To rival my love, and impose upon thee.  
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,  
 And let thy desires be a' center'd in me;  
 O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,  
 And love him wha's langing to center in thee.

The

## The BOB of DUMBLANE.

**L** Assie, lend me your braw hemp heckle,  
 And I'll lend you my thripling kame;  
 For fainness, deary, I'll gar ye keckle,  
 If ye'll go dance the *Bob of Dumblane*.  
 Haste ye, gang to the ground of your trunkies,  
 Busk ye braw, and dinna think shame;  
 Consider in time, if leading of monkies  
 Be better than dancing the *Bob of Dumblane*.

Be frank, my lassie, lest I grow sickle,  
 And take my word and offer again.  
 Syne ye may chance to repent it mickle,  
 Ye did na accept the *Bob of Dumblane*.  
 The dinner, the piper, and priest shall be ready,  
 And I'm grown dowy with lying my lane,  
 Away then, leave baith minny and dady,  
 And try with me the *Bob of Dumblane*.

## SONG complaining of absence.

To the tune of, *My apron, deary*.

**A** H *Chloe*! thou treasure, thou joy of my breast,  
 Since I parted from thee, I'm a stranger to rest;  
 I fly to the grove, there to languish and mourn,  
 There sigh for my charmer, and long to return;  
 The fields all around me are smiling and gay,  
 But they smile all in vain — my *Chloe*'s away;  
 The field and the grove can afford me no ease,—  
 But bring me my *Chloe*, a desert will please.

No virgin I see that my bosom alarms,  
 I'm cold to the fairest, tho' glowing with charms,  
 In vain they attack me, and sparkle the eye;  
 These are not the looks of my *Chloe*, I cry.

These

These looks where bright love, like the sun sits enthron'd,  
 And smiling diffuses his influence round ;  
 'Twas thus I first view'd thee, my charmer, amaz'd,  
 Thus gaz'd thee with wonder, and lov'd while I gaz'd.

Then, then the dear fair one was still in my sight,  
 It was pleasure all day, it was rapture all night ;  
 But now by hard fortune remov'd from my fair,  
 In secret I languish, a prey to despair ;  
 But absence and torment abate not my flame,  
 My *Cloe's* still charming, my passion the same ;  
 O ! would she preserve me a place in her breast,  
 Then absence would please me, for I would be blest'd.  
 R.

## S O N G.

To the tune of, *I fix'd my fancy on her.*

**B** Right *Cynthia's* power divinely great,  
 What heart is not obeying ?  
 A thousand *Cupids* on her wait,  
 And in her eyes are playing.  
 She seems the queen of love to reign ;  
 For she alone dispenses  
 Such sweets as best can entertain  
 The gust of all the senses.

Her face a charming prospect brings,  
 Her breath gives balmy blisses ;  
 I hear an angel when she sings,  
 And taste of heaven in kisses.  
 Four senses thus she feasts with joy,  
 From nature's richest treasure :  
 Let me the other sense employ,  
 And I shall die with pleasure.

X.  
 S O N G.

## S O N G.

To the tune of, *I lov'd a bonny lady.*

**T**ELL me, tell me, charming creature,  
 Will you never ease my pain?  
 Must I die for ev'ry feature?  
 Must I always love in vain?  
 The desire of admiration  
 Is the pleasure you pursue;  
 Pray thee try a lasting passion,  
 Such a love as mine for you.

Tears and sighing could not move you;  
 For a lover ought to dare:  
 When I plainly told I lov'd you,  
 Then you said I went too far.  
 Are such giddy ways befitting?  
 Will my dear be fickle still?  
 Conquest is the joy of women,  
 Let their slaves be what they will.

Your neglect with torment fills me,  
 And my desp'rate thoughts increase;  
 Pray consider, if you kill me,  
 You will have a lover less.  
 If your wand'ring heart is beating,  
 For new lovers let it be:  
 But when you have done coquetting,  
 Name a day, and fix on me.

## T H E R E P L Y.

**I**N vain, fond youth; thy tears give o'er;  
 What more, alas! can *Flavia* do?  
 Thy truth I own, thy fate deplore:  
 All are not happy that are true.

Suppress

Suppress those sighs, and weep no more ;  
 Should heaven and earth with thee combine,  
 'Twere all in vain, since any power,  
 To crown thy love, must alter mine.

But if revenge can ease thy pain,  
 I'll sooth the ills I cannot cure ;  
 Tell that I drag a hopeless chain,  
 And all that I inflict endure.

X.

---

### The ROSE in YARROW.

To the tune of, *Mary Scot.*

'T WAS summer, and the day was fair,  
 Resolv'd a while to fly from care,  
 Beguiling thought, forgetting sorrow,  
 I wander'd o'er the braes of *Yarrow* ;  
 Till then despising beauty's power,  
 I kept my heart, my own secure ;  
 But *Cupid's* art did there deceive me,  
 And *Mary's* charms do now enslave me.

Will cruel love no bribe receive ?  
 No ransom take for *Mary's* slave ?  
 Her frowns of rest and hope deprive me ;  
 Her lovely smiles like light revive me.  
 No bondage may with mine compare,  
 Since first I saw this charming fair :  
 This beauteous flower, this rose of *Yarrow*,  
 In nature's gardens has no marrow.

Had I of heaven but one request,  
 I'd ask to lie in *Mary's* breast ;  
 There would I live or die with pleasure,  
 Nor spare this world one moment's leisure ;  
 Despising kings and all that's great,  
 I'd smile at courts, and courtiers' fate ;

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\* D

My

My joy complete on such a marrow,  
I'd dwell with her, and live on *Yarrow*.

But tho' such bliss I ne'er should gain,  
Contented still I'll wear my chain,  
In hopes my faithful heart may move her;  
For leaving life I'll always love her.  
What doubts distract a lover's mind?  
That breast, all softness, must prove kind;  
And she shall yet become my marrow,  
The lovely beauteous rose of *Yarrow*.

C.

## The FAIR PENITENT.

A SONG.—*To its ain tune.*

**A** Lovely lass to a friar came  
To confess in a morning early,  
*In what my dear, art thou to blame?  
Come own it all sincerely.*  
I've done, Sir, what I dare not name,  
With a lad that loves me dearly.

The greatest fault in myself I know,  
Is what I now discover.  
*Then you to Rome for that must go,  
Their discipline to suffer.*  
Lame a day, Sir! if it must be so,  
Pray with me send my lover.

*No, no, my dear, you do but dream,  
We'll have no double dealing;  
But if with me you'll repeat the same,  
I'll pardon your past sailing.*  
I must own, Sir, tho' I blush for shame,  
That your penance is prevailing.

X.

The

The last time I came o'er the Moor.

THE last time I came o'er the moor,  
 I left my love behind me.  
 Ye powers ! what pain do I endure,  
 When soft ideas mind me ?  
 Soon as the ruddy morn display'd  
 The beaming day ensuing,  
 I met betimes my lovely maid,  
 In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,  
 Gazing and chaffly sporting ;  
 We kiss'd and promis'd time away,  
 Till night spread her black curtain.  
 I pitied all beneath the skies,  
 Ev'n kings when she was nigh me ;  
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,  
 Which could but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,  
 Where mortal steel may wound me ;  
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,  
 Where dangers may surround me :  
 Yet hopes again to see my love,  
 To feast on glowing kisses,  
 Shall make my cares at distance move,  
 In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place  
 To let a rival enter :  
 Since she excels in every grace,  
 In her my love shall center.  
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,  
 Their waves the *Alps* shall cover,  
 On *Greenland* ice shall roses grow,  
 Before I cease to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor,  
 She shall a lover find me ;  
 And that my faith is firm and pure,  
 Tho' I left her behind me ;  
 Then *Hymen's* sacred bonds shall chain  
 My heart to her fair bosom,  
 There, while my being does remain,  
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

---

### The Lass of PEATY'S Mill.

THE lass of *Peaty's* mill,  
 So bonny, blyth, and gay,  
 In spite of all my skill,  
 Hath stole my heart away.  
 When tedding of the hay,  
 Bare-headed on the green,  
 Love 'midst her locks did play,  
 And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round, and smooth,  
 Breasts rising in their dawn,  
 To age it would give youth,  
 To press 'em with his hand.  
 Thro' all my spirits ran  
 An ecstasy of bliss,  
 When I such sweetness fand  
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,  
 Like flowers which grace the wild,  
 She did her sweets impart,  
 When e'er she spoke or smil'd.  
 Her looks they were so mild,  
 Free from affected pride,  
 She me to love beguil'd,  
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all that wealth  
*Hopetoun's* high mountains fill,  
 Insur'd long life and health,  
 And pleasures at my will;  
 I'd promise and fulfil,  
 That none but bonny she,  
 The lass of *Peaty's* mill,  
 Shou'd share the same wi' me.

## GREEN SLEEVES.

**Y**E watchful guardians of the fair,  
 Who skiff on wings of ambient air,  
 Of my dear *Delia* take a care,  
 And represent her lover  
 With all the gaiety of youth,  
 With honour, justice, love, and truth;  
 Till I return, her passions sooth,  
 For me in whispers move her.

Be careful no base fordid slave,  
 With foul funk in a golden grave,  
 Who knows no virtue but to save,  
 With glaring gold bewitch her.  
 Tell her, for me she was design'd,  
 For me, who know how to be kind,  
 And have mair plenty in my mind,  
 Than one who's ten times richer.

Let all the world turn upside down,  
 And fools run an eternal round,  
 In quest of what can ne'er be found,  
 To please their vain ambition.  
 Let little minds great charms espy,  
 In shadows which at distance lie,  
 Whose hop'd for pleasure, when come night,  
 Prove nothing in fruition.

But cast into a mold divine,  
 Fair *Delia* does with lustre shine,  
 Her virtuous soul's an ample mine,  
     Which yields a constant treasure.  
 Let poets in sublimest lays,  
 Employ their skill her fame to raise ;  
 Let sons of music pass whole days,  
     With well-tun'd reeds to please her.

---

### The YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

**I**N *April*, when primroses paint the sweet plain,  
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain ;  
 The *Yellow-hair'd laddie* would oftentimes go  
 To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,  
 With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn :  
 He sang with so fast and enchanting a sound,  
 That *Silvans* and *Fairies* unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young *Maya* be fair,  
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air ;  
 But *Susie* was handsome, and sweetly could sing,  
 Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That *Madie* in all the gay bloom of her youth,  
 Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth :  
 But *Susie* was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,  
 And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter with all her great dow'r,  
 Was awkwardly airy, and frequently four :  
 Then, sighing, he wished, would parents agree,  
 The witty sweet *Susie* his mistress might be.

NANNY — O.

## NANNY — O.

While some for pleasure pawn their health,  
 'Twixt *Lais* and the *Bagnio*,  
 I'll save myself, and without stealth,  
 Kiss and caress my *Nanny* — O.  
 She bids more fair t'engage a *Jove*  
 Than *Leda* did or *Danae* — O.  
 Were I to paint the queen of love,  
 None else should fit but *Nanny* — O.

How joyfully my spirits rise,  
 When dancing she moves finely — O;  
 I guess what heaven is by her eyes,  
 Which sparkle so divinely — O.  
 Attend my vow, ye gods, while I  
 Breathe in the bless'd *Britannia*,  
 None's happiness I shall envy,  
 As long's ye grant me *Nanny* — O.

## C H O R U S.

*My bonny, bonny Nanny* — O,  
*My lovely charming Nanny* — O.  
*I care not though the world know*  
*How dearly I love Nanny* — O.

## BONNY JEAN.

Love's goddess in a myrtle grove,  
 Said, *Cupid*, bend thy bow with speed,  
 Nor let the shaft at random rove,  
 For *Jeany's* haughty heart must bleed.  
 The smiling boy, with divine art,  
 From *Paphos* shot an arrow keen,  
 Which flew, unerring, to the heart,  
 And kill'd the pride of bonny *Jean*.

No

No more the nymph, with haughty air,  
 Refuses *Willie's* kind address ;  
 Her yielding blushes shew no care,  
 But too much fondness to suppress.  
 No more the youth is fullen now,  
 But looks the gayest on the green,  
 While ev'ry day he spies some new  
 Surprising charms in bonny *Jean*.

A thousand transports croud his breast,  
 He moves as light as fleeting wind,  
 His former sorrows seem a jest,  
 Now when his *Jeany* is turn'd kind :  
 Riches he looks on with disdain,  
 The glorious fields of war look mean ;  
 The chearful hound and horn give pain,  
 If absent from his bonny *Jean*.

The day he spends in am'rous gaze,  
 Which even in summer shorten'd seems ;  
 When sunk in downs, with glad amaze,  
 He wonders at her in his dreams.  
 All charms disclos'd, she looks more bright  
 Than *Troy's* prize, the *Spartan* queen,  
 With breaking day, he lifts his sight,  
 And pants to be with bonny *Jean*.

### Throw the Wood, Laddie.

O *Sandy*, why leaves thou thy *Nelly* to mourn ?  
 Thy presence cou'd ease me,  
 When naething can please me :  
 Now dowie I sigh on the bank of the burn,  
 Or throw the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Tho'

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,  
While lav'rocks are singing,  
And primroses springing ;  
Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my ear,  
When through the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell :  
I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,  
Baith ev'ning and morning ;  
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,  
When throw the wood, laddie, I wander mysell.

Then stay, my dear *Sandy*, nae langer away,  
But quick as an arrow,  
Haste here to thy marrow,  
Wha's living in languor, till that happy day,  
When through the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing, and  
play.

---

### Down the Burn, Davie.

When trees did bud; and fields were green,  
And broom bloom'd fair to see ;  
When *Mary* was complete fifteen,  
And love laugh'd in her eye ;  
Blyth *Davie*'s blinks her heart did move  
To speak her mind thus free,  
*Gang down the burn, Davie, love,*  
*And I shall follow thee.*

Now *Davie* did each lad surpass,  
That dwelt on this burn-side,  
And *Mary* was the bonniest lass,  
Just meet to be a bride ;  
Her cheeks were rosy, red, and white,  
Her een were bonny blue ;  
Her looks were like *Aurora* bright,  
Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,  
 What tender tales they said !  
 His cheek to hers he aft did lay,  
 And with her bosom play'd ;  
 Till baith at length impatient grown,  
 To be mair fully blest,  
 In yonder vale they lean'd them down ;  
 Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,  
 And naething sure unmeet ;  
 For, gauging hame, I heard them say,  
 They lik'd a wawk sae sweet ;  
 And that they aften shou'd return  
 Sic pleasure to renew.  
 Quoth *Mary*, love, I like the burn,  
 And ay shall follow you.

C.

## S O N G.

To the tune of, *Gilder Roy.*

**A**H ! *Chloris*, cou'd I now but sit  
 As unconcern'd, as when  
 Your infant beauty cou'd beget  
 No happiness nor pain.  
 When I this dawning did admire,  
 And prais'd the coming day,  
 I little thought that rising fire  
 Wou'd take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,  
 As metals in a mine.  
 Age from no face takes more away,  
 Than youth conceal'd in thine :  
 But as your charms insensibly  
 To their perfection prest ;  
 So love as unperceiv'd did fly,  
 And center'd in my breast.

My

My passion with your beauty grew,  
 While *Cupid* at my heart,  
 Still as his mother favour'd you,  
 Threw a new flaming dart;  
 Each gloried in their wanton part;  
 To make a lover, he  
 Employ'd the utmost of his art; —  
 To make a beauty, she.

---

## S O N G.

'To the tune of, *The yellow-bair'd laddie*.

**Y**E shepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay plain,  
 Approach from your sports, and attend to my strain;  
 Amongst all your number a lover so true,  
 Was ne'er so undone, with such bliss in his view.

Was ever a nymph so hard-hearted as mine?  
 She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine,  
 She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath,  
 But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies:  
 She smiles when I'm chearful, but heats not my sighs.  
 A bosom so flinty, so gentle an air,  
 Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despair!

I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears:  
 Her answer confounds, while her manner endears;  
 When softly she tells me to hope no relief,  
 My trembling lips bless her in spite of my grief.

By night, while I slumber, still haunted with care,  
 I start up in anguish, and sigh for the fair:  
 The fair sleeps in peace, may she ever do so!  
 And only when dreaming imagine my wo.

Then

Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire,  
Nor think she shou'd love, whom she cannot admire ;  
Hush all thy complaining, and dying her slave,  
Commend her to heaven, and thyself to the grave.

---

## S O N G.

To the tune of, *When she came ben she bobbed.*

Come, fill me a bumper, my jolly brave boys,  
Let's have no more female impert'nence and noise ;  
For I've try'd the endearments and pleasures of love,  
And I find they're but nonsense and whimsies, by Jove.

When first of all *Betty* and I were acquaint,  
I whin'd like a fool, and she sigh'd like a saint :  
But I found her *religion*, her *face*, and her *love*,  
Were *hypocrisy*, *paint*, and *self-interest*, by Jove.

Sweet *Cecil* came next with her languishing air,  
Her *outside* was orderly, modest, and fair ;  
But her *soul* was *sophisticate*, so was her *love*,  
For I found she was only a *strumpet*, by Jove.

*Little double-gilt Jenny's* gold charm'd me at last :  
(You know *marriage* and *money* together does best.)  
But the *baggage*, forgetting her *vows* and her *love*,  
Gave her gold to a *sniv'ling* dull *coxcomb*, by Jove.

Come fill me a bumper then, jolly brave boys ;  
Here's a farewell to female impert'nence and noise :  
I know few of the sex that are worthy my love ;  
And for *strumpets* and *jilts*, I abhor them by Jove.

L.

DUMBARTON'S

## DUMBARTON'S DRUMS.

**D** *Umbarton's* drums beat bonny — O,  
 When they mind me of my dear *Jonny* — O.  
 How happy am I,  
 When my foldier is by,  
 While he kisses and blesses his *Annie* — O !  
 'Tis a foldier alone can delight me — O,  
 For his graceful looks do invite me — O :  
 While guarded in his arms,  
 I'll fear no war's alarms,  
 Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me — O.

My love is a handsome laddie — O,  
 Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy — O :  
 Tho' commissions are dear,  
 Yet I'll buy him one this year ;  
 For he shall serve no longer a cadie — O.  
 A foldier has honour and bravery — O,  
 Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery — O ;  
 He minds no other thing  
 But the ladies or the king ;  
 For every other care is but slavery — O.

Then I'll be the captain's lady — O ;  
 Farewell all my friends and my daddy — O ;  
 I'll wait no more at home,  
 But I'll follow with the drum,  
 And whene'er that beats, I'll be ready — O.  
*Dumbarton's* drums sound bonny — O,  
 They are sprightly like my dear *Jonny* — O :  
 How happy shall I be,  
 When on my foldier's knee,  
 And he kisses and blesses his *Annie* — O !

---

Auld lang syne.

**S**hould auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 Tho' they return with scars ?  
 VOL. I. \* E

These

'These are the noble hero's lot,  
 Obtain'd in glorious wars :  
 Welcome, my VARO, to my breast,  
 Thy arms about me twine,  
 And make me once again as blest,  
 As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us on each bough,  
 A thousand *Cupids* play,  
 Whilst thro' the groves I walk with you,  
 Each object makes me gay :  
 Since your return the sun and moon  
 With brighter beams do shine,  
 Streams murmur soft notes while they run,  
 As they did lang syne.

Despise the court and din of state ;  
 Let that to their share fall,  
 Who can esteem such slav'ry great,  
 While bounded like a ball :  
 But sunk in love, upon my arms  
 Let your brave head recline,  
 We'll please ourselves with mutual charms,  
 As we did lang syne.

O'er moor and dale, with your gay friend,  
 You may pursue the chace,  
 And, after a blyth bottle, end  
 All cares in my embrace ;  
 And in a vacant rainy day  
 You shall be wholly mine ;  
 We'll make the hours run smooth away,  
 And laugh at lang syne.

'The hero, pleas'd with the sweet air,  
 And signs of gen'rous love,  
 Which had been utter'd by the fair,  
 Bow'd to the powers above :  
 Next day, with consent and glad haste,  
 Th' approach'd the sacred shrine ;  
 Where the good priest the couple bless'd,  
 And put them out of pine,

## The LASS of LIVINGSTON.

**P**Ain'd with her flighting *Jamie's* love,  
*Bell* dropt a tear — *Bell* dropt a tear;  
 The gods descended from above,  
 Well pleas'd to hear — well pleas'd to hear.  
 They heard the praises of the youth  
 From her own tongue — from her own tongue,  
 Who now converted was to truth,  
 And thus she sung — and thus she sung.

Bless'd days when our ingenious sex,  
 More frank and kind — more frank and kind,  
 Did not their lov'd adorers vex;  
 But spoke their mind — but spoke their mind.  
 Repenting now, she promis'd fair,  
 Wou'd he return — wou'd he return,  
 She ne'er again wou'd give him care,  
 Or cause him mourn — or cause him mourn.

Why lov'd I thee, deserving swain,  
 Yet still thought shame — yet still thought shame,  
 When he my yielding heart did gain,  
 To own my flame — to own my flame?  
 Why took I pleasure to torment,  
 And seem too coy — and seem too coy?  
 Which makes me now, alas! lament  
 My slighted joy — my slighted joy.

Ye fair, while beauty's in its spring,  
 Own your desire — own your desire,  
 While love's young power with his soft wing  
 Fans up the fire — fans up the fire,  
 O do not with a silly pride,  
 Or low design — or low design,  
 Refuse to be a happy bride,  
 But answer plain — but answer plain.

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime,  
 With flowing eyes — with flowing eyes.  
 Glad *Jamie* heard her all the time,  
 With sweet surprise — with sweet surprise.  
 Some god had led him to the grove ;  
 His mind unchang'd — his mind unchang'd,  
 Flew to her arms, and cry'd, My love,  
 I am reveng'd — I am reveng'd !

---

### PEGGY, I must love thee.

**A**S from a rock past all relief,  
 The shipwrack'd *Colin* spying  
 His native soil, o'ercome with grief,  
 Half sunk in waves, and dying :  
 With the next morning-sun he spies,  
 A ship, which gives unhop'd surprise ;  
 New life springs up, he lifts his eyes  
 With joy, and waits her motion.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,  
 I scorn'd was, and deserted,  
 Low with despair my spirits mov'd,  
 To be for ever parted :  
 Thus droop'd I, till diviner grace  
 I found in *Peggy's* mind and face ;  
 Ingratitude appear'd then base,  
 But virtue more engaging.

Then now since happily I've hit,  
 I'll have no more delaying ?  
 Let beauty yield to manly wit,  
 We lose ourselves in staying :  
 I'll haste dull courtship to a close,  
 Since marriage can my fears oppose :  
 Why should we happy minutes lose,  
 Since, *Peggy*, I must love thee.

Men may be foolish, if they please,  
 And deem't a lover's duty,  
 To sigh, and sacrifice their ease,  
 Doting on a proud beauty :  
 Such was my case for many a year,  
 Still hope succeeding to my fear ;  
 False *Betty's* charms now disappear,  
 Since *Peggy's* far outshine them.

---

### BESSY BELL and MARY GRAY.

**O** *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,  
 They are twa bonny lassies,  
 They bigg'd a bower on yon burn-brae,  
 And theek'd it o'er wi' rashes.  
 Fair *Bessy Bell* I loo'd yestreen,  
 And thought I ne'er could alter ;  
 But *Mary Gray's* twa pawky een,  
 They gar my fancy falter.

Now *Bessy's* hair's like a lint-tap ;  
 She smiles like a *May* morning,  
 When *Phæbus* starts frae *Thetis'* lap,  
 The hills with rays adorning :  
 White is her neck, fast is her hand,  
 Her waste and feet's fu' genty ;  
 Wih ilka grace she can command ;  
 Her lips, O wow ! they're dainty.

And *Mary's* locks are like a crow,  
 Her een like diamonds glances ;  
 She's ay sae clean, redd up, and braw,  
 She kills whene'er she dances :  
 Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,  
 She blooming, tight, and tall is ;  
 And guides her airs sae gracefu' fill,  
 O *Jove*, she's like thy *Pallas*.

Dear *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,  
 Ye unco fair oppress us ;  
 Our fancies jee between you twa,  
 Ye are sic bonny lasses :  
 Wae's me ! for baith I canna get,  
 To ane by law we're fiented ;  
 Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,  
 And be with ane contented.

I'll never leave thee.

*JONNY.*

**T**HO' for seven years and mair, honour shou'd  
 reave me,  
 To fields where cannons rair, thou need na grieve thee :  
 For deep in my spirits thy sweets are indented ;  
 And love shall preserve ay what love has imprinted.  
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,  
 Gang the world as it will, dearest, believe me.

*NELLY.*

O *Jonny*, I'm jealous whene'er ye discover  
 My sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose rover ;  
 And nought i' the world wad vex my heart fairer,  
 If you prove unconstant, and fancy ane fairer.  
 Grieve me, grieve me, oh, it wad grieve me !  
 A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me.

*JONNY.*

My *Nelly*, let never sic fancies oppress ye,  
 For while my blood's warm, I'll kindly carefs ye :  
 Your blooming fast beauties first beeted love's fire,  
 Your virtue and wit make it ay flame the higher.  
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,  
 Gang the world as it will, dearest, believe me.

*NELLY.*

Then, *Jonny*, I frankly this minute allow ye  
 To think me your mistress, for love gars me trow ye ;  
 And

And gin you prove fause, to ye'rsell be it said then,  
 Ye'll win but sma' honour to wrong a kind maiden.  
 Reave me, reave me, heavens! it wad reave me  
 Of my rest night and day, if ye deceive me.

JONNY.

Bid icesthogles hammer red gauds on the studdy,  
 And fair simmer-mornings nae mair appear ruddy,  
 Bid *Britons* think ae gate, and when they obey ye,  
 But never till that time, believe I'll betray ye.  
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;  
 The starns shall gang witherfhins ere I deceive thee.

My Deary, if you die.

**L**ove never more shall give me pain,  
 My fancy's fix'd on thee;  
 Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,  
 My *Peggy*, if thou die.  
 Thy beauties did such pleasure give,  
 Thy love's so true to me:  
 Without thee I shall never live,  
 My deary, if thou die.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,  
 How shall I lonely stray?  
 In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,  
 In sighs the silent day.  
 I ne'er can so much virtue find,  
 Nor such perfection see:  
 Then I'll renounce all womankind,  
 My *Peggy*, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart  
 With *Cupid's* raving rage,  
 But thine which can such sweets impart,  
 Must all the world engage.  
 'Twas this that like the morning-sun  
 Gave joy and life to me;

And

And when its destin'd day is done,  
With *Peggy* let me die.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,  
And in such pleasure share ;  
You who its faithful flames approve,  
With pity view the fair.  
Restore my *Peggy's* wonted charms,  
Those charms so dear to me ;  
Oh ! never rob them from those arms :  
I'm lost if *Peggy* die.

---

### My Jo JANET.

Sweet Sir, for your courtesie,  
When ye come by the *Bass* then,  
For the love ye bear to me,  
Buy me a keeking-glass then.  
*Keek into the draw-well,*  
Janet, Janet ;  
*And there ye'll see ye'r bonny fell,*  
*My jo Janet.*

Keeking in the draw-well clear,  
What if I shou'd fa' in ?  
Syne a' my kin will say and swear,  
I drown'd myfell for sin.  
*Had the better be the brac,*  
Janet, Janet ;  
*Had the better be the brae,*  
*My jo Janet.*

Good Sir, for your courtesie,  
Coming through *Aberdeen* then,  
For the love ye bear to me,  
Buy me a pair of shoon then.  
*Clout the auld, the new are dear,*  
Janet, Janet ;  
*Ae pair may gain ye ha'f a year,*  
*My jo Janet.*

But

But what if dancing on the green,  
 And skipping like a mawking,  
 If they should see my clouted shoon,  
 Of me they will be tanking.

*Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en,*  
                   Janet, Janet,  
*Syne a' their fauts will no be seen,*  
                   My jo Janet.

Kind Sir, for your courtesie,  
 When ye gae to the crofs then,  
 For the love ye bear to me,  
 Buy me a pacing horse then.

*Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,*  
                   Janet, Janet;  
*Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,*  
                   My jo Janet.

My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff.

The rock o't winna stand, Sir,  
 To keep the temper-pin in tiff,  
 Employs aft my hand, Sir.

*Make the best o't that ye can,*  
                   Janet, Janet;  
*But like it never wale a man,*  
                   My jo Janet.

## S O N G.

To the tune of, *John Anderson my jo.*

**W**Hat means this niceness now of late,  
 Since time that truth does prove;  
 Such distance may consist with state,  
 But never will with love.

'Tis either cunning or disdain  
 That does such ways allow;  
 The first is base, the last is vain:  
 May neither happen you.

For

For if it be to draw me on,  
 You over-act your part;  
 And if it be to have me gone,  
 You need not ha'f that art:  
 For if you chance a look to cast,  
 That seems to be a frown,  
 I'll give you all the love that's past,  
 The rest shall be my own.

---

### Auld Rob Morris.

MITHER.

**A**uld *Rob Morris* that wins in yon glen, (men,  
 He's the king of good fellows, and wale of auld  
 Has fourscore of black sheep, and fourscore too;  
 Auld *Rob Morris* is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

Had your tongue, mither, and let that abee,  
 For his eild and my eild can never agree:  
 They'll never agree, and that will be seen;  
 For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

MITHER.

Had your tongue, doughter, and lay by your pride,  
 For he's be the bridegroom, and ye's be the bride:  
 He shall lie by your side, and kiss ye too;  
 Auld *Rob Morris* is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

Auld *Rob Morris* I ken him fou weel,  
 His a—— it sticks out like ony peat-creel,  
 He's outshinn'd, inknee'd, and ringle-ey'd too;  
 Auld *Rob Morris* is the man I'll ne'er loo.

MITHER.

Though auld *Rob Morris* be an elderly man,  
 Yet his auld brags it will buy a new pan;  
 Then, doughter, ye should na be so ill to shoo,  
 For Auld *Rob Morris* is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGH-

## DOUGHTER.

But auld *Rob Morris* I never will hae,  
 His back is sae stiff, and his beard is grown gray :  
 I had titter die than live wi' him a year ;  
 Sae mair of *Rob Morris* I never will hear. Q.

---

## S O N G.

To the tune of, *Come kiss with me, come clap with me, &c.*

## PEGGY.

MY *Jocky* blyth, for what thou'lt done,  
 There is nae help nor mending ;  
 For thou hast jogg'd me out of tune,  
 For a' thy fair pretending.  
 My mither sees a change on me,  
 For my complexion dashes,  
 And this, alas ! has been with thee  
 Sae late amang the rashes.

## JOCKY.

My *Peggy*, what I've said I'll do,  
 To free thee frae her scouling.  
 Come then and let us buckle to,  
 Nae langer let's be fooling ;  
 For her content I'll instant wed,  
 Since thy complexion dashes ;  
 And then we'll try a feather-bed,  
 'Tis safer than the rashes.

## PEGGY.

Then, *Jocky*, since thy love's sae true,  
 Let mither scoul, I'm easy :  
 Sae lang's I live I ne'er shall rue  
 For what I've done to please thee.  
 And there's my hand I's ne'er complain :  
 Oh ! weel's me on the rashes ;  
 Whene'er thou likes I'll do't again,  
 And a fig for a' their clashes.

Z.  
 SONG.

## S O N G.

To the tune of, *Rothes's lament* ; or, *Pinky-house*.

**A**S *Sylvia* in a forest lay,  
 To vent her wo alone ;  
 Her swain *Sylvander* came that way,  
 And heard her dying moan :  
 Ah ! is my love (she said) to you  
 So worthless and so vain ?  
 Why is your wonted fondness now  
 Converted to disdain ?

You vow'd the light shou'd darkness turn,  
 Ere you'd exchange your love ;  
 In shades now may creation mourn,  
 Since you unfaithful prove.  
 Was it for this I credit gave  
 To ev'ry oath you swore ?  
 But ah ! it seems they most deceive,  
 Who most our charms adore.

'Tis plain your drift was all deceit,  
 The practice of mankind :  
 Alas ! I see it, but too late,  
 My love had made me blind.  
 For you, delighted I could die :  
 But oh ! with grief I'm fill'd,  
 To think that credulous constant I  
 Shou'd by yourself be kill'd.

This said — all breathless, sick, and pale,  
 Her head upon her hand,  
 She found her vital spirits fail,  
 And senses at a stand.  
*Sylvander* then began to melt :  
 But ere the word was given,  
 The heavy hand of death she felt,  
 And sigh'd her soul to heaven.

M.

The

The young LAIRD and EDINBURGH  
KATY.

**N**OW wat ye wha I met yestreen,  
Coming down the street, my jo?  
My mistress in her tartan screen,  
Fow bonny, braw, and sweet, my jo.  
My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night,  
That never wish'd a lover ill,  
Since ye're out of your mither's sight,  
Let's take a wauk up to the hill.

O *Katy*, wiltu' gang wi' me,  
And leave the dunsome town a while;  
The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,  
And a' the simmer's gaw'n to smile:  
The mavis, nightingale, and lark,  
The bleating lambs, and whistling hind,  
In ilka dale, green, shaw, and park,  
Will nourish health, and glad ye'r mind.

Soon as the clear goodman of day  
Bends his morning-draught of dew,  
We'll gae to some burn-side and play,  
And gather flow'rs to busk ye'r brow;  
We'll pou the daisies on the green,  
The lucken gowans frae the bog:  
Between hands now and then we'll lean,  
And sport upo' the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleasant glen,  
A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,  
A canny, fast, and flow'ry den,  
Which circling birks have form'd a bow'r:  
Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,  
We'll to the cauler shade remove,  
There will I lock thee in mine arm,  
\* And love and kifs, and kifs and love.

## KATY'S Answer.

**M**Y mither's ay glowran o'er me,  
 Tho' she did the same before me :  
     I canna get leave  
     To look to my loove,  
 Or else she'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I take ye'r offer,  
 Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my tocher ;  
     Then, *Sandy*, ye'll fret,  
     And wyte ye'r poor *Kate*,  
 Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For though my father has plenty  
 Of filler and plenishing dainty,  
     Yet he's unco sweer  
     To twin wi' his gear ;  
 And fae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,  
 Be wylie in ilka motion ;  
     Brag well o' ye'r land,  
     And there's my leal hand,  
 Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

---

## MARY SCOT.

**H**Appy's the love which meets return,  
 When in soft flames souls equal burn ;  
 But words are wanting to discover  
 The torments of a hopeless lover.  
 Ye registers of heav'n, relate,  
 If looking o'er the rolls of fate,  
 Did you there see me mark'd to marrow  
*Mary Scot* the flower of *Yarrow* ?

Ah

Ah no! her form's too heav'nly fair,  
 Her love the gods above must share;  
 While mortals with despair explore her,  
 And at distance due adore her.  
 O lovely maid! my doubts beguile,  
 Revive and bless me with a smile:  
 Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a  
 Sighing swain the banks of *Yarrow*.

Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair,  
 My *Mary*'s tender as she's fair;  
 Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish,  
 She is too good to let me languish:  
 With success crown'd, I'll not envy  
 The folks who dwell above the sky;  
 When *Mary Scot*'s become my marrow,  
 We'll make a paradise in *Yarrow*.

### O'er BOGIE.

**I** *Will awa' wi' my love,*  
*I will awa' wi' her,*  
*Tho' a' my kin had sworn and said,*  
*I'll o'er Bogie wi' her.*  
 If I can get but her consent,  
 I dinna care a strae;  
 Tho' ilka ane be discontent,  
 Awa' wi' her I'll gae.  
*I will awa', &c.*

For now she's mistress of my heart,  
 And wordy of my hand,  
 And well I wat we shanna part  
 For filler or for land.  
 Let rakes delyte to swear and drink,  
 And beaus admire fine lace,  
 But my chief pleasure is to blink  
 On *Betty*'s bonny face.  
*I will awa', &c.*

There a' the beauties do combine,  
 Of colour, treats, and air,  
 The faul that sparkles in her een  
 Makes her a jewel rare :  
 Her flowing wit gives shining life  
 To a' her other charms ;  
 How blest'd I'll be when she's my wife,  
 And lock'd up in my arms !  
*I will awa', &c.*

There blythly will I rant and sing,  
 While o'er her sweets I range,  
 I'll cry, Your humble servant, King,  
 Shame fa' them that wa'd change  
 A kiss of *Betty* and a smile,  
 Abeit ye wad lay down  
 The right ye hae to *Britain's* isle,  
 And offer me ye'r crown.  
*I will awa', &c.*

---

### O'er the Moor to MAGGY.

**A**ND I'll o'er the moor to *Maggy*,  
 Her wit and sweetness call me ;  
 Then to my fair I'll show my mind,  
 Whatever may befall me.  
 If she love mirth, I'll learn to sing ;  
 Or likes the *Nine* to follow,  
 I'll lay my lugs in *Pindus'* spring,  
 And invoke *Apollo*.

If she admire a martial mind,  
 I'll sheath my limbs in armour ;  
 If to the softer dance inclin'd,  
 With gayest airs I'll charm her :  
 If she love grandeur, day and night,  
 I'll plot my nation's glory,  
 Find favour in my prince's fight,  
 And shine in future story.

Beauty

Beauty can wonders work with ease,  
 Where wit is corresponding;  
 And bravest men know best to please,  
 With complaisance abounding.  
 My bonny *Maggy's* love can turn  
 Me to what shape she pleases,  
 If in her breast that flame shall burn,  
 Which in my bosom blazes.

---

### POLWART on the GREEN.

**A**T *Polwart on the green*  
*If you'll meet me the morn,*  
*Where lasses do convene*  
*To dance about the thorn,*  
 A kindly welcome you shall meet  
 Frae her wha likes to view  
 A lover and a lad complete,  
 The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames say *Na*,  
 As lang as e'er they please,  
 Seem caulder than the sna',  
 While inwardly they bleeze;  
 But I will frankly shaw my mind,  
 And yield my heart to thee;  
 Be ever to the captive kind,  
 That langs na to be free.

At *Polwart* on the green,  
 Among the new-mawn hay,  
 With fangs and dancing keen  
 We'll pass the heartsome day.  
*At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,*  
*And thou be twin'd of thine,*  
*Thou shalt be welcome, my dear lad,*  
*To take a part of mine.*

## JOHN HAY's bonny Lassie.

**B**Y smooth winding *Tay* a swain was reclining,  
 Aft cry'd he, Oh hey ! maun I still live pining  
 Myself thus away, and darna discover  
 To my bonny *Hay* that I am her lover ?

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes stranger ;  
 If she's not my bride, my days are nae langer :  
 Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture,  
 May be, ere we part, my vows may content her.

She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as *Aurora*,  
 When birds mount and sing, bidding day a good mor-  
 'The sward of the mead, enamel'd with daisies, [row.  
 Look wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her graces.

But if she appear where verdures invite her,  
 The fountains run clear, and flowers smell the sweeter :  
 'Tis heaven to be by, when her wit is a-flowing,  
 Her smiles and bright eye fet my spirits a-glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded ;  
 Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded :  
 I'm all on a fire, dear maid, to carefs ye,  
 For a' my desire is *Hay's* bonny lassie.

## KATHARINE OGIE.

**A**S walking forth to view the plain,  
 Upon a morning early,  
 While *May's* sweet scent did chear my brain,  
 From flow'rs which grew so rarely :  
 I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,  
 She shin'd though it was foggy ;  
 I ask'd her name : Sweet Sir, she said,  
 My name is *Katharine Ogie*.

I stood a while, and did admire,  
To see a nymph so stately ;  
So brisk an air there did appear  
In a country-maid so neatly :  
Such natural sweetness she display'd,  
Like a lillie in a boggie ;  
*Diana's* self was ne'er array'd  
Like this same *Katharine Ogie*.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,  
Who sees thee, sure must prize thee ;  
Though thou art dress'd in robes but mean,  
Yet these cannot disguise thee ;  
Thy handsome air, and graceful look,  
Far excels any clownish rogie ;  
Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,  
My charming *Katharine Ogie*.

O were I but some shepherd swain !  
'To feed my flock beside thee,  
At boughting-time to leave the plain,  
In milking to abide thee ;  
I'd think myself a happier man,  
With *Kate*, my club, and dogie,  
Than he that hugs his thousands ten,  
Had I but *Katharine Ogie*.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,  
And statesmens dang'rous stations :  
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,  
I'd smile at conqu'ring nations :  
Might I caress and still possess  
This lass of whom I'm vogie ;  
For these are toys, and still look less,  
Compar'd with *Katharine Ogie*.

But I fear the gods have not decreed  
For me so fine a creature,  
Whose beauty rare makes her exceed  
All other works in nature.

Clouds

Clouds of despair surround my love,  
 That are both dark and foggy :  
 Pity my case, ye powers above,  
 Else I die for *Katharine Ogie*.

---

An thou were my ain Thing.

O F race divine thou needs must be,  
 Since nothing earthly equals thee ;  
 For heaven's sake, oh ! favour me,  
 Who only lives to love thee.  
*An thou were my ain thing,  
 I would love thee, I would love thee ;  
 An thou were my ain thing,  
 How dearly would I love thee !*

The gods one thing peculiar have,  
 To ruin none whom they can save ;  
 O ! for their sake support a slave,  
 Who only lives to love thee.  
*An thou were, &c.*

To merit I no claim can make,  
 But that I love, and for your sake,  
 What man can name I'll undertake,  
 So dearly do I love thee.  
*An thou were, &c.*

My passion, constant as the sun,  
 Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done  
 Till fates my thread of life have spun,  
 Which breathing out I'll love thee.  
*An thou were, &c.*

X.

Like

\* \* \* \* \*

Like bees that suck the morning dew,  
 Frae flowers of sweetest scent and hew,  
 Sae wad I dwell upo' thy mou,  
 And gar the gods envy me.  
*An thou were, &c.*

Sae lang's I had the use of light,  
 I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,  
 Syne in fast whispers through the night,  
 I'd tell how much I loo'd thee.  
*An thou were, &c.*

How fair and ruddy is my Jean?  
 She moves a goddess o'er the green;  
 Were I a king, thou should be queen,  
 Nane but mysell aboon thee.  
*An thou were, &c.*

I'd grasp thee to this breast of mine,  
 Whilst thou, like ivy, or the vine,  
 Around my stronger limbs shou'd twine,  
 Form'd hardly to defend thee.  
*An thou were, &c.*

Time's on the wing, and will not stay,  
 In shining youth let's make our hay;  
 Since love admits of nae delay,  
 O let nae scorn undo thee.  
*An thou were, &c.*

While love does at his altar stand,  
 Hae there's my heart, gi'e me thy hand,  
 And, with ilk smile, thou shalt command  
 The will of him wha loves thee.  
*An thou were, &c.*

There's

There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile  
thee.

**M**Y sweetest *May*, let love incline thee,  
T' accept a heart which he designs thee ;  
And, as your constant slave, regard it,  
Syne for its faithfulness reward it.  
'Tis proof a-shot to birth or money,  
But yields to what is sweet and bonny ;  
Receive it then with a kiss and a smile,  
There's my thumb it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting sweet these lips of thine are,  
Thy bosom white, and legs sae fine are,  
That, when in pools, I see thee clean 'em ;  
They carry away my heart between 'em.  
I wish, and I wish, while it gae duntin,  
O gin I had thee on a mountain,  
Though kith and kin and a' shou'd revile thee,  
There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane through flow'ry hows I dander,  
Tenting my flocks lest they shou'd wander,  
Gin thou'll gae alang, I'll dawt thee gaylie,  
And gi'e my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.  
O my dear lassie, it is but daffin,  
To had thy wooer up ay niff naffin.  
That na, na, na, I hate it most vilely,  
O say, Yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

### For the Love of JEAN.

**J**Ocky said to *Jeany*, *Jeany*, wilt thou do't ?  
Ne'er a fit, quo' *Jeany*, for my tocher-good,  
For my tocher-good, I winna marry thee.  
E'ens ye like, quo' *Jonny*, ye may let it be.

I hae gowd and gear, I hae land enough,  
I hae seven good owfen ganging in a pleugh,  
Ganging in a pleugh, and linking o'er the lee,  
And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good ha' house, a barn and a byre,  
A stack afore the door, I'll make a rantin fire,  
I'll make a rantin fire, and merry shall we be :  
And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

*Jeany* said to *Jocky*, Gin ye winna tell,  
Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell.  
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free,  
Ye're welcomer to take me than to let me be. Z.

## S O N G.

To the tune of, *Peggy, I must love thee.*

**B**eneath a beech's grateful shade,  
Young *Colin* lay complaining ;  
He sigh'd, and seem'd to love a maid,  
Without hopes of obtaining :  
For thus the swain indulg'd his grief,  
Though pity cannot move thee,  
Though thy hard heart gives no relief,  
Yet, *Peggy*, I must love thee.

Say, *Peggy*, what has *Colin* done,  
That thus you cruelly use him ?  
If love's a fault, 'tis that alone  
For which you should excuse him !  
'Twas thy dear self first rais'd this flame,  
This fire by which I languish ;  
'Tis thou alone can quench the same,  
And cool its scorching anguish.

For

For thee I leave the sportive plain,  
 Where ev'ry maid invites me ;  
 For thee, sole cause of all my pain,  
 For thee that only slights me :  
 This love that fires my faithful heart  
 By all but thee's commended.  
 Oh ! would thou act so good a part,  
 My grief might soon be ended.

That beauteous breast, so soft to feel,  
 Seem'd tenderness all over,  
 Yet it defends thy heart like steel,  
 'Gainst thy despairing lover.  
 Alas ! tho' should it ne'er relent,  
 Nor *Colin's* care e'er move thee,  
 Yet till life's latest breath is spent,  
 My *Peggy*, I must love thee.

C.

---

### Genty TIBBY, and sonfy NELLY.

To the tune of, *Tibby Fowler in the glen.*

**T***ibby* has a store o' charms,  
 Her genty shape our fancy warms ;  
 How strangely can her sma' white arms  
 Fetter the lad who looks but at her ?  
 Fra'er ancle to her slender waist,  
 These sweets conceal'd invite to dawt her ;  
 Her rosy cheek, and rising breast,  
 Gar ane's mouth gush bowt fu' o' water.

*Nelly's* gawfy, fast, and gay,  
 Fresh as the lucken flowers in *May* ;  
 Ilk ane that sees her, cries, *Ab hey*  
*She's bonny ! O I wonder at her !*  
 The dimples of her chin and cheek,  
 And limbs sae plump invite to dawt her ;  
 Her lips sae sweet, and skin sae sleek,  
 Gar mony mouths beside mine water.

Now

Now strike my finger in a bore,  
 My wyson with the maiden shore,  
 Gin I can tell whilk I am for,  
 When these twa stars appear the gither.  
 O love! why dost thou gi'e thy fires  
 Sae large, while we're oblig'd to nither  
 Our spacious fauls immense desires,  
 And ay be in a hankerin fwither.

*Tibby's* shape and airs are fine,  
 And *Nelly's* beauties are divine:  
 But since they canna baith be mine,  
 Ye gods, give ear to my petition;  
 Provide a good lad for the tane,  
 But let it be with this provision,  
 I get the other to my lane,  
 In prospect *plano* and fruition.

## UP IN THE AIR.

**N**OW the sun's gane out o' sight,  
 Beet the ingle, and snuff the light;  
 In glens the fairies skip and dance,  
 And witches wallop o'er to *France*.  
 Up in the air  
 On my bonny gray mare,  
 And I see her yet, and I see her yet.  
*Up in, &c.*

The wind's drifting hail and sna',  
 O'er frozen hags, like a foot-ba';  
 Nae starns keek thro' the azure slit,  
 'Tis cauld, and mirk as ony pit.  
 The man i' the moon  
 Is carousing aboon;  
 D' ye see, d' ye see, d' ye see him yet?  
*The man, &c.*

Take your glafs to clear your een,  
 'Tis the elixir heals the spleen,  
 Baith wit and mirth it will inspire,  
 And gently puffs the lover's fire.

Up in the air,  
 It drives away care;  
 Ha'e wi' ye, ha'e wi' ye, and ha'e wi' ye, lads, yet.  
*Up in, &c.*

Steek the doors, keep out the frost;  
 Come, *Willie*, gie's about ye'r toast;  
 'Til't lads, and lilt it out,  
 And let us ha'e a blythsome bout.  
 Up wi't there, there,  
 Dinna cheat, but drink fair:  
 Huzza, huzza, and huzza, lads, yet.  
*Up wi't, &c.*

Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.

**G**IN ye meet a bonny lassie,  
 Gi'e her a kiss, and let her gae;  
 But if ye meet a dirty hussy,  
 Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.

Be sure ye dinna quit the grip  
 Of ilka joy, when ye are young,  
 Before auld age your vitals nip,  
 And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartsome time:  
 Then, lads and lasses, while 'tis *May*,  
 Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,  
 Before it wither and decay.

Watch the fast minutes of delyte,  
 When *Jenny* speaks beneath her breath,  
 And kisses, laying a' the wyte  
 On you, if she kepp ony skaith,

Haith

Haith ye're ill-bred, she'll smiling say,  
 Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook:  
 Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,  
 And hide herself in some dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place,  
 Where lies the happiness ye want,  
 And plainly tell you to your face,  
 Nineteen na-fays are ha'f a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,  
 And sweetly toolie for a kiss:  
 Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,  
 As taiken of a future bliss.

These bennifons, I'm very sure,  
 Are of the gods indulgent grant:  
 Then, forly carls, whisht, forbear  
 To plague us with your whining cant.

### PATIE and PEGGY.

PATIE.

**B**Y the delicious warmnets of thy mouth,  
 And rowing eye, which smiling tells the truth,  
 I guess, my lassie, that as well as I  
 You're made for love, and why should ye deny?

PEGGY.

But ken ye, lad, gin we confess o'er soon,  
 Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done:  
 The maiden that o'er quickly tines her pow'r,  
 Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard and sour.

PATIE.

But when they hing o'er lang upon the tree,  
 Their sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye:  
 Red-cheeked you completely ripe appear,  
 And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang ha'f-year.

G 2

PEGGY.

## PEGGY.

Then dinna pu' me ; gently thus I sa'  
 Into my *Patie's* arms for good and a' :  
 But stit your wifhes to this frank embrace,  
 And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.

## PATIE.

O charming armsfu' ! hence, ye cares, away,  
 I'll kiss my treasure a' the live lang day :  
 A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,  
 Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

## CHORUS.

*Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,  
 Gang soon to bed and quickly rise ;  
 O lash your steeds, post time away,  
 And haste about our bridal-day :  
 And if ye're weary'd, honest light,  
 Sleep gin ye like a week that night.*

## The Mill, Mill — O.

**B**eneath a green shade I fand a fair maid,  
 Was sleeping sound and still — O ;  
 A' lowan wi' love, my fancy did rove  
 Around her with good-will — O :  
 Her bosom I press'd ; but sunk in her rest,  
 She stirr'dna my joy to spill — O :  
 While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,  
 And kiss'd, and kiss'd her my fill — O.

Oblig'd by command in *Flanders* to land,  
 T' employ my courage and skill — O,  
 Frae her quietly I staw, hoist sails and awa',  
 For the wind blew fair on the bill — O.  
 Twa years brought me hame, where loud-fraising fame  
 Tald me with a voice right shrill — O,  
 My las, like a fool, had mounted the stool,  
 Nor kend wha had done her the ill — O.

Mair

Mair fond of her charms, with my son in her arms,  
 I ferlying speer'd how she fell — O.  
 Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth she, Let me die,  
 Sweet Sir, gin I can tell — O.  
 Love gave the command, I took her by the hand,  
 And bade her a' fears expel — O,  
 And nae mair look wan, for I was the man  
 Wha had done her deed myfell — O.

My bonny sweet lass, on the gowany grass,  
 Beneath the *Shilling-bill* — O,  
 If I did offence, I'll make ye amends  
 Before I leave *Peggy's Mill* — O.  
 O the mill, mill — O, and the kill, kill — O,  
 And the coggin of the wheel — O :  
 The sack and the sieve, a' that ye maun leave,  
 And round with a sodger reel — O.

### COLIN and GRISY parting.

To the tune of, *Wo's my heart that we should sunder.*

W<sup>ITH</sup> broken words, and downcast eyes,  
 Poor *Colin* spoke his passion tender :  
 And, parting with his *Grisy*, cries,  
 Ah ! wo's my heart that we should sunder.

To others I am cold as snow,  
 But kindle with thine eyes like tinder ;  
 From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go :  
 It breaks my heart that we should sunder.

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,  
 No beauty new my love shall hinder,  
 Nor time nor place shall ever change  
 My vows, though we're oblig'd to sunder.

The image of thy graceful air,  
 And beauties which invite our wonder,  
 Thy lively wit and prudence rare,  
 Shall still be present, though we funder.

Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,  
 You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;  
 Then seal a promise with a kiss,  
 Always to love me though we funder.

Ye gods, take care of my dear lass,  
 That as I leave her I may find her,  
 When that blest'd time shall come to pass,  
 We'll meet again, and never funder.

### The GABERLUNZIE-MAN.

**T**HE pawky auld carl came o'er the lee,  
 Wi' many good e'ens and days to me;  
 Saying, Goodwife, for your courtesie,  
 Will you lodge a filly poor man?  
 The night was cauld, the carl was wat,  
 And down ayont the ingle he sat;  
 My daughter's shoulders he 'gan to clap,  
 And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free  
 As first when I saw this country,  
 How blyth and merry wad I be!  
 And I wad never think lang.  
 He grew canty, and she grew fain;  
 But little did her auld minny ken  
 What thir flee twa together were say'ng,  
 When wooing they were sae thrang.

And O! quo' he, an ye were as black  
 As e'er the crown of my daddy's hat,  
 'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,  
 And awa' wi' me thou shou'd gang.

And

And O ! quo' she, an I were as white  
 As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,  
 I'd clead me braw and lady-like,  
 And awa' with thee I wou'd gang.

Between the twa was made a plot ;  
 They raise a wee before the cock,  
 And wilily they shot the lock,  
 And fast to the bent are they gane.  
 Up in the morn the auld wife raise,  
 And at her leisure pat on her claife ;  
 Syne to the servants bed she gaes,  
 To speer for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,  
 The strae was cauld, he was away,  
 She clapt her hand, cry'd, Waladay,  
 For some of our gear will be gane.  
 Some ran to coffers, and some to kists,  
 But nought was stown that cou'd be mist ;  
 She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest,  
 I have lodg'd a leal pcor man.

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,  
 The kirk's to kirk, and milk to earn,  
 Gae but the house, lass, and waken my bairn,  
 And bid her come quickly ben.  
 The servant gaed where the daughter lay,  
 The sheets were cauld, she was away,  
 And fast to her goodwife did say,  
 She's aff with the Gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,  
 And haite ye find these traitors again ;  
 For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,  
 The wearifu' Gaberlunzie-man.  
 Some rade upo' horse, some ran a fit,  
 The wife was wood, and out o' her wit :  
 She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,  
 But ay she curs'd and she bann'd.

Mean

Mean time far hind out o'er the lee,  
 Fu' snug in a glen, where nane cou'd see,  
 The twa, with kindly sport and glee,  
 Cut frae a new cheefe a whang :  
 The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,  
 To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.  
 Quo' she, to leave thee I will be laith,  
 My winsome Gaberlunzie-man,

O kend my minny I were wi' you,  
 Ill-fardly wad she crook her mou',  
 Sic a poor man she'd never trow,  
 After the Gaberlunzie-man.  
 My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,  
 And hae na learn'd the beggar's tongue,  
 To follow me frae town to town,  
 And carry the Gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,  
 And spindles and whorles for them wha need,  
 Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,  
 To carry the Gaberlunzie on.  
 I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,  
 And draw a black clout o'er my eye,  
 A cripple or blind they will ca' me,  
 While we shall be merry and sing.

I.

---

### THE CORDIAL.

To the tune of, *Where shall our goodman lie?*

H E.

**W**Here wad bonny *Annie* lie ?  
 Alane nae mair ye maun lie ;  
 Wad ye a goodman try ?  
 Is that the thing ye're lacking !

S H E.

S H E.

Can a lass fae young as I  
Venture on the bridal-tie,  
Syne down with a goodman lie?  
I'm flee'd he keep me wauking.

H E.

Never judge until ye try,  
Mak me your goodman, I  
Shanna hinder you to lie,  
And sleep till ye be weary.

S H E.

What if I shou'd wauking lie,  
When the hoboy's are gawn by,  
Will ye tent me when I cry,  
My dear, I'm faint and iry?

H E.

In my bosom thou shalt lie,  
When thou waukrife art, or dry,  
Healthy cordial standing by,  
Shall presently revive thee.

S H E.

To your will I then comply,  
Join us, priest, and let me try  
How I'll wi' a goodman lie,  
Wha can a cordial give me.

## EW-BUGHTS MARION.

**W**ill ye go to the ew-bughts, *Marion*,  
And wear in the sheep wi' me?  
The sun shines sweet, my *Marion*,  
But nae half fae sweet as thee.  
O *Marion's* a bonny lass,  
And the blyth blink's in her eye;  
And fain wad I marry *Marion*,  
Gin *Marion* wad marry me.

There's

There's gowd in your garters, *Marion*,  
 And silk on your white haufs-bane ;  
 Fu' fain wad I kifs my *Marion*,  
 At e'en when I come hame.  
 There's braw lads in *Earnslaw*, *Marion*,  
 Wha gape, and glowr with their eye,  
 At kirk, when they see my *Marion* ;  
 But nane of them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk-ewes, my *Marion* ;  
 A cow and a brawny quey,  
 I'll gi'e them a' to my *Marion*,  
 Just on her bridal-day ;  
 And ye's get a green sey apron,  
 And wastecoa't of the *London* brown,  
 And wow but ye will be vap'ring,  
 Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my *Marion* ;  
 Nane dances like me on the green :  
 And gin ye forsake me, *Marion*,  
 I'll e'en gae draw up wi' *Jean* :  
*Sae put on your pearlins*, *Marion*,  
 And kyrtle of the cramasie ;  
 And soon as my chin has nae hair on,  
 I shall come west, and see ye.

Q.

---

### The blythsome Bridal.

**F**Y let us a' to the bridal,  
 For there will be liting there ;  
 For *Jocky's* to be married to *Maggy*,  
 The las' wi' the gowden hair.  
 And there wi'll be lang-kail and pottage,  
 And bannocks of barley-meal ;  
 And there will be good sawt herring,  
 To relish a cog of good ale.  
*Fy let us a' to the bridal, &c.*

Ans.

And there will be *Saney* the futor,  
 And *Will* wi' the meikle mou' ;  
 And there will be *Tam* the blutter,  
 With *Andrew* the tinkler, I trow ;  
 And there will be bow'd-legged *Robbie*,  
 With thumblefs *Katy*'s goodman ;  
 And there will be blue-cheeked *Dowbie*,  
 And *Lawrie* the laird of the land.  
*Fy let us, &c.*

And there will be sow-libber *Patie*,  
 And plucky-fac'd *Wat*, i' the mill,  
 Caper-nos'd *Francie* and *Gibbie*,  
 That wins in the how of the hill ;  
 And there will be *Alaister Sibbie*,  
 Wha in with black *Bessie* did mool,  
 With snivelling *Lilly* and *Tibby*,  
 The las that stands aft on the stool.  
*Fy let us, &c.*

And *Madge* that was buckled to *Steenie*,  
 And coft him grey breeks to his arse,  
 Who after was hangit for stealing,  
 Great mercy it happen'd na warfe :  
 And there will be gleed *Geordy Janners*,  
 And *Kirsh* with the lilly-white leg,  
 Wha gade to the south for manners,  
 And bang'd up her wame in *Mons-meg*.  
*Fy let us, &c.*

And there will be *Judan MacLawrie*,  
 And blinkin daft *Barbara Macleg*,  
 Wi' flae-lugged sharney-fac'd *Lawrie*,  
 And shangy-mou'd haluket *Meg*.  
 And there will be happer-ars'd *Nancy*,  
 And fairy-fac'd *Flowrie* by name,  
 Muck *Madie*, and fat-hippit *Grisy*,  
 The las wi' the gowden wame.  
*Fy let us, &c.*

And

And there will be *Girn-again-Gibbie*,  
 With his glaikit wife *Jenny Bell*,  
 And misle-shinn'd *Mungo Macapie*,  
 The lad that was skipper himsel.  
 There lads and lasses in pearlings  
 Will feast in the heart of the ha',  
 On sybows, and rifarts, and carlings,  
 That are baith fodden and raw.  
*Fy let us, &c.*

And there will be fadges and brachan,  
 With fowth of good gabbocks of skate,  
 Powfowdy, and drammock, and crowdy,  
 And caler nowt-feet in a plate.  
 And there will be partans and buckies,  
 And whitens and speldings enew,  
 With singed sheep-heads, and a haggies,  
 And scadlips to sup till ye spew.  
*Fy let us, &c.*

And there will be lapper'd milk kebbocks,  
 And fowens, and farls, and baps,  
 With swats, and well scraped-paunches,  
 And brandy in stoups and in caps :  
 And there will be meal-kail and castocks,  
 With skink to sup till ye rive,  
 And roasts to roast on a brander,  
 Of flowks that were taken alive.  
*Fy let us, &c.*

Scrap haddocks, wilks, dulse and tangle,  
 And a mill of good snishing to prie ;  
 When weary with eating and drinking,  
 We'll rise up and dance till we die.  
*Then fy let us a' to the bridal,*  
*For there will be liting there ;*  
*For Jocky's to be married to Maggie,*  
*The las wi' the gowden hair.*

Z.

The

## The HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE lawland lads think they are fine ;  
 But O they're vain and idly gaudy !  
 How much unlike that gracefu' mien,  
 And manly looks of my highland laddie ?  
*O my bonny, bonny highland laddie,*  
*My handsome, charming highland laddie ;*  
*May heaven still guard, and love reward*  
*Our lawland lads and her highland laddie.*

If I were free at will to chuse  
 To be the wealthiest lawland lady,  
 I'd take young *Donald* without trews,  
 With bonnet blew, and belted plaidy.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

The brawest beau in borrows-town,  
 In a' his airs, with art made ready,  
 Compar'd to him, he's but a clown ;  
 He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,  
 And leave my lawland kins and dady ;  
 Frae winter's cauld, and summer's sun,  
 He'll screen me with his highland plaidy.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

A painted room, and silken bed,  
 May please a lawland laird and lady ;  
 But I can kifs, and be as glad,  
 Behind a bush in's highland plaidy.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

Few compliments between us pass,  
 I ca' him my dear highland laddie,  
 And he ca's me his lawland lads,  
 Sync rows me in beneath his plaidy.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,  
 Than that his love prove true and steady,  
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,  
 While heaven preserves my highland laddie.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

---

### ALLAN WATER.

Or, My Love ANNIE's very bonny.

**W**Hat numbers shall the muse repeat ?  
 What verse be found to praise my *Annie* ?  
 On her ten thousand graces wait,  
 Each swain admires, and owns she's bonny.  
 Since first she trod the happy plain,  
 She set each youthful heart on fire ;  
 Each nymph does to her swain complain,  
 That *Annie* kindles new desire.

This lovely darling dearest care,  
 This new delight, this charming *Annie*,  
 Like summer's dawn, she's fresh and fair,  
 When *Flora*'s fragrant breezes fan ye.  
 All day the am'rous youths conven,  
 Joyous they sport and play before her ;  
 All night, when she no more is seen,  
 In blissful dreams they still adore her.

Among the croud *Amyntor* came,  
 He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to *Annie* ;  
 His rising sighs express his flame,  
 His words were few, his wishes many.  
 With smiles the lovely maid reply'd,  
 Kind shepherd, why should I deceive ye ?  
 Alas ! your love must be deny'd,  
 This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young *Damon* came with *Cupid*'s art,  
 His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling,  
 He stole away my virgin heart ;  
 Cease, poor *Amyntor*, cease bewailing.

Some brighter beauty you may find,  
 On yonder plain the nymphs are many ;  
 Then chuse some heart that's unconfin'd,  
 And leave to *Damon* his own *Annie*.

C.

---

### The Collier's bonny Lassie.

THE collier has a daughter,  
 And O she's wonder bonny ;  
 A laird he was that fought her,  
 Rich baith in lands and money :  
 The tutors watch'd the motion  
 Of this young honest lover ;  
 But love is like the ocean ;  
 Wha can its depth discover !

He had the art to please ye,  
 And was by a' respected ;  
 His airs fat round him easy,  
 Genteel, but unaffected.  
 The collier's bonny lassie,  
 Fair as the new-blown lillie,  
 Ay sweet, and never saucy,  
 Secur'd the heart of *Willie*.

He lov'd beyond expression  
 The charms that were about her,  
 And panted for possession,  
 His life was dull without her.  
 After mature resolving,  
 Close to his breast he held her,  
 In fastest flames dissolving,  
 He tenderly thus tell'd her :

My bonny collier's daughter,  
 Let naething discompose ye,  
 'Tis no your scanty tocher  
 Shall ever gar me lose ye :

H 2

Fot

For I have gear in plenty,  
 And love says, 'tis my duty.  
 To ware what heaven has lent me,  
 Upon your wit and beauty.

---

### Where HELEN lies.

To — in mourning.

AH! why those tears in *Nelly's* eyes!  
 To hear thy tender sighs and cries,  
 'The gods stand list'ning from the skies,  
 Pleas'd with thy piety.  
 To mourn the dead, dear nymph, forbear,  
 And of one dying take a care,  
 Who views thee as an angel fair,  
 Or some divinity.

O be less graceful, or more kind,  
 And cool this fever of my mind,  
 Caus'd by the boy severe and blind;  
 Wounded, I sigh, for thee;  
 While hardly dare I hope to rise  
 To such a height by *Hymen's* ties,  
 To lay me down where *Helen* lies,  
 And with thy charms be free.

Then must I hide my love, and die,  
 When such a sovereign cure is by?  
 No; she can love, and I'll go try,  
 Whatever my fate may be;  
 Which soon I'll read in her bright eyes,  
 With those dear agents I'll advise,  
 'They tell the truth when tongues tell lies,  
 The least believed by me.

SONG.

## S O N G.

To the tune of, *Gallowshiels*.

A H the shepherd's mournful fate,  
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,  
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,  
Nor dare disclose his anguish.  
Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,  
My secret soul discover,  
While rapture trembling through mine eyes,  
Reveals how much I love her;  
The tender glance, the redd'ning cheek,  
O'erspread with rising blushes,  
A thousand various ways they speak  
A thousand various wishes.

For oh ! that form so heavenly fair,  
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,  
That artless blush, and modest air,  
So fatally beguiling.  
Thy every look, and every grace,  
So charm whene'er I view thee ;  
Till death o'ertake me in the chace,  
Still will my hopes pursue thee.  
Then when my tedious hours are past,  
Be this last blessing given,  
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,  
And die in sight of heaven.

---

To L. M. M.

Tune, *Rantin roaring Willie*.

O *Mary* ! thy graces and glances,  
Thy smiles so enchantingly gay,  
And thoughts so divinely harmonious,  
Clear wit and good humour display.

But say not thou'lt imitate angels  
 Ought fairer, though scarcely, ah me !  
 Can be found equalizing thy merit,  
 A match amongst mortals for thee.

Thy many fair beauties shed fires  
 May warm up ten thousand to love,  
 Who despairing, may fly to some other,  
 While I may despair, but ne'er rove.  
 What a mixture of sighing and joys  
 This distant adoring of thee,  
 Gives to a fond heart too aspiring,  
 Who loves in sad silence like me ?

Thus looks the poor beggar on treasure,  
 And shipwreck'd, on landscapes on shore :  
 Be still more divine and have pity ;  
 I die soon as hope is no more.  
 For, *Mary*, my soul is thy captive,  
 Nor love, nor expects to be free ;  
 Thy beauties are fetters delightful,  
 Thy slav'ry's a pleasure to me.

This is no mine ain House.

**T**His is not mine ain house,  
 I ken by the rigging o't ;  
 Since with my love I've changed vows,  
 I dinna like the bigging o't.  
 For now that I'm young *Robie's* bride,  
 And mistress of his fire-side,  
 Mine ain house I'll like to guide,  
 And please me with the trigging o't.

Then farewell to my father's house,  
 I gang where love invites me ;  
 The strictest duty this allows,  
 When love with honour meets me.

When

When *Hymen* moulds us into ane,  
 My *Robie's* nearer than my kin,  
 And to refuse him were a fin,  
 Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I'm in mine ain house,  
 True love shall be at hand ay,  
 To make me still a prudent spouse,  
 And let my man command ay;  
 Avoiding ilka cause of strife,  
 The common pest of married life,  
 That makes ane wearied of his wife,  
 And breaks the kindly band ay.

### Fint a Crum of thee she faws.

**R**eturn hameward, my heart, again,  
 And bide where thou was wont to be,  
 Thou art a fool to suffer pain  
 For love of ane that loves not thee.  
 My heart, let be sic fantasie,  
 Love only where thou hast good cause;  
 Since scorn and liking ne'er agree,  
 The fint a crum of thee she faws.

To what effect should thou be thrall?  
 Be happy in thine ain free-will,  
 My heart, be never bestial,  
 But ken wha does thee good or ill:  
 At hame with me then tarry still,  
 And see wha can best play their paws,  
 And let the filly sling her fill,  
 For fint a crum of thee she faws.

Though she be fair, I will not fenzie,  
 She's of a kind with mony mae;  
 For why, they are a felon menzie  
 That seemeth good, and are not fae.

My

My heart, take neither sturt nor wae  
 For *Meg*, for *Marjory*, or *Mause*,  
 But be thou blyth, and let her gae,  
 For sint a crum of thee she faws.

Remember, how that *Medea*  
 Wild for a fight of *Jasen* yied,  
 Remember, how young *Cressida*  
 Left *Troilus* for *Diomede*;  
 Remember *Helen*, as we read,  
 Brought *Troy* from blifs unto bare waws:  
 Then let her gae where she may speed,  
 For sint a crum of thee she faws.

Because she said I took it ill,  
 For her depart my heart was fair,  
 But was beguil'd; gae where she will,  
 Beshrew the heart that first takes care:  
 But be thou merry late and air,  
 This is the final end and clause,  
 And let her feed and foully fair,  
 For sint a crum of thee she faws.

Ne'er dunt again within my breast,  
 Ne'er let her flights thy courage spill.  
 Nor gie a sob, although she sneest,  
 She's fairest paid that gets her will.  
 She gecks as gif I mean'd her ill,  
 When she glaicks paughty in her brows;  
 Now let her snirt and fyke her fill,  
 For sint a crum of thee she faws.

Z.

---

### To Mrs E. C.

Tune, *Sae merry as we have been.*

**N**OW *Phæbus* advances on high,  
 Nae footitaps of winter are seen;  
 The birds carrol sweet in the sky,  
 And lambkins dance reels on the green.

Through

Through plantings, and burnies fae clear,  
 We wander for pleasure and health,  
 Where buddings and blossoms appear,  
 Giving prospects of joy and wealth.

View ilka gay scene all around,  
 That are, and that promise to be ;  
 Yet in them a' naething is found  
 Sae perfect, *Eliza*, as thee.  
 Thy een the clear fountains excel,  
 Thy locks they outrival the grove ;  
 When zephyrs thus pleasingly swell,  
 Ilk wave makes a captive to love.

The roses and lillies combin'd,  
 And flowers of maist delicate hue,  
 By thy cheek and dear breasts are outshin'd,  
 Their tinctures are naething fae true.  
 What can we compare with thy voice,  
 And what with thy humour fae sweet ?  
 Nae music can blifs with sic joys ;  
 Sure angels are just fae complete.

Fair blossom of ilka delight,  
 Whose beauties ten thousand outshine :  
 Thy sweet shall be lasting and bright,  
 Being mix'd with fae many divine.  
 Ye powers, who have given sic charms  
 To *Eliza*, your image below,  
 O save her frae all human harms !  
 And make her hours happily flow.

My Daddy forbad, my Minny forbad.

When I think on my lad,  
 I sigh and am sad,  
 For now he is far frae me.

My

My daddy was harsh,  
 My minny was warse,  
 That gart him gae yont the sea,  
 Without an estate,  
 That made him look blate :  
 And yet a brave lad is he.  
 Gin sae he come hame,  
 In spite of my dame,  
 He'll ever be welcome to me.

Love speers nae advice  
 Of parents o'er wife,  
 That have but ae bairn like me,  
 That looks upon cash,  
 As naething but trash,  
 That shackles what shou'd be free.  
 And though my dear lad  
 Not ae penny had,  
 Since qualities better has he ;  
 Abeit I'm an heirefs,  
 I think it but fair is,  
 To love him, since he loves me.

Then, my dear *Jamie*,  
 To thy kind *Jeanie*,  
 Haste, haste thee in o'er the sea,  
 To her wha can find  
 Nae ease in her mind,  
 Without a blyth fight of thee.  
 Though my daddy forbad,  
 And my minny forbad,  
 Forbidden I will not be ;  
 For since thou alone  
 My favour hast won,  
 Nane else shall e'er get it for me.

Yet them I'll not grieve,  
 Or without their leave,  
 Gi'e my hand as a wife to thee :

Be content with a heart,  
 That can never desert,  
 Till they cease to oppose or be.  
 My parents may prove  
 Yet friends to our love,  
 When our firm resolves they see;  
 Then I with pleasure  
 Will yield up my treasure,  
 And a' that love orders to thee.

---

*Tune, Steer her up, and had her gawn.*

O Steer her up, and had her gawn,  
 Her mither's at the mill, jo;  
 But gin she winna tak a man,  
 E'en let her tak her will, jo.  
 Pray thee, lad, leave filly thinking,  
 Cast thy cares of love away;  
 Let's our sorrows drown in drinking,  
 'Tis daffin langer to delay.

See that shining glaß of claret,  
 How invitingly it looks;  
 Take it aff, and let's hae mair o't,  
 Pox on fighting, trade, and books.  
 Let's have pleasure while we're able,  
 Bring us in the meikle bowl,  
 Place't on the middle of the table,  
 And let wind and weather gowl.

Call the drawer, let him fill it  
 Fou, as ever it can hold:  
 O tak tent ye dinna spill it,  
 'Tis mair precious far than gold.  
 By you've drunk a dozen bumpers,  
*Bacchus* will begin to prove,  
 Spite of *Venus* and her *Mumpers*,  
 Drinking better is than love.

Clout

## Clout the Caldron.

**H**Ave you any pots or pans,  
 Or any broken chandlers ?  
 I am a tinkler to my trade,  
 And newly come frae *Flanders*,  
 As scant of filler as of grace,  
 Disbanded, we've a bad run ;  
 Gar tell the lady of the place,  
 I'm come to clout her caldron.  
*Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.*

Madam, if you have wark for me,  
 I'll do't to your contentment,  
 And dinna care a single flie  
 For any man's resentment ;  
 For, lady fair, though I appear  
 To ev'ry ane a tinkler,  
 Yet to yoursell I'm bauld to tell,  
 I am a gentle jinker.  
*Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.*

Love *Jupiter* into a swan,  
 Turn'd for his lovely *Leda* ;  
 He like a bull o'er meadows ran,  
 To carry aff *Europa*.  
 Then may not I, as well as he,  
 To cheat your *Argos* blinker,  
 And win your love, like mighty *Jove*,  
 Thus hide me in a tinkler ?  
*Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.*

Sir, ye appear a cunning man,  
 But this fine plot you'll fail in,  
 For there is neither pot nor pan  
 Of mine you'll drive a nail in.  
 Then bind your budget on your back,  
 And nails up in your apron,  
 For I've a tinkler under tack  
 That's us'd to clout my caldron.  
*Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.*

## The MALT-MAN.

**T**HE malt-man comes on *Munday*,  
 He craves wonder fair,  
 Cries, *Dame, come gi'e me my filler,*  
*Or malt ye fall ne'er get mair.*

I took him into the pantry,  
 And gave him some good cock-broo,  
 Syne paid him upon a gantree,  
 As hostler-wives should do.

When malt-men come for filler,  
 And gaugers with wands o'er soon,  
 Wives, tak them a' down to the cellar,  
 And clear them as I have done.  
 This bewith, when cunzie is scanty,  
 Will keep them frae making din;  
 The knack I learn'd frae an auld aunty,  
 The snackest of a' my kin.

The malt-man is right cunning,  
 But I can be as flee,  
 And he may crack of his winning,  
 When he clears scores with me:  
 For come when he likes, I'm ready;  
 But if frae hame I be,  
 Let him wait on our kind lady,  
 She'll answer a bill for me.

## BONNY BESSY.

*Tune, Bessy's Haggies.*

**B***essy's* beauties shine sae bright,  
 Were her many virtues fewer,  
 She wad ever give delight,  
 And in transport make me view her.

VOL. I.

\* I

Bonny

Bonny *Bessy*, thee alane  
 Love I, naething else about thee ;  
 With thy comelinefs I'm tane,  
 And langer cannot live without thee.

*Bessy's* bosom's fast and warm,  
 Milk-white fingers still employ'd ;  
 He who takes her to his arm,  
 Of her sweets can ne'er be cloy'd.  
 My dear *Bessy*, when the roses  
 Leave thy cheek, as thou grows aulder,  
 Virtue, which thy mind discloses,  
 Will keep love frae growing caulder.

*Bessy's* tocher is but scanty,  
 Yet her face and soul discovers  
 These enchanting sweets in plenty  
 Must entice a thousand lovers.  
 'Tis not money, but a woman  
 Of a temper kind and easy,  
 That gives happiness uncommon,  
 Petted things can nought but teaze ye.

*Omnia vincit Amor.*

AS I went forth to view the spring,  
 Which *Flora* had adorned  
 In raiment fair ; now every thing  
 The rage of winter scorned :  
 I cast mine eye, and did espy  
 A youth, who made great clamor ;  
 And drawing nigh, I heard him cry,  
 Ah ! *omnia vincit amor.*

Upon his breast he lay along,  
 Hard by a murm'ring river,  
 And mournfully his doleful song  
 With sighs he did deliver ;

Ah ! *Jeany's* face has comely grace,  
 Her locks that shine like lammer,  
 With burning rays have cut my days ;  
 For *omnia vincit amor*.

Her glancy een like comets sheen,  
 The morning-sun outshining,  
 Have caught my heart in *Cupid's* net,  
 And make me die with pining.  
 Durst I complain, nature's to blame,  
 So curiously to frame her,  
 Whose beauties rare make me with care  
 Cry, *Omnia vincit amor*.

Ye crystal streams that swiftly glide,  
 Be partners of my mourning,  
 Ye fragrant fields and meadows wide,  
 Condemn her for her scorning :  
 Let every tree a witness be,  
 How justly I may blame her ;  
 Ye chanting birds, note these my words,  
 Ah ! *omnia vincit amor*.

Had she been kind as she was fair,  
 She long had been admired,  
 And been ador'd for virtues rare,  
 Wh' of life now makes me tired.  
 Thus said, his breath began to fail,  
 He could not speak, but stammer ;  
 He sigh'd full fore, and said no more,  
 But *omnia vincit amor*.

When I observ'd him near to death,  
 I run in haste to save him,  
 But quickly he resign'd his breath,  
 So deep the wound love gave him.  
 Now for her sake this vow I'll make,  
 My tongue shall ay defame her,  
 While on his herse I'll write this verse,  
 Ah ! *omnia vincit amor*.

Straight I consider'd in my mind  
 Upon the matter rightly,  
 And found, though *Cupid* he be blind,  
 He proves in pith most mighty.  
 For warlike *Mars*, and thund'ring *Jove*,  
 And *Vulcan* with his hammer,  
 Did ever prove the slaves of love,  
 For *omnia vincit amor*.

Hence we may see th' effects of love,  
 Which gods and men keep under,  
 That nothing can his bonds remove,  
 Or torments break afunder :  
 Nor wise, nor fool, need go to school,  
 To learn this from his grammar ;  
 His heart's the book, where he's to look,  
 For *omnia vincit amor*.



Q.

---

### The auld Wife beyont the Fire.

## I.

**T**Here was a wife won'd in a glen,  
 And she had dochters nine or ten,  
 That sought the house baith but and ben,  
 To find their mam a snishing.  
*The auld wife beyont the fire,*  
*The auld wife aniest the fire,*  
*The auld wife aboon the fire,*  
*She died for lack of snishing.*

## II.

Her mill into some hole had fawn,  
 Whatrecks, quoth she, let it be gawn,  
 For I maun hae a young goodman  
 Shall furnish me with snishing.  
*The auld wife, &c.*

Her

## III.

Her eldest dochter said right bauld,  
 Fy, mother, mind that now ye're auld,  
 And if ye with a younker wald,  
 He'll waste away your snishing.  
*The auld wife, &c.*

## IV.

The youngest dochter ga'e a shout,  
 O mother dear ! your teeth's a' out,  
 Besides ha'f blind, you have the gout,  
 Your mill can had nae snishing.  
*The auld wife, &c.*

## V.

Ye lied, ye limmers, cries auld mump,  
 For I hae baith a tooth and stump,  
 And will nae langer live in dump,  
 By wanting of my snishing.  
*The auld wife, &c.*

## VI.

Thole ye, says Peg, that pauky slut,  
 Mother, if you can crack a nut,  
 Then we will a' consent to it,  
 That you shall have a snishing.  
*The auld wife, &c.*

## VII.

The auld ane did agree to that,  
 And they a pistol-bullet gat ;  
 She powerfully began to crack,  
 To win herfell a snishing.  
*The auld wife, &c.*

**Note,** *Snishing*, in its literal meaning, is sauff made of tobacco ; but, in this song, it means sometimes contentment, a husband, love, money, &c.

## VIII.

Braw sport it was to see her chow't,  
 And 'tween her gums sae squeez and row't,  
 While frae her jaws the slaver flow'd,  
 And ay she curs'd poor stumpy.  
*The auld wife, &c.*

## IX.

At last she gae a desperate squeez,  
 Which brak the lang tooth by the neez,  
 And syne poor stumpy was at ease,  
 But she tint hopes of snishing.  
*The auld wife, &c.*

## X.

She of the task began to tire,  
 And frae her dochters did retire,  
 Syne lean'd her down ayont the fire,  
 And died for lack of snishing.  
*The auld wife, &c.*

## XI.

Ye auld wives, notice well this truth,  
 Asoon as ye're past mark of mouth,  
 Ne'er do what's only fit for youth,  
 And leave aff thoughts of snishing :  
*Else, like this wife beyont the fire,*  
*Ye'r bairns against you will conspire ;*  
*Nor will ye get, unless ye hire,*  
*A young man with your snishing.*

---

I'll never love thee more.

**M**Y dear and only love, I pray,  
 That little world of thee,  
 Be govern'd by no other sway,  
 But purest monarchy :

For if confusion have a part,  
Which virtuous souls abhor,  
I'll call a synod in my heart,  
And never love thee more.

As *Alexander* I will reign,  
And I will reign alone,  
My thoughts did evermore disdain  
A rival on my throne.  
He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
Who dares not put it to the touch,  
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign, and govern still,  
And always give the law,  
And have each subject at my will,  
And all to stand in aw :  
But 'gainst my batt'ries if I find  
Thou storm or vex me sore,  
As if thou set me as a blind,  
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,  
Where I should solely be,  
If others do pretend a part,  
Or dares to share with me :  
Or committees if thou erect,  
Or go on such a score,  
I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,  
And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain  
Thy love and constant word,  
I'll make thee famous by my pen,  
And glorious by my sword.  
I'll serve thee in such noble ways,  
As ne'er was known before ;  
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,  
And love thee more and more.

## The BLACKBIRD.

UPON a fair morning for soft recreation,  
 I heard a fair lady was making her moan,  
 With sighing and sobbing, and sad lamentation,  
 Saying, My *blackbird* most royal is flown.  
 My thoughts they deceive me,  
 Reflections do grieve me,  
 And I am o'erburden'd with sad misery;  
 Yet, if death should blind me,  
 As true love inclines me,  
 My *blackbird* I'll seek out, where-ever he be.

Once into fair *England* my *blackbird* did flourish,  
 He was the chief flower that in it did spring;  
 Prime ladies of honour his person did nourish,  
 Because he was the true son of a king:  
 But since that false fortune,  
 Which still is uncertain,  
 Has caused this parting between him and me,  
 His name I'll advance  
 In *Spain* and in *France*,  
 And seek out my *blackbird*, where-ever he be.

The birds of the forest all met together,  
 The turtle has chosen to dwell with the dove;  
 And I am resolv'd in foul or fair weather,  
 Once in the spring to seek out my love.  
 He's all my heart's treasure,  
 My joy and my pleasure;  
 And justly (my love) my heart follows thee,  
 Who art constant and kind,  
 And courageous of mind,  
 All bliss on my *blackbird*, where-ever he be.

In *England* my *blackbird* and I were together,  
 Where he was still noble and gen'rous of heart;  
 Ah! wo to the time that first he went thither,  
 Alas! he was forc'd from thence to depart.

In *Scotland* he's deem'd,  
 And highly esteem'd,  
 In *England* he seemeth a stranger to be;  
 Yet his fame shall remain,  
 In *France* and in *Spain*;  
 All bliss to my *blackbird*, where-ever he be.

What if the fowler my *blackbird* has taken,  
 Then fighting and fobbing will be all my tune;  
 But if he is safe, I'll not be forsaken,  
 And hope yet to see him in *May* or in *June*.  
 For him through the fire,  
 Through mud and through mire,  
 I'll go; for I love him to such a degree,  
 Who is constant and kind,  
 And noble of mind,  
 Deserving all blessings, where-ever he be.

It is not the ocean can fright me with danger,  
 Nor though, like a pilgrim, I wander forlorn,  
 I may meet with friendship of one is a stranger,  
 More than of one that in *Britain* is born.  
 I pray heaven so spacious,  
 To *Britain* be gracious,  
 Tho' some there be odious to both him and me,  
 Yet joy and renown,  
 And laurels shall crown  
 My *blackbird* with honour, where-ever he be.

Tak your auld cloak about you.

**I**N winter when the rain rain'd cauld,  
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,  
 And *Boreas*, with his blasts sae bald,  
 Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill:  
 Then *Bell*, my wife, wha loves na strife,  
 She said to me right hastily,  
 Get up, goodman, save *Cromy's* life,  
 And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My *Cromie* is an useful cow,  
 And she is come of a good kine;  
 Aft has she wet the bairns mou,  
 And I am laith that she shou'd tyne;  
 Get up, goodman, it is fou time,  
 The sun shines in the lift fae hie;  
 Sloth never made a gracious end,  
 Go tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,  
 When it was fitting for my wear;  
 But now it's scantly worth a groat,  
 For I have worn't this thirty year;  
 Let's spend the gear that we have won,  
 We little ken the day we'll die:  
 Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn  
 To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our king *Robert* rang,  
 His trews they cost but ha'f a crown;  
 He said, they were a groat o'er dear,  
 And call'd the taylor thief and loun.  
 He was the king that wore a crown,  
 And thou'rt a man of laigh degree,  
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,  
 Sae tak thy auld cloak about thee.

Every land has its ain laugh,  
 Ilk kind of corn it has its hool;  
 I think the world is a' run wrang,  
 When ilka wife her man wad rule.  
 Do ye not see *Rob*, *Jock*, and *Hab*,  
 As they are girded gallantly,  
 While I sit hurklen in the ase?  
 I'll have a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wat 'tis thirty years  
 Since we did ane anither ken;  
 And we have had between us twa,  
 Of lads and bonny lasses ten;

Now

Now they are women grown and men,  
I wish and pray well may they be ;  
And if you prove a good husband,  
E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

*Bell*, my wife, she loves na strife ;  
But she wad guide me, if she can,  
And to maintain an easy life,  
I aft maun yield, though I'm goodman :  
Nought's to be won at woman's hand,  
Unless ye give her a' the plea ;  
Then I'll leave aff where I began,  
And tak my auld cloak about me.

## The Quadruple Alliance.

*Tune, Jocky blyth and gay.*

**S***W*ift, *S*andy, *Y*oung, and *G*ay,  
Are still my heart's delight,  
I sing their sangs by day,  
And read their tales at night.  
If frae their books I be,  
'Tis dulness then with me ;  
But when these stars appear,  
Jokes, smiles, and wit shine clear.

*S*wift with uncommon stile,  
And wit that flows with ease  
Instructs us with a smile,  
And never fails to please.  
Bright *S*andy gladly sings  
Of heroes, gods, and kings :  
He well deserves the bays,  
And every *B*riton's praise.

While

While thus our *Homer* shines :

*Young*, with *Horatian* flame,

Corrects these false designs

We push in love of fame.

Blyth *Gay* in pawky strains,

Makes villains, clowns, and swains

Reprove, with biting leer,

Those in a higher sphere.

*Swift*, *Sandy*, *Young*, and *Gay*,

Long may you give delight ;

Let all the *dunces* bray,

You're far above their spite :

Such, from a malice sour,

Write nonsense, lame and poor,

Which never can succeed,

For who the trash will read ?

*The End of the FIRST VOLUME.*

A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
CHOICE SONGS.

+++++  
*She sung — the youth attention gave,  
And charms on charms espies:  
Then all in raptures falls a slave,  
Both to her voice and eyes.*

+++++  
VOLUME II.  
+++++

+++++  
TO CLARINDA.  
+++++

A SONG.

'T' to the tune of, *I wish my love were in a mire.*

**B** Less'd as th' immortal gods is he,  
The youth who fondly sits by thee,  
And hears and sees thee all the while  
Softly speak, and sweetly smile, &c.  
So spoke and smil'd the eastern maid;  
Like thine, seraphic were her charms,  
That in *Circasia's* vineyards stray'd,  
And blest'd the wisest monarch's arms.

A thousand fair of high desert,  
Strave to enchant the amorous king;  
But the *Circasian* gain'd his heart,  
And taught the royal bard to sing.

VOL. II.

\* K

*Clarinda*

*Clarinda* thus our sang inspires,  
And claims the smooth and highest lays,  
But while each charm our bosom fires,  
Words seems too few to sound her praise.

Her mind in ev'ry grace complete,  
To paint surpasses human skill:  
Her majesty, mix'd with the sweet,  
Let seraphs sing her if they will.  
Whilst wond'ring with a ravish'd eye,  
We all that's perfect in her view,  
Viewing a sister of the sky,  
To whom an adoration's due.

## S O N G.

To the tune of, *Lochaber no more.*

**F**arewell to *Lochaber*, and farewell my *Jean*,  
Where heartsome with thee I've mony day been;  
For *Lochaber* no more, *Lochaber* no more,  
We'll may be return to *Lochaber* no more.  
These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,  
And no for the dangers attending on weir,  
Though bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,  
May be to return to *Lochaber* no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,  
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind.  
Though loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,  
That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.  
To leave thee behind me, my heart is fair pain'd,  
By ease that's inglorious, no fame can be gain'd.  
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,  
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my *Jeany*, maun plead my excuse,  
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?  
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,  
And without thy favour I'd better not be.

I gae then, my las, to win honour and fame,  
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,  
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,  
 And then I'll leave thee and *Lochaber* no more.

---

### The auld Goodman.

**L** Ate in an evening forth I went,  
 A little before the sun ga'd down,  
 And there I chanc'd by accident,  
 To light on a battle new begun.  
 A man and his wife was fa'n in a strife,  
 I canna well tell you how it began;  
 But ay she wail'd her wretched life,  
 And cry'd ever, Alake, my auld goodman.

H E.

Thy auld goodman that thou tells of,  
 The country kens where he was born,  
 Was but a filly poor vagabond,  
 And ilka ane leugh him to scorn;  
 For he did spend, and make an end  
 Of gear that his forefathers wan,  
 He gart the poor stand frae the door,  
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

S H E.

My heart, alake, is liken to break,  
 When I think on my winsome *John*,  
 His blinkin eye, and gate sae free,  
 Was naething like thee, thou dosen'd drone.  
 His rosie face, and flaxen hair,  
 And a skin as white as ony swan,  
 Was large and tall, and comely withal,  
 And thou'lt never be like my auld goodman.

K 2

H E.

H E.

Why dost thou pleen? I thee maintain,  
 For meal and mawt thou disna want;  
 But thy wild bees I canna please,  
 New when our gear 'gins to grow scant.  
 Of household stuf thou hast enough,  
 Thou wants for neither pot nor pan;  
 Of siklike ware he left thee bare,  
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

S H E.

Yes, I may tell, and fret mysell,  
 To think on these blyth days I had,  
 When he and I together lay  
 In arms into a well-made bed;  
 But now I sigh and may be sad,  
 Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,  
 Thou falds thy feet, and fa's asleep,  
 And thou'lt ne'er be like my auld goodman.

Then coming was the night sae dark,  
 And gane was a' the light o' day;  
 The carl was fear'd to mis his mark,  
 And therefore wad nae langer stay;  
 Then up he gat, and he ran his way,  
 I trow the wife the day she wan,  
 And ay the o'erword of the fray  
 Was ever, *Alake, my auld goodman.*

Z.

## S O N G.

To the tune of, *Valiant Jocky.*

*On a beautiful, but very young Lady.*

**B**eauty from fancy takes its arms,  
 And ev'ry common face some breast may move.  
 Some in a look, a shape, or air find charms,  
 To justify their choice, or boast their love.

But

But had the great *Apelles* seen that face,  
 When he the *Cyprian* goddess drew,  
 He had neglected all the female race,  
 Thrown his first *Venus* by, and copied you.  
 In that design,  
 Great nature would combine  
 To fix the standard of her sacred coin;  
 The charming figure had enhanc'd his fame,  
 And shrines been rais'd to *Seraphina's* name.

## II.

But since no painter e'er could take  
 That face which baffles all his curious art;  
 And he that strives the bold attempt to make,  
 As well might paint the secrets of the heart;  
 O happy glass, I'll thee prefer,  
 Content to be, like thee, inanimate,  
 Since only to be gaz'd on thus by her,  
 A better life and motion would create.  
 Her eyes would inspire,  
 And like *Prometheus's* fire,  
 At once inform the piece and give desire,  
 'The charming phantom I would grasp, and fly  
 O'er all the orb, though in that moment die,

## III.

Let meaner beauties fear the day,  
 Whose charms are fading, and submit to time;  
 The graces which from them it steals away,  
 It with a lavish hand still adds to thine.  
 The god of love in ambush lies,  
 And with his arms surrounds the fair,  
 He points his conquering arrows in these eyes,  
 Then hangs a sharpen'd dart at every hair,  
 As with fatal skill,  
 Turn which way you will,  
 Like *Eden's* flaming sword each way you kill;  
 So rip'ning years improve rich nature's store,  
 And gives perfection to the golden ore.

P.

K 3

Last

## Lass with a Lump of Land.

**G**IVE me a lass with a lump of land,  
 And we for life shall gang the gither,  
 'Though daft or wise, I'll never demand,  
 Or black or fair, it maksna whether.  
 I'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade,  
 And bloom alane is na worth a shilling;  
 But she that's rich, her market's made,  
 For ilka charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a lass with a lump of land,  
 And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure;  
 Gin I had anes her gear in my hand,  
 Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.  
 Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,  
 I hate with poortith, though bonny, to meddle,  
 Unless they bring cash, or a lump of land,  
 They'fe never get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands and bags,  
 And filler and gowd's a sweet complexion;  
 But beauty, and wit, and virtue in rags,  
 Have tint the art of gaining affection:  
 Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,  
 And castles, and riggs, and muirs, and meadows,  
 And naithing can catch our modern sparks,  
 But well-tocher'd lasses, or jointur'd widows.

## The Shepherd ADONIS.

I.

**T**HE shepherd *Adonis*  
 Being weary'd with sport,  
 He, for a retirement,  
 To the woods did resort.  
 He threw by his club,  
 And he laid himself down;  
 He envy'd no monarch,  
 Nor wish'd for a crown.

II.

He drank of the burn,  
And he ate frae the tree,  
Himself he enjoy'd,  
And frae trouble was free.  
He wish'd for no nymph,  
Though never sae fair,  
Had nae love nor ambition,  
And therefore no care.

III.

But as he lay thus  
In an ev'ning sae clear,  
A heav'nly sweet voice  
Sounded fast in his ear ;  
Which came frae a shady  
Green neighbouring grove,  
Where bonny *Amynta*  
Sat singing of love.

IV.

He wander'd that way,  
And found wha was there,  
He was quite confounded  
To see her sae fair :  
He stood like a statue,  
Not a foot cou'd he move,  
Nor knew he what griev'd him ;  
But he fear'd it was love.

V.

The nymph she beheld him  
With a kind modest grace,  
Seeing something that pleas'd her  
Appear in his face,  
With blushing a little  
She to him did say,  
Oh shepherd ! what want ye,  
How came you this way ?

His

## VI.

His spirits reviving,  
 He to her reply'd,  
 I was ne'er fae surpris'd  
 At the sight of a maid,  
 Until I beheld thee  
 From love I was free;  
 But now I'm ta'en captive,  
 My fairest, by thee.

Z.

## THE COMPLAINT.

To B. I. G.

To the tune of, *When absent*, &c.

**W**hen absent from the nymph I love,  
 I'd fain shake off the chains I wear;  
 But whilst I strive these to remove,  
 More fetters I'm oblig'd to bear.  
 My captiv'd fancy day and night  
 Fairer and fairer represents  
*Belinda* form'd for dear delight,  
 But cruel cause of my complaints.

All day I wander through the groves,  
 And sighing hear from ev'ry tree  
 The happy birds chirping their loves,  
 Happy, compar'd with lonely me.  
 When gentle sleep with balmy wings  
 To rest fans ev'ry weary'd wight,  
 A thousand fears my fancy brings,  
 That keep me watching all the night.

Sleep flies, while like the goddess fair,  
 And all the graces in her train,  
 With melting smiles and killing air  
 Appears the cause of all my pain.  
 A while my mind delighted flies  
 O'er all her sweets with thirling joy,  
 Whilst want of worth makes doubts arise,  
 That all my trembling hopes destroy.

Thus

Thus while my thoughts are fix'd on her,  
 I'm all o'er transport and desire ;  
 My pulse beats high, my cheek appears  
 All roses, and mine eyes all fire.  
 When to myself I turn my view,  
 My veins grow chill, my cheeks look wan :  
 Thus whilst my fears my pains renew,  
 I scarcely look or move a man.

---

### The young Lads *contra* auld Man.

**T**HE carl he came o'er the croft,  
 And his beard new shav'n,  
 He look'd at me, as he'd been daft,  
 The carl trows that I wad hae him.  
 Howt awa, I winna hae him !  
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him !  
 For a' his beard new shav'n,  
 Ne'er a bit will I hae him.

A filler broach he gae me nieft,  
 To fasten on my curchea nooked,  
 I wor'd a wee upon my breast,  
 But soon, alake ! the tongue o't crooked ;  
 And sae may his, I winna hae him,  
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him,  
 Ane twice a bairn's a lads's jest ;  
 Sae ony fool for me may hae him.

Th carle has na fault but ane ;  
 For he has land and dollars plenty ;  
 But wae's me for him ! skin and bane  
 Is no for a plump lads of twenty.  
 Howt awa, I winna hae him,  
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him,  
 What signifies his dirty riggs,  
 And cash, without a man with them.

But

But shou'd my cankard dady gar  
 Me tak him 'gainst my inclination,  
 I warn the fumbler to beware,  
 That antlers dinna claim their station.  
 Howt awa, I winna hae him !  
 Na, forfooth, I winna hae him !  
 I'm flee'd to crack the haly band,  
 Sae lawty says, I shou'd na hae him.

VIRTUE and WIT,  
 The Preservatives of Love and Beauty.

To the tune of, *Killikranksy*.

H E.

COnfess thy love, fair blushing maid,  
 For since thine eye's consenting,  
 Thy faster thoughts are a' betray'd,  
 And na-says no worth tenting.  
 Why aims thou to oppose thy mind,  
 With words thy wish denying ?  
 Since nature made thee to be kind,  
 Reason allows complying.

Nature and reason's joint consent  
 Make love a sacred blessing,  
 Then happily that time is spent,  
 That's war'd on kind carefing.  
 Come then, my *Katie*, to my arms,  
 I'll be nae mair a rover ;  
 But find out heav'n in a' thy charms,  
 And prove a faithful lover.

S H E.

What you design, by nature's law,  
 Is fleeting inclination,  
 That *Willy-Wisp* bewilds us a'  
 By its infatuation.  
 When that goes out, carefles tire,  
 And love's na mair in season,  
 Syne weakly we blow up the fire,  
 With all our boasted reason.

H E.

H E.

The beauties of inferior cast  
 May start this just reflection ;  
 But charms, like thine, maun always last,  
 Where wit has the protection.  
 Virtue and wit, like *April* rays,  
 Make beauty rise the sweeter ;  
 The langer then on thee I gaze,  
 My love will grow completer.

---

## S O N G.

To the tune of, *The happy Clown.*

**I**T was the charming month of *May*,  
 When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,  
 One morning by the break of day,  
 Sweet *Chloe*, chaste and fair,

From peaceful slumber she arose,  
 Girt on her mantle and her hose,  
 And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes,  
 To breathe a purer air.

Her looks so sweet, so gay her mien,  
 Her handsome shape, and dress so clean,  
 She look'd all o'er like beauty's queen,  
 Drest in her best array.

The gentle winds, and purling stream,  
 Assay'd to whisper *Chloe's* name,  
 The savage beasts, till then ne'er tame,  
 Wild adoration pay.

The feather'd people, one might see,  
 Perch'd all around her on a tree,  
 With notes of sweetest melody  
 They act a chearful part.

The dull slaves on the toilsome plow,  
 Their wearied necks and knees do bow,  
 A glad subjection there they vow,  
 To pay with all their heart.

The

The bleating flocks that then came by,  
 Soon as the charming nymph they spy,  
 They leave their hoarse and rueful cry,  
 And dance around the brooks.

The woods are glad, the meadow smile,  
 And *Forth* that foam'd and roar'd the while,  
 Glides calmly down and smooth as oil,  
 Through all its charming crooks.

The finny squadrons are content  
 To leave their wat'ry element,  
 In glazie numbers down they bent,  
 They flutter all along.

The insects, and each creeping thing,  
 Join'd to make up the rural ring;  
 All frisk and dance, if she but sing,  
 And make a jovial throng.

Kind *Phæbus* now began to rise,  
 And paint with red the eastern skies,  
 Struck with the glory of her eyes,  
 He shrinks behind a cloud.

Her mantle on a bow she lays,  
 And all her glory she displays,  
 She left all nature in amaze,  
 And skip'd into the wood.

X.

---

### Lady ANNE BOTHWELL's Lament.

**B**alow, my boy, lie still and sleep,  
 It grieves me fore to hear thee weep:  
 If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,  
 Thy mourning makes my heart full sad.  
 Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,  
 Thy father bred me great annoy.  
*Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,*  
*It grieves me fore to hear thee weep.*

Balow,

Balow, my darling, sleep a while,  
 And when thou wak'st, then sweetly smile ;  
 But smile not as thy father did,  
 To cozen maids, nay God forbid ;  
 For in thine eye his look I see,  
 The tempting look that ruin'd me.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

When he began to court my love,  
 And with his sugar'd words to move,  
 His tempting face, and flatt'ring cheer,  
 In time to me did not appear ;  
 But now I see that cruel he  
 Cares neither for his babe nor me.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

Farewell, farewell, thou falsest youth.  
 That ever kiss'd a woman's mouth,  
 Let never any after me  
 Submit unto thy courtesy :  
 For, if they do, O ! cruel thou  
 Wilt her abuse, and care not how.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

I was too cred'lous at the first,  
 To yield thee all a maiden durst,  
 Thou swore for ever true to prove,  
 Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy love ;  
 But quick as thought the change is wrought,  
 Thy love's no more, thy promise nought.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

I wish I were a maid again,  
 From young mens flattery I'd refrain,  
 For now unto my grief I find,  
 They all are perjur'd and unkind :  
 Bewitching charms bred all my harms,  
 Witness my babe lies in my arms.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

I take my fate from bad to worse,  
 That I must needs be now a nurse,

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\* L

And

And lull my young son on my lap,  
 From me, sweet orphan, take the pap.  
 Balow, my child, thy mother mild  
 Shall wail as from all blifs exil'd.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

Balow, my boy, weep not for me,  
 Whose greatest grief's for wronging thee,  
 Nor pity her deserved smart,  
 Who can blame none but her fond heart ;  
 For too soon trusting latest finds,  
 With fairest tongues are falsest minds.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

Balow, my boy, thy father's fled,  
 When he the thriftless son has play'd,  
 Of vows and oaths, forgetful he  
 Preferr'd the wars to thee and me.  
 But now, perhaps, thy curse and mine  
 Make him eat acorns with the swine.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

But curse not him ; perhaps now he,  
 Stung with remorse, is blessing thee :  
 Perhaps at death ; for who can tell  
 Whether the judge of heaven or hell,  
 By some proud foe has struck the blow,  
 And laid the dear deceiver low,

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

I wish I were into the bounds  
 Where he lies smother'd in his wounds,  
 Repeating, as he pants for air,  
 My name, whom once he call'd his fair.  
 No woman's yet so fiercely set,  
 But she'll forgive, though not forget.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

If linen lacks, for my love's sake,  
 Then quickly to him would I make  
 My smock once for his body meet,  
 And wrap him in that winding-sheet.

Ah me! how happy had I been,  
If he had ne'er been wrapt therein.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee;  
Too soon, alake, thou'lt weep for me:  
Thy griefs are growing to a sum,  
God grant thee patience when they come;  
Born to sustain thy mother's shame,  
A hapless fate, a bastard's name.

*Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,  
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.*

X.

## S O N G.

*She raise and loot me in.*

**T**HE night her silent sable wore,  
And gloomy were the skies;  
Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more  
Than those in *Nelly's* eyes.  
When at her father's yate I knock'd,  
Where I had often been,  
She, shrouded only with her smock,  
Arose and loot me in.

Fast lock'd within her close embrace,  
She trembling stood agham'd;  
Her swelling breast, and glowing face,  
And ev'ry touch inflam'd.  
**M**y eager passion I obey'd,  
Resolv'd the fort to win;  
And her fond heart was soon betray'd  
To yield and let me in.

Then, then, beyond expressing,  
Transporting was the joy;  
I knew no greater blessing,  
So blest'd a man was I.

L 2

And

And she, all ravish'd with delight,  
 Bid me oft come again ;  
 And kindly vow'd, that ev'ry night  
 She'd rise and let me in.

But ah ! at last she prov'd with bairn,  
 And sighing fat and dull,  
 And I that was as much concern'd,  
 Look'd e'en just like a fool.  
 Her lovely eyes with tears ran o'er,  
 Repenting her rash sin :  
 She sigh'd, and curs'd the fatal hour,  
 That e'er she loot me in.

But who cou'd cruelly deceive,  
 Or from such beauty part ?  
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave  
 The charmer of my heart ;  
 But wedded, and conceal'd our crime :  
 Thus all was well again,  
 And now she thanks the happy time  
 That e'er she loot me in.

Z.

## S O N G.

*If love's a sweet passion.*

**I**F love's a sweet passion, why does it torment ?  
 If a bitter, O tell me whence comes my complaint ?  
 Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,  
 Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain ?  
 Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,  
 That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my heart.

I grasp her hands gently, look languishing down,  
 And, by passionate silence, I make my love known.  
 But oh ! how I'm blest'd when so kind she does prove,  
 By some willing mistake to discover her love,  
 When in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,  
 And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name.

How

How pleasing is beauty ? how sweet are the charms ?  
 How delightful embraces ? how peaceful her arms ?  
 Sure there is nothing so easy as learning to love ;  
 'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above :  
 And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield,  
 For 'tis beauty that conquers, and wins the fair field.  
 X.

## JOHN OCHILTREE.

**H**onest man, *John Ochiltree* ;  
 Mine ain auld *John Ochiltree*,  
 Wilt thou come o'er the moor to me,  
 And dance as thou was wont to do.  
*Alake, alake, I wont to do !*  
*Ohon, ohon ! I wont to do !*  
 Now wont to do's away frae me,  
 Frae filly auld *John Ochiltree*.  
 Honest man, *John Ochiltree* ;  
 Mine ain auld *John Ochiltree* :  
 Come anes out o'er the moor to me,  
 And do but what thou dow to do.  
*Alake, alake ! I dow to do !*  
*Walaways ! I dow to do !*  
 To whost and hirple o'er my tree,  
 My bonny moor-powt, is a' I may do.

Walaways ! *John Ochiltree*,  
 For mony a time I tell'd to thee,  
 Thou rade sae fast by sea and land ;  
 And wadna keep a bridle-hand ;  
 Thou'd tine the beast, thy fell wad die,  
 My filly auld *John Ochiltree*.  
 Come to my arms, my bonny thing,  
 And chear me up to hear thee sing ;  
 And tell me o'er a' we hae done,  
 For thoughts maun now my life sustain.

Gae thy ways, *John Ochiltree* :

Hae done ! it has nae fa'r wi' me.  
 I'll set the beast in throw the land,  
 She'll may be fa' in a better hand,  
 Even sit thou there, and drink thy fill,  
 For I'll do as I wont to do still.

Z.

## S O N G.

To the tune of, *Jenny beguil'd the webster.*

The auld chorus.

*Up stairs, down stairs,  
 Timber stairs fear me.  
 I'm laith to lie a' night my lane,  
 And Johnny's bed sae near me.*

O Mither dear, I 'gin to fear,  
 Though I'm baith good and bonny,  
 I winna keep ; for in my sleep  
 I start and dream of *Johnny*.  
 When *Johnny* then comes down the glen,  
 To woo me, dinna hinder ;  
 But with content gi' your consent,  
 For we twa ne'er can finder.

Better to marry, than miscarry ;  
 For shame and skaith's the clink o't,  
 To thole the dool, to mount the stool,  
 I downa bide to think o't ;  
 Sae while 'tis time I'll shun the crime,  
 That gars poor *Epps* gae whinging,  
 With haunches fow, and een sae blew,  
 To a' the bedrals binging.

Had *Epps*'s apron bidden down,  
 The kirk had ne'er a kend it ;  
 But when the word's gane thro' the town ;  
 Alake how can she mend it ?

Now

Now *Tam* maun face the minifter,  
 And she maun mount the pillar :  
 And that's the way that they maun gae,  
 For poor folk has nae filler.

Now had ye'r tongue, my daughter young,  
 Replied the kindly mither,  
 Get *Jobny's* hand in haly band,  
 Syne wap your wealth togither.  
 I'm o' the mind, if he be kind,  
 Ye'll do your part discreetly ;  
 And prove a wife will gar his life  
 And barrel run right sweetly.

## S O N G.

To the tune of, *Wat ye wha I met yestreen*, &c.

O F all the birds whose tuneful throats  
 Do welcome in the verdant spring,  
 I far prefer the *Stirling's* notes,  
 And think she does most sweetly sing.  
 Nor thrush, nor linnet, nor the bird  
 Brought from the far *Canary* coast,  
 Nor can the nightingale afford,  
 Such melody as she can boast.

When *Phæbus* southward darts his fires,  
 And on our plains he looks aſcance,  
 The nightingale with him retires,  
 My *Stirling* makes my blood to dance.  
 In ſpite of *Hyems'* nipping froſt,  
 Whether the day be dark or clear,  
 Shall I not to her health entoast,  
 Who makes it ſummer all the year ?

Then by thyſelf, my lovely bird,  
 I'll ſtroke thy back, and kiſs thy breaſt ;  
 And if you'll take my honeſt word,  
 As ſacred as before the prieſt,

I'll bring thee where I will devise  
 Such various ways to pleasure thee,  
 The velvet fog thou wilt despise,  
 When on the *downy hills with me.*

T. R.

## S O N G.

*To its own tune.*

**I**N *January* last,  
 On *Munanday* at morn,  
 As through the fields I past,  
 To view the winter-corn,  
 I looked me behind,  
 And saw come o'er the know,  
 And glancing in her apron,  
 With a bonny brent brow.

I said, Good-morrow, fair maid;  
 And she right courteously  
 Return'd a beck, and kindly said,  
*Good-day, sweet Sir, to you.*  
 I spear'd, my dear, how far awa  
 Do ye intend to gae?  
 Quoth she, I mean a mile or twa  
 Out o'er yon broomy brae.

H E.

Fair maid, I'm thankfu' to my fate,  
 To have sic company;  
 For I'm ganging straight that gate,  
 Where ye intend to be.  
 When we had gane a mile or twain,  
 I said to her, My dow,  
 May we not lean us on this plain,  
 And kiss your bonny mou?

S H E.

S H E.

Kind Sir, ye are a wee mistane;  
 For I am nane of these,  
 I hope ye some mair breeding ken,  
 Than to ruffle womens claife:  
 For may be I have chossen ane,  
 And plighted him my vow,  
 Wha may do wi' me what he likes,  
 And kifs my bonny mou'.

H E.

Na, if ye are contracted,  
 I hae nae mair to say:  
 Rather than be rejected,  
 I will gie o'er the play;  
 And chuse anither will respect  
 My love and on me rew;  
 And let me clasp her round the neck,  
 And kifs her bonny mou'.

S H E.

O Sir, ye are proud-hearted,  
 And laith to be said nay,  
 Else ye wad ne'er a started  
 For ought that I did say:  
 For women in their modesty,  
 At first they winna bow;  
 But if we like your company,  
 We'll prove as kind as you.

Z.

## S O N G.

To the tune of, *I'll never leave thee.*

**O**NE day I heard *Mary* say,  
 How shall I leave thee?  
 Stay, dearest *Adonis*, stay,  
 Why wilt thou grieve me?

Alas!

Alas ! my fond heart will break,  
 If thou should leave me.  
 I'll live and die for thy sake :  
 Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely *Adonis*, say,  
 Has *Mary* deceiv'd thee ?  
 Did e'er her young heart betray  
 New love, that has griev'd thee ?  
 My constant mind ne'er shall stray,  
 Thou may believe me.  
 I'll love thee, lad, night and day,  
 And never leave thee.

*Adonis*, my charming youth,  
 What can relieve thee ?  
 Can *Mary* thy anguish sooth !  
 This breast shall receive thee.  
 My passion can ne'er decay,  
 Never deceive thee :  
 Delight shall drive pain away,  
 Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad,  
 How shall I leave thee ?  
 O ! that thought makes me sad,  
 I'll never leave thee.  
 Where would my *Adonis* fly ?  
 Why does he grieve me ?  
 Alas ! my poor heart will die,  
 If I should leave thee.

C.

---

### Sleepy Body, Drowsy Body.

**S**omnolente, quæso, repente  
 Vigila, vive, me tange.  
 Somnolente, quæso, repente  
 Vigila, vive, me tange.

Cura

*Cum me ambiebas,  
 Videri solebas  
 Amoris negotiis aptus;  
 At factus maritus,  
 In lecto sopitus,  
 Somno es, haud amore, tu captus.*

O sleepy body,  
 And drowfy body,  
 O wiltuna waken and turn thee:  
 To drivel and draunt,  
 While I figh and gaunt,  
 Gives me good reason to scorn thee.

When thou shouldst be kind,  
 Thou turns sleepy and blind,  
 And snoters and snores far frae me.  
 Wae light on thy face,  
 Thy drowfy embrace  
 Is enough to gar me betray thee.

Q.

### General LESLY's March to Longmar- ston Moor.

**M** Arch, march,  
 Why the d— do ye na march?  
 Stand to your arms, my lads,  
 Fight in good order,  
 Front about, ye musketeers all,  
 Till ye come to the *English* border,  
 Stand till't, and fight like men,  
 True gospel to maintain,  
 The parliament blyth to see us a' coming.  
 When to the kirk we come,  
 We'll purge it ilka room,  
 Frae *Papish* relics and a' sic innovations,  
 That a' the world may see,  
 There's nane i' the right but we,  
 Of the auld *Scottish* nation.

Jenny

Jenny shall wear the hood,  
 Jocky the fark of God;  
 And the kist fou of whistles,  
 That make sic a cleiro,  
 Our pipers braw,  
 Shall hae them a',  
 Whate'er come on it,  
 Busk up your plaids, my lads,  
 Cock up your bonnets.

*March, march, &c.*

Z.

## S O N G.

To the tune of, *I'll gar ye be fain to follow me.*

H E.

**A** Dieu, for a while, my native green plains,  
 My nearest relations, and neighbouring swains,  
 Dear *Nelly*, frae these I'd start easily free,  
 Were minutes not ages, while absent frae thee.

S H E.

Then tell me the reason thou does not obey  
 The pleadings of love, but thus hurries away;  
 Alake, thou deceiver, o'er plainly I see,  
 A lover sae roving will never mind me.

H E.

The reason unhappy, is owing to fate  
 That gave me a being without an estate,  
 Which lays a necessity now upon me,  
 To purchase a fortune for pleasure to thee.

S H E.

Small fortune may serve where love has the sway,  
 Then, *Johnny*, be counsel'd na langer to stray;  
 For while thou proves constant in kindness to me,  
 Contented I'll ay find a treasure in thee.

H E.

O cease, my dear charmer, else soon I'll betray  
 A weakness unmanly, and quickly give way

T

To fondness which may prove a ruin to thee,  
A pain to us baith, and dishonour to me.

Bear witness, ye streams, and witness, ye flowers,  
Bear witness, ye watchful invifible powers,  
If ever my heart be unfaithful to thee,  
May naithing propitious e'er smile upon me.

# S O N G.

To the tune of,

**B**usk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride;  
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny marrow;  
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride,  
Busk and go to the braes of Yarrow;  
There will we sport and gather dew,  
Dancing while laverocks sing the morning;  
There learn frae turtles to prove true;  
O Bell, ne'er vex me with thy scorning.

To westlin breezes *Flora* yields,  
And when the beams are kindly warming,  
Blythness appears o'er all the fields,  
And nature looks mair fresh and charming.  
Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,  
Tho' on their banks the roses blossom,  
Yet hastilie they flow to *Tweed*,  
And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

Haste ye, haste ye, my bonny *Bell*,  
Haste to my arms, and there I'll guard thee,  
With free consent my fears repel,  
I'll with my love and care reward thee.  
Thus sang I fastly to my fair,  
Who rais'd my hopes with kind relenting.  
O queen of smiles, I ask na mair,  
Since now my bonny *Bell's* consenting.

## Corn-riggs are bonny.

**M**Y *Patie* is a lover gay,  
 His mind is never muddy,  
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,  
 His face is fair and ruddy.  
 His shape is handsome, middle size;  
 He's stately in his wawking;  
 The shining of his een surprise;  
 'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.

Last night I met him on a baw,  
 Where yellow corn was growing,  
 There mony a kindly word he spake,  
 That set my heart a-glowing.  
 He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,  
 And loo'd me best of ony;  
 That gars me like to sing finfyne,  
*O corn-riggs are bonny.*

Let maidens of a silly mind  
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,  
 Since we for yielding are design'd,  
 We chasterly should be granting;  
 Then I'll comply, and marry *Pate*,  
 And syne my cockernony  
 He's free to touzle air or late,  
 Where corn-riggs are bonny.

## CROMLET'S Lilt.

**S**Ince all thy vows, false maid,  
 Are blown to air,  
 And my poor heart betray'd  
 To sad despair,  
 Into some wilderness,  
 My grief I will express,  
 And thy hard-heartedness,  
 O cruel air.

Have

Have I not graven our loves  
                   On every tree,  
 In yonder spreading groves,  
                   Tho' false thou be?  
 Was not a solemn oath  
 Plighted betwixt us both,  
 Thou thy faith, I my troth,  
                   Constant to be?

Some gloomy place I'll find,  
                   Some doleful shade,  
 Where neither sun nor wind  
                   E'er entrance had:  
 Into that hollow cave,  
 There will I sigh and rave,  
 Because thou dost behave  
                   So faithlessly.

Wild fruit shall be my meat,  
                   I'll drink the spring,  
 Cold earth shall be my seat:  
                   For covering  
 I'll have the starry sky  
 My head to canopy,  
 Until my soul on hy  
                   Shall spread its wing.

I'll have no funeral fire,  
                   Nor tears for me:  
 No grave do I desire,  
                   Nor obsequies:  
 The courteous *Red-breast* he  
 With leaves will cover me,  
 And sing my elegy  
                   With doleful voice.

And when a ghost I am,  
                   I'll visit thee,  
 O thou deceitful dame,  
                   Whose cruelty  
                                   M 2

Has kill'd the kindest heart  
 That e'er felt *Cupid's* dart,  
 And never can desert  
 From loving thee,

X.

## SONG.

We'll a' to *KELSO* go.

**A**N I'll awa to bonny *Tweed* side,  
 And see my deary come throw,  
 And he shall be mine,  
 Gif sae he incline,  
 For I hate to lead *apes* below.

While young and fair  
 I'll make it my care,  
 To secure myself in a jo;  
 I'm no sic a fool  
 To let my blood cool,  
 And syne gae lead *apes* below.

Few words, bonny lad,  
 Will eithly persuade,  
 Tho' blushing, I dastly say, no,  
 Gae on with your strain,  
 And doubt not to gain,  
 For I hate to lead *apes* below.

Unty'd to a man,  
 Do whate'er we can,  
 We never can thrive or dow:  
 Then I will do well,  
 Do better what will,  
 And let them lead *apes* below.

Our time is precious,  
 And gods are gracious  
 That beauties upon us bestow;

'Tis

'Tis not to be thought  
We got them for nought,  
Or to be set up for a show.

'Tis carried by votes,  
Come kilt up your coats,  
And let us to *Edinburgh* go,  
Where she that's bonny  
May catch a *Jolny*,  
And never lead *apes* below.

---

## WILLIAM and MARGARET.

*An old ballad.*

'T Was at the fearful midnight-hour,  
When all were fast asleep,  
In glided *Margaret's* grimly ghost,  
And stood at *William's* feet.

Her face was pale like *April* morn;  
Clad in a wintry cloud;  
And clay-cold was her lily-hand  
That held her fable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,  
When youth and years are flown;  
Such is the robe that kings must wear,  
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flow'r,  
That sips the silver dew;  
The rose was budded in her cheek;  
Just op'ning to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,  
Consum'd her early prime:  
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;  
She dy'd before her time.

Awake! — she cry'd, thy true-love calls,  
Come from her midnight-grave;  
Now let thy pity hear the maid  
Thy love refus'd to save.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,  
When injur'd ghosts complain,  
And aid the secret fears of night,  
To fright the faithless man.

Bethink thee, *William*, of thy fault,  
Thy pledge and broken oath,  
And give me back my maiden-vow,  
And give me back my troth.

How could you say, my face was fair,  
And yet that face forsake?  
How could you win that virgin-heart,  
Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you promise love to me,  
And not that promise keep?  
Why said you, that my eyes were bright,  
Yet left these eyes to weep?

How could you swear, my lip was sweet,  
And made the scarlet pale?  
And why did I, young witless maid,  
Believe the flatt'ring tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair;  
These lips no longer red;  
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,  
And ev'ry charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is;  
This winding-sheet I wear:  
And cold and weary lasts our night,  
Till that last morn appear.

But hark ! — the cock has warn'd me hence —  
 A long and late adieu !  
 Come see, false man, how low she lies,  
 That dy'd for love of you.

The lark sung out, the morning smil'd,  
 And rais'd her glist'ring head ;  
 Pale *William* quak'd in ev'ry limb ;  
 Then, raving, left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place  
 Where *Margaret's* body lay,  
 And stretch'd him o'er the green grass turf  
 That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on *Margaret's* name,  
 And thrice he wept full sore :  
 Then laid his cheek on her cold grave,  
 And word spoke never more.

D. M.

### The COMPLAINT.

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill,  
 The western cloud was lin'd with gold :  
 Clear was the sky, the wind was still,  
 The flocks were penn'd within the fold ;  
 When in the silence of the grove,  
 Poor *Damon* thus despair'd of love.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose,  
 From the hard rock or oozy beech ;  
 Who from each weed that barren grows,  
 Expects the grape or downy peach ;  
 With equal faith may hope to find  
 The truth of love in womankind.

No flocks have I, or fleecy care,  
 No fields that wave with golden grain,  
 No pastures-green, or gardens fair,  
 A woman's venal heart to gain.

Then

Then all in vain my sighs must prove,  
Whose whole estate, alas ! is love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,  
Since womens hearts are bought and sold !  
They ask no vows of sacred truth ;  
When'er they sigh, they sigh to gold.  
Gold can the frowns of scorn remove ; —  
Thus I am scorn'd, — who have but love.

To buy the gems of *India's* coast,  
What wealth, what riches would suffice ?  
Yet *India's* shore should never boast  
The lustre of thy rival eyes ;  
For there the world too cheap must prove ;  
Can I then buy ? — who have but love.

'Then, *Mary*, since nor gems nor ore  
Can with thy brighter self compare,  
Be just, as fair, and value more,  
Than gems or ore, a heart sincere :  
Let treasure meaner beauties prove ;  
Who pays thy worth, must pay in love.

X.

## S O N G.

To the tune of, *Mentrose's* lines.

**I** Toss and tumble thro' the night,  
And with th' approaching day,  
Thinking when darkness yields to light,  
I'll banish care away :  
But when the glorious sun doth rise,  
And cheer all nature round,  
All thoughts of pleasure in me dies ;  
My cares do still abound.

My

My tortur'd and uneasy mind  
 Bereaves me of my rest ;  
 My thoughts are to all pleasure blind,  
 With care I'm still oppress'd :  
 But had I her within my breast,  
 Who gives me so much pain,  
 My raptur'd soul would be at rest,  
 And softest joys regain.

I'd not envy the god of war,  
 Bless'd with fair *Venus*' charms,  
 Nor yet the thund'ring *Jupiter*  
 In fair *Alcmena*'s arms :  
*Paris*, with *Helen*'s beauty bless'd,  
 Wou'd be a jest to me ;  
 If of her charms I were possess'd,  
 Thrice happier wou'd I be.

But since the gods do not ordain  
 Such happy fate for me,  
 I dare not 'gainst their will repine,  
 Who rule my destiny.  
 With sprightly wine I'll drown my care,  
 And cherish up my soul ;  
 Whene'er I think on my lost fair,  
 I'll drown her in the bowl.

I. H. *Jamaica*.

### The DECEIVER.

With tuneful pipe and hearty glee,  
 Young *Watty* wan my heart ;  
 A blyther lad ye cou'dna see,  
 All beauty without art.  
 His winning tale  
 Did soon prevail  
 To gain my fond belief ;

But

But soon the swain  
 Gangs o'er the plain,  
 And leaves me full, and leaves me full,  
 And leaves me full of grief.

Tho' *Colin* courts with tuneful sang,  
 Yet few regard his mane :  
 The lassies a' round *Watty* thrang,  
 While *Colin's* left alane :  
     In *Aberdeen*  
     Was never seen  
 A lad that gave sic pain.  
     He daily wooes,  
     And still pursues,  
 Till he does all, till he does all,  
 Till he does all obtain.

But soon as he has gain'd the blifs,  
 Away then does he run,  
 And hardly will afford a kifs,  
 To silly me undone :  
     Bonny *Katy*,  
     *Maggy, Beatty*,  
 Avoid the roving swain ;  
     His wilie tongue  
     Be sure to shun,  
 Or you like me, or you like me,  
 Like me will be undone.

Z.

## SWEET SUSAN.

To the tune of, *Leader-haughts*.

I.

THE morn was fair, fast was the air,  
 All nature's sweets were springing ;  
 The buds did bow with silver dew,  
 Ten thousand birds were singing :

When

When on the bent, with blyth content,  
 Young *Jamie* sang his marrow,  
 Nae bonnier lads e'er trod the grass,  
 On *Leader-haugh* and *Yarrow*.

## II.

How sweet her face, where ev'ry grace  
 In heavenly beauty's planted ;  
 Her smiling een, and comely mien  
 That nae perfection wanted.  
 I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,  
 But bless my bonny marrow ;  
 If her dear smile my doubts beguile,  
 My mind shall ken nae sorrow.

## III.

Yet tho' she's fair, and has full share  
 Of every charm enchanting,  
 Each good turns ill, and soon will kill  
 Poor me, if love be wanting.  
 O bonny lads ! have but the grace  
 To think, e'er ye gae furdur,  
 Your joys maun flit, if ye commit  
 The crying sin of murder.

## IV.

My wand'ring ghaist will ne'er get rest,  
 And night and day affright ye ;  
 But if ye're kind, with joyful mind,  
 I'll study to delight ye.  
 Our years around with love thus crown'd,  
 From all things joys shall borrow ;  
 Thus none shall be more bless'd than we  
 On *Leader-haugh* and *Yarrow*.

## V.

O sweetest *Sue* ! 'tis only you  
 Can make life worth my wishes,  
 If equal love your mind can move  
 To grant this best of blisses.

Thou

Thou art my sun, and thy least frown  
 Would blast me in the blossom :  
 But if thou shine, and make me thine,  
 I'll flourish in thy bosom.

---

### COWDON-KNOWS.

**W**hen summer comes, the swains on *Tweed*  
 Sing their successful loves,  
 Around the ewes and lambkins feed,  
 And music fills the groves.

But my lov'd song is then the broom  
 So fair on *Cowdon-knows* ;  
 For sure so sweet, so soft a bloom  
 Elsewhere there never grows.

There *Colin* tun'd his oaten reed,  
 And won my yielding heart ;  
 No shepherd e'er that dwelt on *Tweed*  
 Could play with half such art.

He sung of *Tay*, of *Forth*, and *Clyde*,  
 The hills and dales all round,  
 Of *Leader-haugh*s, and *Leader-side*,  
 Oh ! how I bless the sound.

Yet more delightful is the broom  
 So fair on *Cowdon-knows* ;  
 For sure so fresh, so bright a bloom  
 Elsewhere there never grows.

Not *Tewiot* braes so green and gay  
 May with his broom compare,  
 Not *Yarrow* banks in flow'ry *May*,  
 Nor the bush aboon *Traquair*.

More pleasing far are *Cowdon-knows*,  
 My peaceful happy home,  
 Where I was wont to milk my ewes  
 At even among the broom.

Ye powers that haunt the woods and plains  
 Where *Tweed* with *Teviot* flows,  
 Convey me to the best of swains,  
 And my lov'd *Cowdon-knows*.

C.

## SANDY and BETTY.

**S**andy in *Edinburgb* was born,  
 As blyth a lad as e'er gade thence :  
*Betty* did *Staffordshire* adorn  
 With all that's lovely to the sense.

Had *Sandy* still remain'd at hame,  
 He had not blinkt on *Betty's* smile ;  
 For why, he caught the gentle flame  
 On this side *Tweed* full many a mile.

She, like the fragrant violet,  
 Still flourish'd in her native mead :  
 He, like the stream, improving yet  
 The further from his fountain-head.

The stream must now no further stray ;  
 A fountain fix'd by *Venus'* power  
 In his clear bosom, to display  
 The beauties of his bord'ring flower.

When gracious *Anna* did unite  
 Two jarring nations into one,  
 She bade them mutually unite,  
 And make each other's good their own.

Henceforth let each returning year  
 The *rose* and *thistle* bear one stem :  
 The *thistle* be the *rose's* spear,  
 The *rose* the *thistle's* diadem.

The queen of *Britain's* high decree,  
 The queen of love is bound to keep ;  
*Anna* the sovereign of the sea,  
*Venus* the daughter of the deep.

VOL. II.

\* N

W. B.  
ODE

A COLLECTION  
O D E.

To Mrs A. R.

*Tune of, Love's goddess in a myrtle grove.*

NOW spring begins her smiling round,  
 And lavish paints th' enamell'd ground ;  
 The birds now lift their chearful voice,  
 And gay on every bough rejoice :  
 The lovely *graces* hand in hand  
 Knit fast in love's eternal band,  
 With early step, at morning-dawn,  
 Tread lightly o'er the dewy lawn.

Where-e'er the youthful *sisters* move,  
 They fire the soul to genial love :  
 Now, by the river's painted side,  
 The swain delights his country-bride ;  
 While pleas'd, she hears his artless vows,  
 Each bird his feather'd consort wooes :  
 Soon will the ripen'd summer yield  
 Her various gifts to every field.

The fertile trees, a lovely show !  
 With ruby-tinctur'd birth shall glow ;  
 Sweet smells from beds of lilies born  
 Perfume the breezes of the morn :  
 The smiling day and dewy night  
 To rural scenes my fair invite ;  
 With summer-sweets to feast her eye,  
 Yet soon, soon, will the summer fly.

Attend, my lovely maid, and know  
 To profit by th' instructive show.  
 Now young and blooming thou appears,  
 All in the flourish of thy years :  
 The lovely bud shall soon disclose  
 To every eye the blushing rose ;  
 Now, now the tender stalk is seen  
 With beauty fresh, and ever green.

But

But when the sunny hours are past,  
 Think not the cozz'ning scene will last ;  
 Let not the flatt'rer hope persuade,  
 Ah ! must I say, that it will fade ?  
 For see the summer flies away,  
 Sad emblem of our own decay !  
 Now winter from the frozen north  
 Drives swift his iron chariot forth.

His grizly hands in icy chains  
 Fair *Tweda's* silver stream constrains.  
 Cast up thy eyes, how bleak and bare  
 He wanders on the tops of *Vare* ;  
 Behold his footsteps dire are seen  
 Confess'd o'er ev'ry with'ring green ;  
 Griev'd at the sight, when thou shalt see  
 A snowy wreath to clothe each tree.

Frequenting now the stream no more,  
 Thou flies, displeas'd, the frozen shore,  
 When thou shalt miss the flowers that grew  
 But late, to charm thy ravish'd view ;  
 Then shall a sigh thy soul invade,  
 And o'er thy pleasures cast a shade :  
 Shall I, ah ! horrid ! wilt thou say,  
 Be like to this some other day ?

Yet when in snow and dreary frost  
 The pleasure of the fields is lost,  
 To blazing hearths at home we run,  
 And fires supply the distant sun ;  
 In gay delights our hours employ,  
 And do not lose, but change our joy.  
 Happy ! abandon every care,  
 To lead the dance, to court the fair.

To turn the page of sacred bards,  
 To drain the bowl, and deal the cards.  
 In cities thus with witty friends  
 In smiles the hoary season ends.  
 But when the lovely white and red  
 From the pale ashy cheek is fled,

Then wrinkles dire, and age severe  
Make beauty fly, we know not where.

The fair, whom fates unkind disarm,  
Ah ! must they never cease to charm ?  
Or is there left some *pleasing art*  
'To keep secure a captive heart ?  
Unhappy love ! may lovers say,  
Beauty, thy food, does swift decay ;  
When once that short-liv'd stock is spent,  
What is't thy famine can prevent ?

Lay in good sense with timeous care,  
That love may live on wisdom's fare :  
Though *ecstasy* with *beauty* flies,  
*Esteem* is born when *beauty* dies.  
Happy the man whom fates decree  
Their richest gift in giving thee ;  
Thy beauty shall his youth engage,  
Thy wisdom shall delight his age.

### HORACE, Book I. Ode 11.

To W. D.

Tune of, *Willy was a wanton wag.*

**W***illy*, ne'er inquire what end  
The gods for thee or me intend ;  
How vain the search, that but bestows  
The knowledge of our future woes !  
Happier the man that ne'er repines,  
Whatever lot his fate assigns,  
Than they that idly vex their lives  
With wizards and enchanting wives.

Thy present years in mirth employ,  
And consecrate thy youth to joy ;  
Whether the fates to thy old score  
Shall bounteous add a winter more,  
Or this shall lay thee cold in earth  
That rages o'er the *Pentland* firth,

No more with *Home* the dance to lead ;  
Take my advice, ne'er vex thy head.

With blyth intent the goblet pour,  
That's sacred to the genial hour,  
In flowing wine still warm thy soul,  
And have no thoughts beyond the bowl.  
Behold, the flying hour is lost,  
For time rides ever on the post,  
Even while we speak, even while we think,  
And waits not for the standing drink.

Collect thy joys each present day,  
And live in youth, while best you may ;  
Have all your pleasures at command,  
Nor trust one day in fortune's hand.  
Then, *Willy*, be a wanton wag,  
If ye wad please the lasses braw,  
At bridals then ye'll bear the brag,  
And carry ay the gree awa'.

### The WIDOW.

**T**HE widow can bake, and the widow can brew,  
The widow can shape, and the widow can sew,  
And many braw things the widow can do ;  
Then have at the widow, my laddie.  
With courage attack her baith early and late,  
To kiss her and clap her you manna be blate,  
Speak well, and do better, for that's the best gate  
To win a young widow, my laddie.

The widow she's youthfu', and never ae hair  
The war of the wearing, and has a good skair  
Of every thing lovely, she's witty and fair,  
And has a rich jointure, my laddie.  
What cou'd you wish better your pleasure to crown,  
Than a widow, the bonniest toast in the town,  
With naething, but draw in your stool and sit down,  
And sport with the widow, my laddie ?

'Then till'er, and kill'er with courtesie dead,  
'Tho' stark love and kindness be all ye can plead;  
Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed

With a bonny gay widow, my laddie.  
Strike iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wald,  
For fortune ay favours the active and bauld,  
But ruins the wooer that's thowless and cauld,  
Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

### The HIGHLAND LASSIE.

**T**HE lawland maids gang trig and fine,  
But aft they're four and unco faucy;  
Sae proud, they never can be kind  
Like my good-humour'd highland lassie.  
*O my bonny, bonny highland lassie,  
My hearty smiling highland lassie,  
May never care make thee less fair,  
But bleem of youth still bless my lassie.*

Than ony lass in borrows town,  
Wha mak their cheeks with patches mottie,  
I'd tak my *Katy* but a gown,  
Bare-footed in her little coatie.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

Beneath the brier or brecken bush,  
Whene'er I kiss and court my dautie;  
Happy and blyth as ane wad wish,  
My fighteren heart gangs pittie-pattie.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

O'er highest heathery hills I'll stenn  
With cockit gun and ratches tenty,  
To drive the deer out of their den,  
To feast my lass on dishes dainty.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

There's

There's nane shall dare by deed or word  
 'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,  
 Whille I can wield my trusty sword,  
 Or frae my side whisk out a whigger.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

The mountains clad with purple bloom,  
 And berries ripe, invite my treasure  
 To range with me ; let great sowk gloom,  
 While wealth and pride confound their pleasure.  
*O my bonny, bonny highland lassie,  
 My lovely smiling highland lassie,  
 May never care make thee less fair,  
 But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.*

### Jocky blyth and gay.

**B**lyth *Jocky* young and gay,  
 Is all my heart's delight ;  
 He's all my talk by day,  
 And all my dreams by night.  
 If from the lad I be,  
 'Tis winter then with me ;  
 But when he tarries here,  
 'Tis summer all the year.

When I and *Jocky* met  
 First on the flow'ry dale,  
 Right sweetly he me tret,  
 And love was all his tale.  
 You are the lass, said he,  
 That staw my heart frae me ;  
 O ease me of my pain,  
 And never shaw disdain.

Well can my *Jocky* kyth  
 His love and courtesie,  
 He made my heart full blyth  
 When he first spake to me.

His suit I ill deny'd,  
 He kifs'd, and I comply'd :  
 Sae *Jocky* promis'd me,  
 That he wad faithful be.

I'm glad when *Jocky* comes,  
 Sad when he gangs away ;  
 'Tis night when *Jocky* glooms,  
 But when he smiles 'tis day.  
 When our eyes meet, I pant,  
 I colour, sigh, and faint ;  
 What lass that wad be kind,  
 Can better tell her mind ?

Q.

---

### Had away from me, DONALD.

O Come away, come away,  
 Come away wi' me, *Jenny* ;  
 Sic frowns I canna bear frae ane  
 Whase smiles anes ravish'd me, *Jenny* ;  
 If you'll be kind, you'll never find  
 That ought fall alter me, *Jenny* ;  
 For you're the mistress of my mind,  
 Whate'er you think of me, *Jenny*.

First when your sweets enslav'd my heart,  
 You seem'd to favour me, *Jenny* ;  
 But now, alas ! you act a part  
 That speaks unconstancy, *Jenny* ;  
 Unconstancy is sic a vice,  
 'Tis not besitting thee, *Jenny* ;  
 It suits not with your virtue nice  
 To carry sae to me, *Jenny*.

### Her ANSWER.

O Had away, had away,  
 Had away frae me, *Donald* ;  
 Your heart is made o'er large for ane,  
 It is not meet for me, *Donald* :

Some

Some fickle mistress you may find  
 Will jilt as fast as thee, *Donald*;  
 To ilka swain she will prove kind,  
 And nae less kind to thee, *Donald*.

But I've a heart that's naething such,  
 'Tis fill'd with honesty, *Donald*;  
 I'll ne'er love money, I'll love much,  
 I hate all levity, *Donald*.  
 Therefore nae mair, with art, pretend  
 Your heart is chain'd to mine, *Donald*;  
 For words of falsehood I'll defend,  
 A roving love like thine, *Donald*.

First when you courted, I must own  
 I frankly favour'd you, *Donald*;  
 Apparent worth and fair renown  
 Made me believe you true, *Donald*.  
 Ilk virtue then seem'd to adorn  
 The man esteem'd by me, *Donald*;  
 But now, the mask fallen aff, I scorn!  
 To ware a thought on thee, *Donald*.

And now, for ever, had away,  
 Had away from me, *Donald*;  
 Gae seek a heart that's like your ain,  
 And come nae mair to me, *Donald*;  
 For I'll reserve myself for ane,  
 For ane that's liker me, *Donald*;  
 If sic a ane I canna find,  
 I'll ne'er loo man, nor thee, *Donald*.

#### DONALD.

Then I'm thy man, and false report  
 Has only tald a lie, *Jenny*;  
 To try thy truth, and make us sport,  
 The tale was rais'd by me, *Jenny*.

#### JENNY.

When this ye prove, and still can love,  
 Then come away to me, *Donald*;  
 I'm well content, ne'er to repent  
 That I have smil'd on thee, *Donald*.

### Todlen butt, and todlen beir.

W HEN I've a faxpence under my thumb,  
Then I'll get credit in ilka town :  
But ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by ;  
O! poverty parts good company.

*Todlen hame, todlen hame,  
Coudna my loove come todlen hame ?*

Fair fa' the goodwife, and send her good sale,  
She gi'es us whire bannocks to drink her ale,  
Syn'e if that her tippony chance to be fina',  
We'll tak a good scour o't, and ca't awa'.

*Todlen hame, todlen hame,  
As round as a neep come todlen hame.*

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,  
And twa pint-sloups at our bed's feet ;  
And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry :  
What think ye of my wee kimmer and I ?

*Todlen butt, and todlen ben,  
Sae round as my loove comes todlen hame.*

Leez me on liquor, my todlen dow,  
Ye're ay sae good-humour'd when weeting your mou ;  
When sober, sae sour, ye'll fight with a flee,  
That 'tis a blyth fight to the bairns and me.

*When todlen hame, todlen hame,  
When round as a neep ye come todlen hame.*

Z.

---

### The Auld Man's best Argument.

To the tune of, *Widow, are ye wawkin ?*

O Wha's that at my chamber-door ?  
“ Fair widow, are ye wawking ? ”  
Auld carl, your suit give o'er,  
Your love lies a' in tawking.

Gi'e

Gi'e me a lad that's young and tight,  
 Sweet like an *April* meadow;  
 'Tis sic as he can blefs the fight  
 And bosom of a widow.

" O widow, wilt thou let me in,  
 " I'm pawky, wise, and thrifty,  
 " And come of a right gentle kin,  
 " I'm little mair than fifty."  
 Daft carl, dit your mouth,  
 What signifies how pawky,  
 Or gentle born ye be, — bot youth?  
 In love you're but a gawky.

" Then, widow, let these guineas speak,  
 " That powerfully plead clinkan,  
 " And if they fail, my mouth I'll seek,  
 " And nae mair love will think on."  
 These court indeed, I maun confess,  
 I think they make you young, Sir,  
 And ten times better can expreis  
 Affection, than your tongue, Sir.

### The peremptor Lover.

To the tune of, *John Anderson, my jo.*

'T Is not your beauty, nor your wit,  
 That can my heart obtain;  
 For they cou'd never conquer yet,  
 Either my breast or brain:  
 For if you'll not prove kind to me,  
 And true as heretofore,  
 Henceforth I'll scorn your slave to be,  
 Or doat upon you more.

Think not my fancy to o'ercome,  
 By proving thus unkind;  
 No smoothed sight, nor smiling frown,  
 Can satisfy my mind.

Pray

Pray let *Platonics* play such pranks,  
 Such follies I deride ;  
 For love, at least, I will have thanks,  
 And something else beside.

Then open-hearted be with me,  
 As I shall be with you,  
 And let our actions be as free,  
 As virtue will allow.  
 If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind,  
 If true, I'll constant be ;  
 If fortune chance to change your mind,  
 I'll turn as soon as you.

Since our affections well ye know,  
 In equal terms do stand,  
 'Tis in your power to love or no,  
 Mine's likewise in my hand.  
 Dispense with your austerity,  
 Unconstancy abhor,  
 Or, by great *Cupid's* deity,  
 I'll never love you more.

Q.

---

What's that to you?

To the tune of, *The glancing of her apron.*

**M**Y *Jeany* and I have toil'd  
 The live-lang simmer-day,  
 Till we almost were spoil'd  
 At making of the hay :  
 Her kurchy was of holland clear,  
 Ty'd on her bonny brow,  
 I whisper'd something in her ear ;  
 But what's that to you ?

Her stockings were of *Kersey* green,  
 As tight as ony silk :  
 O sic a leg was never seen,  
 Her skin was white as milk :

Her

Her hair was black as ane could wish,  
 And sweet, sweet was her mou,  
 Oh! *Jeany* daintilie can kifs;  
 But what's that to you?

The rose and lily baith combine,  
 To make my *Jeany* fair,  
 There is nae bennison like mine,  
 I have amaist nae care;  
 Only I fear my *Jeany's* face  
 May cause mae men to rue,  
 And that may gar me say, alas?  
 But what's that to you?

Conceal thy beauties if thou can,  
 Hide that sweet face of thine,  
 That I may only be the man  
 Enjoys these looke divine.  
 O do not prostitute, my dear,  
 Wonders to common view,  
 And I with faithful heart shall swear,  
 For ever to be true.

King *Soleman* had wives enow,  
 And mony a concubine;  
 But I enjoy a blifs mair true,  
 His joys were short of mine;  
 And *Jeany's* happier than they,  
 She seldom wants her due,  
 All debts of love to her I pay,  
 And what's that to you?

---

## S O N G.

*To the absent FLORINDA.*

To the tune of, *Queen of Sheba's march.*

Come, *Florinda*, lovely charmer,  
 Come and fix this wav'ring heart;  
 Let those eyes my soul rekindle,  
 Ere I feel some foreign dart.

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\* O

Come,

Come, and with thy smiles secure me,  
 If this heart be worth thy care,  
 Favour'd by my dear *Florinda*,  
 I'll be true, as she is fair.

Thousand beauties trip around me,  
 And my yielding breast assail;  
 Come and take me to thy bosom,  
 Ere my constant passion fail.

Come, and, like the radiant morning,  
 On my soul serenely shine,  
 Then those glimmering stars shall vanish,  
 Lost in splendor more divine.

Long this heart has been thy victim,  
 Long has felt the pleasing pain,  
 Come, and with an equal passion  
 Make it ever thine remain.

Then, my charmer, I can promise,  
 If our souls in love agree,  
 None in all the upper dwellings  
 Shall be happier than we.

### A Bacchanal SONG.

to the tune of, *Auld Sir Symon the King*.

Come here's to the nymph that I love!  
 Away, ye vain sorrows away:  
 Far, far from me, sorrows, begone,  
 All there shall be pleasant and gay.

Far hence be the sad and the pensive,  
 Come fill up the glasses around,  
 We'll drink till our faces be ruddy,  
 And all our vain sorrows are drown'd.

'Tis done, and my fancy's exulting,  
 With every gay blooming desire,  
 My blood with brisk ardour is glowing,  
 Soft pleasures my bosom inspire.

My soul now to love is dissolving,  
Oh fate! had I here my fair charmer,  
I'd clasp her, I'd clasp her so eager,  
Of all her disdain I'd disarm her.

But hold, what has love to do here  
With his troops of vain cares in array?  
Avaunt, idle pensive intruder, —  
He triumphs, he will not away.

I'll drown him, come, give me a bumper;  
Young *Cupid*, here's to thy confusion. —  
Now, now he's departing, he's vanquish'd,  
*Adieu* to his anxious delusion.

Come, jolly god *Bacchus*, here's to thee;  
Huzza boys, huzza boys, huzza,  
Sing Io, sing Io to *Bacchus* —  
Hence all ye dull thinkers, withdraw.

Come, what should we do but be jovial?  
Come tune up your voices and sing;  
What soul is so dull to be heavy,  
When wine sets our fancies on wing?

Come, *Pegasus* lies in this bottle,  
He'll mount us, he'll mount us on high,  
Each of us a gallant young *Perseus*,  
Sublime we'll ascend to the sky.

Come mount, or adieu, I arise,  
In seas of wide æther I'm drown'd,  
The clouds far beneath me are sailing,  
I see the spheres whirling around.

What darkness, what rattling is this?  
Thro' *Chaos*' dark regions I'm hurl'd,  
And now, — oh my head it is knockt  
Upon some confounded new world.

Now, now these dark shades are retiring,  
See yonder bright blazes a star,  
Where am I! — behold the *Empyreum*,  
With flaming light streaming from far.

I. W. Q.  
To

To Mrs A. C.

## A SONG.

To the tune of, *All in the downs.*

When beauty blazes heavenly bright,  
 The muse can no more cease to sing,  
 Than can the lark, with rising light,  
 Her notes neglect with drooping wing.  
 The morning shines, harmonious birds mount high :  
 The dawning beauty smiles, and poets fly.

Young *Annie's* budding graces claim  
 Th' inspired thought, and softest lays ;  
 And kindle in the breast a flame,  
 Which must be vented in her praise.  
 Tell us, ye gentle shepherds, have you seen  
 E'er one so like an angel tread the green ?

Ye youth, be watchful of your hearts ;  
 When she appears, take the alarm :  
 Love on her beauty points his darts,  
 And wings an arrow from each charm.  
 Around her eyes and smiles the graces sport,  
 And to her snowy neck and breast resort.

But vain must every caution prove :  
 When such enchanting sweetness shines,  
 The wounded swain must yield to love,  
 And wonder, tho' he hopeless pines.  
 Such flames the foppish butterfly shou'd shun ;  
 The eagle's only fit to view the sun.

She's as the op'ning lily fair ;  
 Her lovely features are complete ;  
 Whilst heaven indulgent makes her share  
 With angels all that's wise and sweet.  
 These virtues which divinely deck her mind,  
 Exalt each other of th' inferior kind.

Whether

Whether she love the rural scenes,  
 Or sparkle in the airy town,  
 O! happy he her favour gains,  
 Unhappy! if she on him frown.  
 The muse unwilling quits the lovely theme,  
 Adieu she sings, and thrice repeats her name.

---

### A Pastoral Song.

To the tune of, *My apron, deary.*

JAMIE.

WHILE our flocks are a-feeding,  
 And we're void of care,  
 Come, *Sandy*, let's tune  
 To praise of the fair:  
 For, inspir'd by my *Susie*,  
 I'll sing in such lays,  
 That *Pan*, were he judge,  
 Must allow me the bays.

SANDY.

While under this hawthorn  
 We lie at our ease,  
 By a musical stream,  
 And refresh'd by the breeze  
 Of a zephyr so gentle,  
 Yes, *Jamie*, I'll try  
 For to match you and *Susie*,  
 Dear *Katie* and I.

JAMIE.

Oh! my *Susie* so lovely,  
 She's without compare,  
 She's so comely, so good,  
 And so charmingly fair:  
 Sure, the gods were at pains  
 To make so complete  
 A nymph, that for love  
 There was ne'er one so meet.

-O 3

SANDY:

SANDY.

Oh my *Katie's* so bright,  
 She's so witty and gay;  
 Love, join'd with the graces,  
 Around her looks play.  
 In her mien she's so graceful,  
 In her humour so free:  
 Sure the gods never fram'd  
 A maid fairer than she.

JAMIE.

Had my *Susie* been there,  
 When the *shepherd* declar'd  
 For the lady of *Lemnos*,  
 She had lost his regard:  
 And o'ercome by a presence  
 More beautifully bright,  
 He had own'd her outdone,  
 As the darkness by light.

SANDY.

Not fair *Helen* of *Greece*,  
 Nor all the whole train,  
 Either of real beauties,  
 Or those poets feign,  
 Cou'd be match'd with my *Katie*,  
 Whose every sweet charm  
 May conquer best judges,  
 And coldest hearts warm.

JAMIE.

Neither riches nor honour,  
 Or any thing great,  
 Do I ask of the gods,  
 But that this be my fate,  
 That my *Susie* to all  
 My kind wishes comply:  
 For with her wou'd I live,  
 And with her I wou'd die.

SANDY.

## SANDY.

If the fates give me *Katie*,  
 And her I enjoy,  
 I have all my desires ;  
 Nought can me annoy :  
 For my charmer has every  
 Delight in such store,  
 She'll make me more happy  
 Than swain e'er before.

---

Love will find out the way.

O Ver the mountains,  
 And over the waves,  
 Over the fountains,  
 And under the graves :  
 Over the floods that are deepest,  
 Which do *Neptune* obey ;  
 Over rocks that are steepest,  
 Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place  
 For the glowworm to lie ;  
 Where there is no space  
 For the receipt of a fly ;  
 Where the midge dare not venture,  
 Lest herself fast she lay :  
 But if love come, he will enter,  
 And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him  
 A child in his force ;  
 Or you may deem him  
 A coward, which is worse :  
 But if she, whom love doth honour,  
 Be conceal'd from the day,  
 Set a thousand guards upon her,  
 'Love will find out the way.

Some

Some think to lose him,  
 Which is too unkind ;  
 And some do suppose him,  
 Poor thing, to be blind ;  
 But if ne'er so close ye wall him,  
 Do the best that ye may,  
 Blind love, if so ye call him,  
 He will find out the way.

You may train the eagle  
 To stoop to your fist ;  
 Or you may inveigle  
 The phoenix of the east ;  
 The lioness, ye may move her  
 To give o'er her prey :  
 But you'll never stop a lover,  
 He will find out his way.

---

## S O N G.

To the tune of, *Throw the weed, laddie.*

**A**S early I walk'd, on the first of sweet *May*,  
 Beneath a steep mountain,  
 Beside a clear fountain,  
 I heard a grave lute soft melody play,  
 Whilst the *Echo* resounded the dolorous lay.

I listen'd, and look'd, and spy'd a young swain,  
 With aspect distressed,  
 And spirits oppress'd,  
 Seem'd clearing afresh, like the sky after rain,  
 And thus he discovered how he strave with his pain.

Tho' *Elisa* be coy, why shou'd I repine,  
 That a maid much above me,  
 Vouchsafes not to love me ?  
 In her high sphere of worth I never could shine ;  
 Then why should I seek to debase her to mine ?

No :

No : henceforth esteem shall govern my desire,  
 And, in due subjection,  
 Retain warm affection ;  
 To shew that self-love inflames not my fire,  
 And that no other swain can more humbly admire.

When passion shall cease to rage in my breast,  
 Then quiet returning,  
 Shall hush my sad mourning ;  
 And, lord of myself, in absolute rest,  
 I'll hug the condition which heaven shall think best.

Thus friendship unmix'd, and wholly refin'd,  
 May still be respected,  
 Tho' love is rejected :  
*Elisa* shall own, tho' to love not inclin'd,  
 That she ne'er had a friend like her lover resign'd.

May the fortunate youth who hereafter shall woo  
 With prosp'rous endeavour,  
 And gain her dear favour,  
 Know, as well as I, what t' *Elisa* is due,  
 Be much more deserving, but never less true.

Whilst I, disengag'd from all amorous cares,  
 Sweet liberty tasting,  
 On calmest peace feasting,  
 Employing my reason to dry up my tears,  
 In hopes of heaven's blisses I'll spend my few years.

Ye powers, that preside o'er virtuous love,  
 Come aid me with patience,  
 To bear my vexations ;  
 With equal desires my flutt'ring heart move,  
 With sentiments purest my notions improve.

If love in his fetters e'er catch me again,  
 May courage protect me,  
 And prudence direct me ;  
 Prepar'd for all fates, rememb'ring the swain,  
 Who grew happily wise, after loving in vain.

## ROB'S JOCK. A very auld Ballat.

**R**Ob's *Jock* came to woo our *Jenny*,  
 On ae feast-day when we were fou ;  
 She brankit fast and made her bonny,  
 And said, *Jock*, come ye here to woo ?  
 She burnist her baith breast and brou,  
 And made her cleer as ony cloak :  
 Then spake her dame, and said, I trou  
 Ye come to woo our *Jenny*, *Jock*.

*Jock* said, Forsuith, I yern fu' fain  
 To luk my head, and sit down by you :  
 'Then spak her minny, and said again,  
 My bairn has tocher enough to gi'e you.  
 'Tehie ! quo' *Jenny*, kick, kick, I see you :  
 Minny, yon man makes but a mock.  
 Deil hae the liers — fu lies me o' you,  
 I come to woo your *Jenny*, quo' *Jock*. —

My bairn has tocher of her awin :  
 A guse, a gryce, a cock and hen,  
 A stirk, a staig, an acre sawin,  
 A bakbread and a bannock-stane ;  
 A pig, a pot, and a kirn there-ben,  
 A kame but a kaming-stock ;  
 With coags and luggies nine or ten :  
 Come ye to woo our *Jenny*, *Jock* ?

A wecht, a peet-creel, and a cradle,  
 A pair of clips, a graip, a flail,  
 An ark, an ambry, and a ladle,  
 A milsie, and a sown-pail,  
 A rousty whittle to shear the kail,  
 And a timber mell the bear to knock,  
 Twa shelfs made of an auld fir-dale :  
 Come ye to woo our *Jenny*, *Jock* ?

A furm, a furlet, and a peck,  
 A rock, a reel, and a wheel-band,  
 A tub, a barrow, and a seck,  
 A spurtil-braid, and an elwand.

Then

Then *Jock* took *Jenny* be the hand,  
 And cry'd a feast ! and slew a cock,  
 And made a bridal upo' land,  
 Now I have got your *Jenny*, quo' *Jock*.

Now dame, I have your daughter marri'd,  
 And tho' ye mak it ne'er sae tough,  
 I let you wit she's nae miscarried,  
 It's well kend I have gear enough :  
 Ane auld gaw'd gloyd fell o'er a heugh,  
 A spade, a speet, a spur, a sock ;  
 Withouten owfen I have a pleugh :  
 May that no ser your *Jenny* ? quo' *Jock*.

A treen truncher, a ram-horn spoon,  
 Twa buits of barkit blasint leather,  
 A graish that ganes to cobble shoon,  
 And a thrawcruik to twyne a teather,  
 Twa crocks that moup amang the heather,  
 A pair of branks, and a fetter-lock,  
 A teugh purse made of a swine's blather,  
 To had your tocher, *Jenny*, quo' *Jock*.

Good elding for our winter-fire,  
 A cod of caffwad fill a cradle,  
 A rake of iron to clat the bire,  
 A deuk about the dubs to paddle,  
 'The pannel of an auld led-saddle,  
 And *Rob* my eem heckt me a stock,  
 Twa lussy lips to lick a laddle.  
 May thir no gane your *Jenny* ? quo' *Jock*.

A pair of hames and brechom fine,  
 And without bitts a bridle-renzie,  
 A fark made of the linkome twine,  
 A gay green clock that will not stenzie ;  
 Mair yet in store, I needna fenzie,  
 Five hundred flaes, a fendy flock ;  
 And are not thae a wakrise menzie,  
 To gae to bed with *Jenny* and *Jock* ?

Tak

Tak thir for my part of the feast,  
 It is well knawin I am well bodin :  
 Ye need not say my part is least,  
 Wer they as meikle as they'r lodin.  
 The wife speer'd gin the kail were sodin,  
 When we have done, tak hame the brok ;  
 The rost was tough as raploch hodin,  
 With which they feasted *Jenny and Jock.*

Z.

## S O N G.

To the tune of, *A rock and a wee pickle tow.*

**I** Have a green purse and a wee pickle gowd,  
 A bonny piece land and planting on't,  
 It fattens my flocks, and my bairns it has stow'd ;  
 But the best thing of a's yet wanting on't ;  
     To grace it, and trace it,  
     And gie me delight ;  
     To bless me, and kiss me,  
     And comfort my sight,  
 With beauty by day, and kindness by night,  
 And nae mair my lane gang faunt'ring on't.

My *Christy* she's charming and good as she's fair ;  
 Her een and her mouth are enchanting sweet,  
 She smiles me on fire, her frowns gie despair :  
 I love while my heart gaes panting wi't.  
     Thou fairest, and dearest,  
     Delight of my mind,  
     Whose gracious embraces  
     By heaven were design'd  
 For happiest transports, and blesses refin'd,  
 Nae langer delay thy granting sweet.

For thee, bonny *Christy*, my shepherds and hinds  
 Shall carefully make the year's dainties thine :  
 Thus freed frae laigh care, while love fills our minds,  
 Our days shall with pleasure and plenty shine.

Then

Then hear me, and chear me  
 With smiling consent,  
 Believe me, and give me  
 No cause to lament,  
 Since I ne'er can be happy, till thou say, *Content,*  
*I'm pleas'd with my Jamie, and he shall be mine.*

---

## SONG.

*To its ain tune.*

**A**ltho' I be but a country-lafs,  
 Yet a lofty mind I bear — O,  
 And think mysell as good as those  
 That rich apparel wear — O.  
 Altho' my gown be hame-spun grey,  
 My skin it is as fast — O,  
 As them that satin weeds do wear,  
 And carry their heads aloft — O.

What tho' I keep my father's sheep,  
 The thing that must be done — O,  
 With garlands of the finest flowers,  
 To shade me frae the sun — O.  
 When they are feeding pleasantly,  
 Where grass and flowers do spring — O.  
 Then on a flowery bank at noon,  
 I set me down and sing — O.

My *Paisly* piggy, cork'd with sage,  
 Contains my drink but thin — O;  
 No wines do e'er my brains enrage,  
 Or tempt my mind to sin — O.  
 My country-curd, and wooden spoon,  
 I think them unco fine — O,  
 And on a flowery bank at noon,  
 I set me down and dine — O.

Altho' my parents cannot raise  
 Great bags of shining gold — O,  
 Like them whase daughters, now a-days,  
 Like swine are bought and sold — O;  
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Yet

Yet my fair body it shall keep  
 An honest heart within — O ;  
 And for twice fifty thousand crowns,  
 I value not a prin — O.

I use nae gums upon my hair,  
 Nor chains about my neck — O,  
 Nor shining rings upon my hands,  
 My fingers straight to deck — O ;  
 But for that lad to me shall fa',  
 And I have grace to wed — O,  
 I'll keep a jewel worth them a',  
 I mean my maidenhead — O.

If canny fortune give to me  
 The man I dearly love — O,  
 Tho' we want gear, I dinna care,  
 My hands I can improve — O,  
 Expecting for a blessing still  
 Descending from above — O.  
 Then we'll embrace, and sweetly kiss,  
 Repeating tales of love — O.

Z.

Waly, waly, gin Love be bonny.

O Waly, waly up the bank,  
 And waly, waly down the brae,  
 And waly, waly yon burn-side,  
 Where I and my love went to gae.  
 I lean'd my back unto an aik,  
 I thought it was a trusty tree,  
 But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,  
 Sae my true love did lightly me.  
 O waly, waly, but love be bonny,  
 A little time while it is new,  
 But when 'tis auld, it waxeth cauld,  
 And fades away like the morning-dew.  
 O wherefore should I buik my head ?  
 Or wherefore shou'd I kame my hair ?  
 For my true love has me forfook,  
 And says he'll never love me mair.

Now

Now *Arthur-Seat* shall be my bed,  
 The sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me,  
 Saint *Anton's* well shall be my drink,  
 Since my true love has forsaken me.  
*Martinmas* wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
 And shake the green leaves off the tree ?  
 O gentle death, when wilt thou come ?  
 For of my life I am weary.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,  
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemency :  
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,  
 But my love's heart grown cauld to me.  
 When we came in by *Glasgow* town,  
 We were a comely sight to see ;  
 My love was clad in the black velvet,  
 And I mysell in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kifs'd,  
 That love had been fae ill to win,  
 I'd lock'd my heart in a case of gold,  
 And pinn'd it with a silver pin.  
 Oh, oh ! if my young babe were born,  
 And set upon the nurse's knee,  
 And I mysell were dead and gane,  
 For a maid again I'll never be.

---

### The loving Lads and Spinning-Wheel.

AS I sat at my spinning-wheel,  
 A bonny lad was passing by :  
 I view'd him round, and lik'd him weel,  
 For trouth he had a glancing eye.  
 My heart new panting 'gan to feel,  
 But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

With looks all kindness he drew near,  
 And still mair lovely did appear ;

And round about my slender waste  
He clasp'd his arms, and me embrac'd :  
To kiss my hand, syne down did kneel,  
As I sat at my spinning-wheel.

My milk-white hands he did extol,  
And prais'd my fingers lang and small,  
And said, there was nae lady fair  
That ever cou'd with me compare.  
These words into my heart did steal,  
But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

Altho' I seemingly did chide,  
Yet he wad never be deny'd,  
But still declar'd his love the mair,  
Until my heart was wounded fair :  
That I my love cou'd scarce conceal,  
Yet still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

My hanks of yarn, my rock and reel,  
My winnells and my spinning-wheel ;  
He bid me leave them all with speed,  
And gang with him to yonder mead.  
My yielding heart strange flames did feel,  
Yet still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

About my neck his arm he laid,  
And whisper'd; Rise, my bonny maid,  
And with me to yon hay-cock go,  
I'll teach thee better wark to do.  
In trowth I loo'd the motion weel,  
And loot alane my spinning-wheel.

Amang the pleasant cocks of hay,  
Then with my bonny lad I lay ;  
What lassie, young and fast as I,  
Cou'd sic a handsome lad deny ?  
These pleasures I cannot reveal,  
That far surpass the spinning-wheel.

On the Marriage of the R. H. Lord  
G— and Lady K— C—.

A S O N G.

To the tune of, *The highland laddie.*

BRIGANTIUS.

NOW all thy virgin-sweets are mine,  
And all the shining charms that grace thee :  
My fair *Melinda*, come, recline  
Upon my breast, while I embrace thee,  
And tell without dissembling art,  
My happy raptures in thy bosom :  
Thus will I plant within thy heart,  
A love that shall for ever blossom.

CHORUS.

O the happy, happy, brave and bonny,  
Sure the gods well pleas'd behold ye ;  
Their work admire, so great, so fair,  
And well in all your joys uphold ye.

MELINDA.

No more I blush, now that I'm thine,  
To own my love in transport tender,  
Since that so brave a man is mine,  
To my *Brigantius* I surrender.  
By sacred ties I'm now to move  
As thy exalted thoughts direct me ;  
And while my smiles engage thy love,  
Thy manly greatness shall protect me.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

BRIGANTIUS.

Soft fall thy words, like morning-dew,  
New life on blowing flowers bestowing ;  
Thus kindly yielding makes me bow  
To heaven, with grateful spirit glowing.

My honour, courage, wealth, and wit,  
 'Thou dear delight, my chiefest treasure,  
 Shall be employ'd as thou thinks fit,  
 As agents for our love and pleasure.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

MELINDA.

With my *Brigantius* I could live  
 In lonely cotts, beside a mountain,  
 And nature's easy wants relieve  
 With shepherds fare, and quaff the fountain.  
 What pleases thee, the rural grove,  
 Or congress of the fair and witty,  
 Shall give me pleasure with thy love,  
 In plains retir'd or social city.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

BRIGANTIUS.

How sweetly canst thou charm my soul,  
 O lovely sum of my desires !  
 Thy beauties all my cares controul,  
 Thy virtue all that's good inspires.  
 Tune every instrument of sound,  
 Which all thy mind divinely raises,  
 Till every height and dale rebounds,  
 Both loud and sweet, my darling's praises.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

MELINDA.

Thy love gives me the brightest shine,  
 My happiness is now completed,  
 Since all that's generous, great, and fine,  
 In my *Brigantius* is united ;  
 For which I'll study thy delight,  
 With kindly tale the time beguiling,  
 And round the change of day and night,  
 Fix throughout life a constant smiling.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

SONG.

## SONG.

To the tune of, *Woes my heart that we should sunder.*

**A** Dieu, ye pleasant sports and plays,  
Farewell each song that was diverting;  
Love tunes my pipe to mournful lays,  
I sing of *Delia* and *Damon's* parting.

Long had he lov'd, and long conceal'd  
The dear, tormenting, pleasant passion,  
Till *Delia's* mildness had prevail'd  
On him to shew his inclination.

Just as the fair-one seem'd to give  
A patient ear to his love-story,  
*Damon* must his *Delia* leave,  
To go in quest of toilsome glory.

Half-spoken words hung on his tongue,  
Their eyes refus'd the usual meeting;  
And sighs supply'd their wonted song,  
These charming souls were chang'd to weeping.

Dear idol of my soul, adieu:  
Cease to lament, but ne'er to love me;  
While *Damon* lives, he lives for you,  
No other charms shall ever move me.

Alas! who knows, when parted far  
From *Delia*, but you may deceive her?  
The thought destroys my heart with care,  
Adieu, my dear, I fear, for ever.

If ever I forget my vows,  
May then my guardian angel leave me:  
And more to aggravate my woes,  
Be you so good as to forgive me.

H.

O'er

O'er the hills and far away.

Jocky met with Jenny fair,  
 Aft be the dawning of the day,  
 But Jocky now is fu' of care,  
 Since Jenny staw his heart away :  
 Altho' she promis'd to be true,  
 She proven has, alake ! unkind ;  
 Which gars poor Jocky often rue,  
 That he e'er loo'd a fickle mind.  
 And its o'er the hills and far away,  
     *Its o'er the hills and far away,*  
     *Its o'er the hills and far away,*  
 The wind has blown my plaid away.

Now Jocky was a bonny lad,  
 As e'er was born in Scotland fair ;  
 But now, poor man, he's e'en gane wood,  
 Since Jenny has gart him despair.  
 Young Jocky was a piper's son,  
 And fell in love when he was young ;  
 But a' the springs that he cou'd play,  
 Was o'er the hills and far away,  
     And its o'er the hills, &c.

He fung — when first my Jenny's face  
 I saw, she seem'd sae fu' of grace,  
 With meikle joy my heart was fill'd,  
 That's now, alas ! with sorrow kill'd.  
 Oh ! was she but as true as fair,  
 'Twad put an end to my despair,  
 Instead of that she is unkind,  
 And wavers like the winter-wind.  
     And its o'er the hills, &c.

Ah ! cou'd she find the dismal wae,  
 That for her sake I undergae,  
 She cou'd nae chuse but grant relief,  
 And put an end to a' my grief :

But oh ! she is as fause as fair,  
Which causes a' my sighs and care ;  
But she triumphs in proud disdain,  
And takes a pleasure in my pain.  
*And its o'er the hills, &c.*

Hard was my hap, to fa' in love  
With ane that does sae faithless prove.  
Hard was my fate to court a maid,  
'That has my constant heart betray'd.  
A thousand times to me she sware,  
She wad be true for evermair ;  
But, to my grief, alake, I say,  
She staw my heart and ran away.  
*And its o'er the hills, &c.*

Since that she will nae pity take,  
I maun gae wander for her sake,  
And, in ilk wood and gloomy grove,  
I'll fighting sing, Adieu to love ;  
Since she is fause whom I adore,  
I'll never trust a woman more ;  
Frae a' their charms I'll flee away,  
And on my pipe I'll sweetly play,  
*O'er hills and dales and far away,  
Out o'er the hills and far away,  
Out o'er the hills and far away,  
The wind has blawn my plaid away.*

Z.

---

### JENNY NETTLES.

SAW ye Jenny Nettles,  
Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,  
Saw ye Jenny Nettles,  
Coming frae the market ;  
Bag and baggage on her back,  
Her fee and bountith in her lap ;  
Bag and baggage on her back,  
And a babie in her oxters ?

I met ayont the kairny,  
*Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,*  
 Singing till her bairny,  
*Robin Rattle's* bastard;  
 To flee the dool upo' the stool,  
 And ilka ane that mocks her,  
 She round about seeks *Robin* out,  
 To stap it in his oxters.

Fy, fy! *Robin Rattle,*  
*Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle;*  
 Fy, fy! *Robin Rattle,*  
 Use *Jenny Nettles* kindly:  
 Score out the blame, and shun the shame,  
 And without mair debate o't,  
 Tak hame your wean, make *Jenny* fain  
 The leel and leesome gate o't.

### JOCKY's fou, and JENNY's fain.

**J**ocky fou, *Jenny* fain,  
*Jenny* was nae ill to gain,  
 She was couthy, he was kind,  
 And thus the wooer tell'd his mind.

*Jenny*, I'll nae mair be nice,  
 Gi'e me love at ony price;  
 I winna prig for red or whyt,  
 Love alane can gi'e delyt.

Others seek they kenna what,  
 In looks, in carriage, and a' that;  
 Give me love, for her I court:  
 Love in love makes a' the sport.

Colours mingl'd unco fine,  
 Common motives lang-synce,  
 Never can engage my love,  
 Until my fancy first approve.

It is na meat, but appetite  
 That makes our eating a delyt;  
 Beauty is at best deceit;  
 Fancy only kens nae cheat.

Q.

## LEADER-HAUGHS and YARROW.

When *Phæbus* bright the azure skies  
 With golden rays enligneth,  
 He makes all nature's beauties rise,  
 Herbs, trees, and flowers he quick'neth:  
 Amongst all those he makes his choice,  
 And with delight goes thorow,  
 With radiant beams and silver streams,  
 Are *Leader-Haugh*s and *Yarrow*.

When *Aries* the day and night  
 In equal length divideth,  
 Auld frosty *Saturn* takes his flight,  
 Nae langer he abideth:  
 Then *Flora* queen, with mantle green,  
 Casts aff her former sorrow,  
 And vows to dwell with *Ceres* fell  
 In *Leader-Haugh*s and *Yarrow*.

*Pan* playing on his aiten reed,  
 And shepherds him attending,  
 Do here resort their flocks to feed,  
 The hills and haughs commending;  
 With cur and kent upon the bent,  
 Sing to the sun, Good-morrow.  
 And swear nae fields mair pleasures yield,  
 Than *Leader-Haugh*s and *Yarrow*.

An *house* there stands on *Leader* side,  
 Surmounting my describing,  
 With rooms fae rare, and windows fair,  
 Like *Dedalus'* contriving:

Men

Men passing by, do aften cry,  
 In sooth it hath nae marrow ;  
 It stands as sweet on *Leader* side,  
 As *Newark* does on *Yarrow*.

A mile below, wha lifts to ride,  
 They'll hear the mavis singing ;  
 Into St *Leonard's* banks she'll bide,  
 Sweet birks her head o'er-hinging :  
 The lintwhite loud, and progne proud,  
 With tuneful throats and narrow,  
 Into St *Leonard's* banks they sing,  
 As sweetly as in *Yarrow*.

The lapwing lilteth o'er the lee,  
 With nimble wing she sporteth.  
 By vows she'll flee far frae the tree  
 Where *Philomel* resorteth :  
 By break of day, the lark can say,  
 I'll bid you a good-morrow,  
 I'll streak my wing, and mounting sing,  
 O'er *Leader-Haugh*s and *Yarrow*.

*Park*, *Wanton-warws*, and *Wooden-cleugh*,  
 The east and western *Mainfes*,  
 The wood of *Lauder's* fair enough,  
 The corns are good in *Blainfies*,  
 Where aits are fine, and fald be kind,  
 That if ye search all thorow  
*Mearns*, *Buchan*, *Mar*, nane better are  
 Than *Leader-Haugh*s and *Yarrow*.

In *Burn Mill-bog* and *Whitflade* shaws,  
 The fearful hare she haunteth,  
*Brig-haugh* and *Braidwood* sheil she knaws,  
 And *Chapel-wood* frequenteth.  
 Yet when she irks, to *Kaidfy* birks  
 She rins, and sighs for sorrow,  
 That she should leave sweet *Leader-Haugh*s,  
 And cannot win to *Yarrow*.

What

What sweeter music wad ye hear,  
 Than hounds and beigles crying?  
 The started hare rins hard with fear,  
 Upon her speed relying.  
 But yet her strength it fails at length,  
 Nae beilding can she borrow  
 In *Sorrel's* field, *Cleckman* or *Hag's*,  
 And sighs to be in *Yarrow*.

For *Rockwood*, *Ringwood*, *Spoty*, *Slag*,  
 With sight and scent pursue her,  
 Till ah! her pith begins to flag,  
 Nae cunning can rescue her.  
 O'er dub and dyke, o'er seugh and fyke,  
 She'll run the fields all thorow,  
 Till fail'd she fa's in *Leader-Haugh's*,  
 And bids farewell to *Yarrow*.

Sing *Ersfington* and *Cowdenknows*,  
 Where *Homes* had anes commanding:  
 And *Drygrange* with thy milk-white ewes,  
 'Twixt *Tawed* and *Leader* standing:  
 The bird that flies through *Recapath* trees,  
 And *Gledswood* banks ilk morrow,  
 May chant and sing, Sweet *Leader-Haugh's*,  
 And bonny howms of *Yarrow*.

But minstrel *Burn* cannot assuage  
 His grief, while life endureth,  
 To see the changes of this age,  
 That fleeting time procureth;  
 For mony a place stands in hard case,  
 Where blyth fowk kend nee sorrow.  
 With *Homes* that dwelt on *Leader* side,  
 And *Scots* that dwelt on *Yarrow*.

### For the sake of Somebody.

FOR the sake of somebody,  
 For the sake of somebody,  
 I cou'd wake a winter-night,  
 For the sake of somebody:  
 VOL. II. \* Q

I am gawn to seek a wife,  
 I am gawn to buy a plaidy ;  
 I have three stane of woo,  
 Carling, is thy daughter ready ?  
*For the sake of somebody, &c.*

*Betty*, lassie, say't thy fell,  
 Tho' thy dame be ill to shoo,  
 First we'll buckle, then we'll tell,  
 Let her flyte and syne come too :  
 What signifies a mither's gloom,  
 When love in kisses come in play ?  
 Shou'd we wither in our bloom,  
 And in simmer mak nae hay ?  
*For the sake, &c.*

## S H E.

Bonny lad, I carena by,  
 Tho' I try my luck with thee,  
 Since ye are content to tye  
 The ha'f-mark bridal band wi' me ;  
 I'll slip hame, and wash my feet,  
 And steal on linens fair and clean, .  
 Syne at the tryfing-place we'll meet,  
 'To do but what my dame has done.  
*For the sake, &c.*

## H E.

Now my lovely *Betty* gives  
 Consent in sic a heartsome gate,  
 It me frae a' my care relieves,  
 And doubts that gart me aft look blate ;  
 Then let us gang and get the grace,  
 For they that have an appetite  
 Shou'd eat ; — and lovers shou'd embrace ;  
 If these be faults, 'tis nature's wyte.  
*For the sake, &c.*

## Norland Jocky and Southland JENNY.

**A** Southland *Jenny*, that was right bonny,  
 Had for a suitor a norland *Johny* ;

Bu

But he was sic a bashfu' wooer,  
 That he cou'd scarcely speak unto her,  
 Till blinks of her beauty, and hopes o' her filler,  
 Forc'd him at last to tell his mind till her.  
 My dear, quoth he, we'll nae langer tarry,  
 Gin ye can loo me, let's o'er the moor and marry.

S H E.

Come, come away then, my norland laddie,  
 'Tho' we gang neatly, some are mair gaudy ;  
 And albeit I have neither gowd nor money,  
 Come and I'll ware my beauty on thee.

H E.

Ye lasses of the south, ye're a' for dressing ;  
 Lasses of the north mind milking and threshing :  
 My minny wad be angry, and fae wad my daddy,  
 Shou'd I marry ane as dink as a lady.  
 For I maun hae a wife that will rise in the morning,  
 Cradle a' the milk, and keep the house a-scauldin',  
 Toolie with her nibours, and learn at my minny,  
 A norland *Jocky* maun hae a norland *Jenny*.

S H E.

My father's only daughter and twenty thousand pound,  
 Shall never be bestow'd on sic a filly clown ;  
 For a' that I said was to try what was in ye,  
 Goe hame, ye norland *Jock*, and court your norland  
*Jenny*. Z.

### The auld yellow-hair'd Laddie.

**T**HE yellow-hair'd laddie sat down on yon brae,  
 Cries, Milk the ews, lassie, let nane of them gae ;  
 And ay she milked, and ay she sang,  
*The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my goodman.*  
*And ay she milked, &c.*

'The weather is cauld, and my clathing is thin ;  
 'The ews are new clipped, they winna bught in :  
 'They winna bught in tho' I shou'd die,  
 O yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind to me :  
*They winna bught in, &c.*

Q 2

The

The goodwife cries butt the house, *Jenny*, come ben,  
 The cheefe is to mak, and the butter's to kirn.  
 Tho' butter, and cheefe, and a' shou'd four,  
 I'll crack and kifs wi' my love ae ha'f-hour;  
 It's ae ha'f-hour, and we's e'en make it three,  
 For the yellow-hair'd laddie my husband shall be.

---

## S O N G.

To the tune of, *Booth's Minuet.*

**F**Air, sweet, and young, receive a prize,  
 Reserv'd for your victorious eyes:  
 From crouds whom at your feet you see,  
 Oh! pity, and distinguish me.

No graces can your form improve;  
 But all are lost unless you love:  
 If that dear passion you disdain,  
 Your charms and beauty are in vain.

X.

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*Part of an EPILOGUE, sung after the acting of the OR-  
 PHAN and GENTLE SHEPHERD in Taylors-hall, by  
 a set of young gentlemen, January 22. 1729.*

*Tune, Bessy Bell.*

**T**Hus let's study night and day,  
 To fit us for our station,  
 That when we're men, we parts may play  
 Are useful to our nation.  
 For now's the time, when we are young,  
 To fix our views on merit,  
 Water its buds, and make the tongue  
 And actions suit the spirit.

This all the fair and wise approve,  
 We know it by your smiling,  
 And while we gain respect and love,  
 Our studies are not toiling.

Such

Such application gives delight,  
 And in the end proves gainful,  
 Tho' mony a dark and lifeless wight  
 May think it hard and painful.

'Then never let us think our time  
 And care, when thus employ'd,  
 Are thrown away, but deem't a crime,  
 When youth's by sloth destroy'd ;  
 'Tis only active souls can rise  
 To fame and all that's splendid,  
 And favour in these conquering eyes,  
 'Gainst whom no heart's defended.

### The generous Gentleman. A SANG.

To the tune of, *The bonny lass of Branksome.*

**A**S I came in by *Teviot-side*,  
 And by the braes of *Branksome*,  
 There first I saw my bonny bride,  
 Young smiling, sweet, and handsome ;  
 Her skin was faster than the down,  
 And white as alabaster ;  
 Her hair a shining wavy brown ;  
 In straightness nane surpass'd her ;

Life glow'd upon her lip and cheek,  
 Her clear een were surprising,  
 And beautifully turn'd her neck,  
 Her little breasts just rising :  
 Nae filken hose, with gooskets fine,  
 Or shoon with glancing laces,  
 On her fair leg, forbade to shine,  
 Well shapen native graces.

Ae little coat, and bodice white,  
 Was sum of a' her claithing ;  
 Even thae's o'er meikle ; mair delyte  
 She'd given cled wi' naithing :

She lean'd upon a flow'ry brae,  
 By which a burnie trotted ;  
 On her I glowr'd my faul away,  
 While on her sweets I doted.

A thousand beauties of desert  
 Before had scarce alarm'd me,  
 Till this dear artless struck my heart,  
 And, bot designing, charm'd me.  
 Hurry'd by love, close to my breast  
 I grasp'd this fund of blisses :  
 Wha smil'd, and said, without a priest,  
 Sir, hope for nought but kisses.

I had nae heart to do her harm,  
 And yet I cou'dna want her ;  
 What she demanded, ilka charm  
 Of hers pled, I shou'd grant her.  
 Since heaven had dealt to me a rowth,  
 Straight to the kirk I led her,  
 There plighting her my faith and trowth,  
 And a young lady made her.

### The happy Clown.

**H**OW happy is the rural clown,  
 Who, far remov'd from noise of town,  
 Contemns the glory of a crown,  
 And in his life retreat,  
 Is pleas'd with his low degree,  
 Is rich in decent poverty,  
 From strife, from care and bus'ness free,  
 At once baith good and great ?

No drums disturb his morning-sleep,  
 He fears no danger of the deep,  
 Nor noisy law, nor courts ne'er heap  
 Vexation on his mind :

No

No trumpets rouse him to the war,  
 No hopes can bribe, no threats can dare ;  
 From state-intrigues he holds afar,  
 And liveth unconfin'd.

Like those in golden ages born,  
 He labours gently to adorn  
 His small paternal fields of corn,  
 And on their product feeds :  
 Each season of the wheeling year,  
 Industrious he improves with care ;  
 And still some ripen'd fruits appear,  
 So well his toil succeeds.

Now by a silver stream he lies,  
 And angles with his baits and flies,  
 And next the sylvan scene he tries,  
 His spirit to regale :  
 Now from the rock or height he views  
 His fleecy flock, or teeming cows,  
 Then tunes his reed, or tries his muse,  
 That waits his honest call.

Amidst his harmless easy joys,  
 No care his peace of mind destroys,  
 Nor does he pass his time in toys  
 Beneath his just regard :  
 He's fond to feel the zephyr's breeze,  
 To plant and shed his tender trees :  
 And for attending well his bees,  
 Enjoys the sweet reward.

The flow'ry meads, and silent coves,  
 The scenes of faithful rural loves,  
 And warbling birds on blooming groves,  
 Afford a wish'd delight :  
 But O ! how pleasant is this life ?  
 Bless'd with a chaste and virtuous wife,  
 And children prattling, void of strife,  
 Around his fire at night.

## WILLY was a wanton Wag.

**W**illy was a wanton wag,  
 The blythest lad that e'er I saw,  
 At bridals still he bore the brag,  
 And carry'd ay the gree awa :  
 His doublet was of *Zetland* shag,  
 And wow ! but *Willy* he was braw,  
 And at his shoulder hang a tag,  
 That pleas'd the lassies best of a'.

He was a man without a clag,  
 His heart was frank without a flaw ;  
 And ay whatever *Willy* said,  
 It was still hadden as a law.  
 His boots they were made of the jag,  
 When he went to the weapon-shaw,  
 Upon the green nane durst him brag,  
 'The fiend a ane amang them a'.

And was not *Willy* well worth gow'd ?  
 He wan the love of great and sma' ;  
 For after he the bride had kiss'd,  
 He kiss'd the lassies hale-fale a'.  
 Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,  
 When be the hand he led them a',  
 And sinack on smack on them bestow'd,  
 By virtue of a standing law.

And was na *Willy* a great lown,  
 As shyre a lick as e'er was seen ?  
 When he danc'd with the lassies round,  
 The bridegroom speer'd where he had been.  
 Quoth *Willy*, I've been at the ring,  
 With bobbing, faith, my shanks are fair ;  
 Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,  
 For *Willy* he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, *Willy*, I'll gae out,  
 And for a wee fill up the ring.  
 But, shame light on his souple snout,  
 He wanted *Willy*'s wanton fling.

Then

Then straight he to the bride did fare,  
 Says, Well's me on your bonny face,  
 With bobbing *Willy's* thanks are fair,  
 And I am come out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the dance,  
 And at the ring you'll ay be lag,  
 Unless, like *Willy*, ye advance ;  
 (O ! *Willy* has a wanton leg) ;  
 For wi't he learns us a' to steer,  
 And foremost ay bears up the ring ;  
 We will find nae sic dancing here,  
 If we want *Willy's* wanton fling.

W. W.

### CELIA'S Reflections on herself for slighting PHILANDER'S Love.

To the tune of, *The gallant shoemaker.*

**Y**Oung *Philander* woo'd me lang,  
 But I was peevish and forbad him,  
 I wadna tent his loving sang ;  
 But now I wish, I wish I had him :  
 Ilk morning when I view my glafs,  
 Then I perceive my beauty going ;  
 And when the wrinkles seize the face,  
 Then we may bid adieu to wooing.

My beauty, anes so much admir'd,  
 I find it fading fast, and flying,  
 My cheeks, which coral-like appear'd,  
 Grow pale, the broken blood decaying.  
 Ah ! we may see ourselves to be,  
 Like summer-fruit that is unshaken ;  
 When ripe, they soon fall down and die,  
 And by corruption quickly taken.

Use then your time, ye virgins fair,  
 Employ your day before 'tis evil ;  
 Fifteen is a season rare,  
 But five and twenty is the devil.

Just

Just when ripe, consent unto't,  
 Hug nae mair your lanely pillow ;  
 Women are like other fruit,  
 They lose their relish when too mellow.

If opportunity be lost,  
 You'll find it hard to be regained ;  
 Which now I may tell to my cost,  
 Tho' but mysell nane can be blamed :  
 If then your fortune you respect,  
 Take the occasion when it offers ;  
 Nor a true lover's suit neglect,  
 Lest you be scoff'd for being scoffers.

I, by his fond expressions, thought,  
 That in his love he'd ne'er prove changing ;  
 But now, alas ! 'tis turn'd to nought,  
 And, past my hope, he's gane a-ranging.  
 Dear maidens, then take my advice,  
 And let na coyness prove your ruin ;  
 For if ye be o'er foolish nice,  
 Your suitors will give over wooing.

Then *maidens auld* you nam'd will be,  
 And in that fretfu' rank be number'd,  
 As lang as life ; and when ye die,  
 With leading apes be ever cumber'd :  
 A punishment, and hated brand,  
 With which nane of us are contented ;  
 Then be not wise behind the hand,  
 That the mistake may be prevented.

The young Ladies Thanks to the re-  
 penting Virgin, for her seasonable  
 Advice.

O Virgin kind ! we canna tell  
 How many many thanks we owe you,  
 For pointing out to us fae well  
 Those very rocks that did o'erthrow you ;

And

And we your lesson sae shall mind,  
 That e'en tho' a' our kin had swore it,  
 Ere we shall be an hour behind,  
 We'll take a year or twa before it.

We'll catch all winds blaw in our sails,  
 And still keep out our flag and pinnet ;  
 If young *Philander* anes assails  
 To storm love's fort, then he shall win it :  
 We may indeed, for modesty,  
 Present our forces for resistance ;  
 But we shall quickly lay them by,  
 And contribute to his assistance.

### The Stepdaughter's Relief.

To the tune of, *The kirk wad let me be.*

**I** Was anes a well-tocher'd lass,  
 My mither left dollars to me ;  
 But now I'm brought to a poor pass,  
 My stepdame has gart them flee.  
 My father he's aften frae hame,  
 And she plays the deel with his gear ;  
 She neither has lawtith nor shame,  
 And keeps the hale house in a steer.

She's barmy-fac'd, thriftless, and bauld,  
 And gars me aft fret and repine ;  
 While hungry, ha'f naked, and cauld,  
 I see her destroy what's mine :  
 But soon I might hope a revenge,  
 And soon of my sorrows be free,  
 My poortith to plenty wad change,  
 If she were hung up on a tree.

Quoth *Ringan*, wha lang time had loo'd  
 This bonny lass tenderly,  
 I'll take thee, sweet *May*, in thy snood,  
 Gif thou wilt gae hame with me.

'Tis

'Tis only yourself that I want,  
 Your kindness is better to me  
 Than a' that your stepmother, scant  
 Of grace, now has taken frae thee.

I'm but a young farmer, 'tis true,  
 And ye are the sprout of a laird ;  
 But I have milk-cattle enow,  
 And rowth of good rucks in my yard ;  
 Ye shall have naithing to fash ye,  
 Sax servants shal jouk to thee :  
 Then kilt up thy coats, my lassie,  
 And gae thy ways hame with me.

The maiden her reason employ'd,  
 Not thinking the offer amiss,  
 Consented ; — while *Ringan* o'erjoy'd,  
 Receiv'd her with mony a kiss.  
 And now she sits blythly singan,  
 And joking her drunken stepdame,  
 Delighted with her dear *Ringan*,  
 That makes her goodwife at hame.

### JEANY, where has thou been ?

**O** *Jeany, Jeany*, where has thou been ?  
 Father and mother are seeking of thee ;  
 Ye have been ranting, playing the wanton,  
 Keeping of *Jocky* company.

**O** *Betty*, I've been to hear the mill clack,  
 Getting meal ground for the family ;  
 As fow as it gade I brang hame the sack,  
 For the miller has taken nae mowter frae me.

Ha ! *Jeany, Jeany*, there's meal on your back,  
 The miller's a wanton billy, and flee ;  
 Tho' victual's come hame again hale, what-reck,  
 I fear he has taken his mowter aff thee.

*And*

*And, Betty, ye spread your linen to bleach,  
When that was done, where cou'd you be ?  
Ha ! last, I saw ye slip down the hedge,  
And wanton Willy was following thee.*

*Ay, Jeany, Jeany, ye gade to the kirk ;  
But when it skail'd, where cou'd thou be ?  
Ye came na hame till it was mirk,  
They say the kissing clerk came wi' ye.  
O filly lassie, what wilt thou do ?  
If thou grow great, they'll heez thee hie.  
Look to yoursell, if Jock prove true :  
The clerk frae creepies will keep me free.*

Q.

## SONG.

To the tune of, *Last time I came o'er the meor.*

**Y**E blythest lads, and lasses gay,  
Hear what my sang discloses.  
As I ae morning sleeping lay  
Upon a bank of roses,  
Young *Jamie* whisking o'er the mead,  
By good luck chanc'd to spy me :  
He took his bonnet aff his head,  
And fastly fat down by me.

*Jamie* tho' I right meikle priz'd,  
Yet now I wadna ken him ;  
But with a frown my face disguis'd,  
And strave away to fend him :  
But fondly he still nearer prest,  
And by my side down lying,  
His beating heart thumped fae fast,  
I thought the lad was dying.

But still resolving to deny,  
And angry passion feigning,  
I aften roughly shot him by,  
With words full of disdain.

VEL. II.

\* R

Poor

*And*

Poor *Jamie* bawk'd, nae favour wins,  
 Went aff much discontented ;  
 But I in truth for a' my sins  
 Ne'er haff fae fair repented.

X.

## The COCK LAIRD.

A Cock laird fou cadgie,  
 With *Jenny* did meet,  
 He haws'd her, he kiss'd her,  
 And ca'd her his sweet.  
 Wilt thou gae along  
 Wi' me, *Jenny*, *Jenny* ?  
 Thouse be my ain kemma,  
 Jo *Jenny*, quoth he.

If I gae along wi' ye,  
 Ye maunna fail  
 To feast me with caddels  
 And good hacket-kail.  
 'The deel's in your nicety,  
*Jenny*, quoth he,  
 Mayna bannocks of bear-meal  
 Be as good for thee ?

And I maun hae pinners,  
 With pearling set round,  
 A skirt of puddy,  
 And a waltcoat of brown.  
 Awa with sic vanities,  
*Jenny*, quoth he,  
 For kurchis and kirtles  
 Are fitter for thee.

My lairdship can yield me  
 As meikle a-year,  
 As had us in pottage  
 And good knockit bear :

But

But having nae tenants,  
 O *Jenny, Jenny*,  
 To buy ought I ne'er have  
 A penny, quoth he.

The borrowstoun merchants  
 Will sell ye on tick,  
 For we maun hae braw things,  
 Abeit they soud break.  
 When broken, frae care  
 The fools are fet free,  
 When we make them lairds  
 In the Abbey, quoth she.

### The SOGER LADDIE.

**M**Y soger laddie is over the sea,  
 And he will bring gold and money to me;  
 And when he comes hame, he'll make me a lady,  
 My blessing gang with my soger laddie.

My doughty laddie is handsome and brave,  
 And can as a soger and lover behave;  
 True to his country, to love he is steady,  
 There's few to compare with my soger laddie.

Shield him, ye angels, frae death in alarms,  
 Return him with laurels to my langing arms;  
 Syne frae all my care he'll pleasantly free me,  
 When back to my wishes my soger ye gie me.

O soon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,  
 As quickly they must, if he get his due:  
 For in noble actions his courage is ready,  
 Which makes me delight in my soger laddie.

## The ARCEHRS March.

Sound, found the music, found it,  
 Let hills and dales rebound it :  
 Let hills and dales rebound it,  
     In praise of archery :  
 Its origin divine is,  
 The practice brave and fine is,  
 Which generously inclines us  
     To guard our liberty.

Art by the gods employed,  
 By which heroes enjoyed,  
 By which heroes enjoyed  
     The wreaths of victory.  
 The deity of *Parnassus*,  
 The god of soft caresses,  
 Chaste *Cynthia* and her lasses,  
     Delight in archery.

See, see yon bow extended !  
 'Tis *Jove* himself that bends it,  
 'Tis *Jove* himself that bends it,  
     O'er clouds on high it glows.  
 All nations, *Turks* and *Parthians*,  
 The *Tartars* and the *Scythians*,  
 The *Arabs*, *Moors*, and *Indians*,  
     With bravery draw their bows.

Our own true records tell us,  
 That none cou'd e'er excel us,  
 That none cou'd e'er excel us  
     In martial archery :  
 With shafts our fires engaging,  
 Oppos'd the *Romans* raging,  
 Defeat the fierce *Norwegian*,  
     And spared few *Danes* to flee.

Witness

Witnefs *Largs* and *Loncartie*,  
*Dunkel* and *Aberlemny*,  
*Dunkel* and *Aberlemny*,  
*Roslin* and *Bannockburn*,  
 The *Cheviots* ——— all the border,  
 Were bowmen in brave order,  
 Told enemies, if furdur  
 They mov'd, they'd ne'er return.

Sound, found the music, found it,  
 Let hills and dales rebound it,  
 Let hills and dales rebound it,  
 In praise of archery.  
 Us'd as a game it pleases,  
 The mind to joy it raises,  
 And throws off all diseases  
 Of lazy luxury.

*Largs*, where the *Norwegians*, headed by their valiant King *HACO*, were, *anno* 1263, totally defeated by *ALEXANDER III.* King of *Scots*; the heroic *ALEXANDER*, great steward of *Scotland*, commanded the right wing.

*Loncartie*, near *Perth*, where King *KENNETH III.* obtained the victory over the *Danes*, which was principally owing to the valour and resolution of the first brave *HAY*, and his two sons.

*Dunkel*, here, and in *Kyle*, and on the banks of *Tay*, our great King *CORREDUS GALDUS* in three battles overthrew 30,000 *Romans* in the reign of the Emperor *Domitian*.

*Aberlemny*, four miles from *Breckin*, where King *MALCOM II.* obtained a glorious victory over the united armies of *Danes*, *Norwegians*, and *Cumbrians*, &c. commanded by *SUENO* King of *Denmark*, and his warlike son Prince *CANUTE*.

*Roslin*, about five miles south of *Edinburgh*, where 10,000 *Scots*, led by Sir John *CUMIN* and Sir *SIMON FRASER*, defeated in three battles in one day 30,000 of their enemies, *anno* 1303.

The battles of *Bannockburn* and *Cheviot*, &c. are so well known, that they require no notes.

Now, now our care beguiling,  
 When all the year looks smiling,  
 When all the year looks smiling,  
     With healthful harmony :

The sun in glory glowing,  
 With morning-dew bestowing,  
 Sweet fragrance, life, and growing,  
     To flowers and every tree.

'Tis now the archers royal,  
 An hearty band and loyal,  
 An hearty band and loyal,  
     That in just thoughts agree.

Appear in ancient bravery,  
 Despising all base knavery,  
 Which tends to bring in slavery  
     Souls worthy to live free.

Sound, sound the music, sound it,  
 Fill up the glass and round wi't,  
 Fill up the glass and round wi't,  
     Health and prosperity  
 T' our great CHIEF and Officers,  
 T' our *President* and *Counsellors* :  
 To all, who, like their brave forbears,  
     Delight in archery.

*The following SONGS sung in their proper places,  
 at acting of the Gentle Shepherd.*

[The pages referred to, are according to the edition printed for  
*A. Donaldson, 1761.*]

SANG I. *The wawking of the faulds.*

*Sung by Patie, p. 4.*

MY Peggy is a young thing,  
 Just enter'd in her teens,  
 Fair as the day, and sweet as May,  
 Fair as the day, and always gay.  
     My Peggy is a young thing,  
     And I'm not very auld,  
 Yet well I like to meet her at  
     The wawking of the fauld.

My *Peggy* speaks fae sweetly,  
 Whene'er we meet alane,  
 I wish nae mair, to lay my care,  
 I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.

My *Peggy* speaks fae sweetly,  
 To a' the lave I'm cauld;  
 But she gars a' my spirits glow  
 At wawking of the fauld.

My *Peggy* smiles fae kindly,  
 Whene'er I whisper love,  
 That I look down on a' the town,  
 That I look down upon a crown.  
 My *Peggy* smiles fae kindly,  
 It makes me blyth and bauld,  
 And naething gi'es me sic delight,  
 As wawking of the fauld.

My *Peggy* sings fae fastly,  
 When on my pipe I play;  
 By a' the rest it is confess'd,  
 By a' the rest, that she sings best.  
 My *Peggy* sings fae fastly,  
 And in her sangs are tald,  
 With innocence, the wale of sense,  
 At wawking of the fauld.

SANG II. Fy gar rub her o'er with frae.

*Sung by Patie, p. 8.*

**D**ear *Roger*, if your *Jenny* geck,  
 And answer kindness with a slight,  
 Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,  
 For women in a man delight:  
 But them despise who're soon defeat,  
 And with a simple face give way  
 To a repulse; — then be not blate,  
 Push bauldly on, and win the day.

When

When maidens, innocently young,  
 Say aften what they never mean,  
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,  
 But tent the language of their een.  
 If these agree, and she persist  
 To answer all your love with hate,  
 Seek elfewhere to be better blefs'd,  
 And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

## SANG III. Polwart on the Green.

*Sung by Peggy, p. 11.*

**T**HE dorty will repent,  
 If lover's heart grow cauld,  
 And nane her smiles will tent,  
 Soon as her face looks auld.  
 The dawted bairn thus takes the pet,  
 Nor eats, tho' hunger crave,  
 Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,  
 And's laugh'd at by the lave;  
 They jest it till the dinner's past:  
 Thus by itsell abus'd,  
 The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,  
 Or eat what they've refus'd.



## SANG IV. O dear Mother, what shall I do?

*Sung by Jenny, p. 12.*

**O** Dear Peggy, love's beguiling,  
 We ought not to trust his smiling;  
 Better far to do as I do,  
 Lest a harder luck betide you.  
 Lassies, when their fancy's carry'd,  
 Think of nought but to be marry'd;  
 Running to a life destroys  
 Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.

SANG.

## SANG V. How can I be sad on my wedding-day?

*Sung by Peggy, p. 13.*

**H**OW shall I be sad when a husband I hae,  
 That has better sense than any of thae  
 Sour weak silly fellows, that study like fools  
 To sink their ain joy, and make their wives snools?  
 The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,  
 Or with dull reproaches encourages strife;  
 He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse  
 Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.

---

## SANG VI. Nancy's to the green wood gane.

*Sung by Jenny, p. 15.*

**I** Yield, dear lassie, ye have won,  
 And there is nae denying,  
 That sure as light flows frae the sun,  
 Frae love proceeds complying;  
 For a' that we can do or say  
 'Gainst love, nae thinker heeds us;  
 They ken our bosoms lodge the fae  
 That by the heart-strings leads us.

---

## SANG VII. Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.

*Sung by Glaud or Symon, p. 17.*

**C**Auld be the rebels cast,  
 Oppressors base and bloody,  
 I hope we'll see them at the last  
 Strung a' up in a woody.  
 Blest be he of worth and sense,  
 And ever high his station,  
 That bravely stands in the defence  
 Of conscience, king, and nation.

SANG

## SANG VIII. Mucking of Geordy's Byre.

*Sung by Symon, p. 18.*

THE laird who in riches and honour  
 Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,  
 Nor rack the poor tenants, who labour  
 To rise aboon poverty:  
 Else, like the pack-horse that's unfother'd,  
 And burden'd, will tumble down faint;  
 Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd,  
 And rackers aft tine their rent.

---

## SANG IX. Carle and the King come.

*Sung by Maufe, p. 21.*

PEGGY, now the king's come,  
 Peggy, now the king's come,  
 Thou may dance, and I shall sing,  
 Peggy, since the king's come.  
 Nae mair the hawkies thou shalt milk,  
 But change thy plaiding coat for silk,  
 And be a lady of that ilk,  
 Now, Peggy, since the king's come.

---

SANG X. Winter was cauld, and my  
 claithing was thin.*Sung by Peggy and Patie, p. 26.*

## PEGGY.

WHEN first my dear laddie gade to the green hill.  
 And I at ew-milking first sey'd my young skill,  
 To bear the milk-bowie, nae pain was to me,  
 When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

## PATIE.

Whencorn-riggs wav'd yellow, and blew hether-bells  
 Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet-rising fells,  
 Nae

Nae birns, brier, or breckens gave trouble to me,  
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the flane,  
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain :  
Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me,  
For nane can put, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny sings saftly the *Cowden broom-knaws*,  
And Rosie liltis sweetly the *Milking the ewes* ;  
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nancy can sing,  
At *Throw the wood laddie*, Bess gars our lugs ring :  
But when my dear Peggy sings with better skill,  
The *Boat-man*, *Tweedside*, or the *Lass of the mill*,  
'Tis many times sweeter and pleasing to me :  
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How easy can lassies trow what they desire ?  
And praises sae kindly increases love's fire :  
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be  
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

---

SANG XI. *By the delicious warmth of thy mouth.*

*Sung by Patie and Peggy, p. 27.*

*Printed in the PASTORAL, and in this MISCELLANY,*  
vol. 1. p. 75.

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SANG XII. Happy Clown.

*Sung by Sir William, p. 30.*

HID from himself, now by the dawn  
He starts as fresh as roses blawn,  
And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,  
After his bleating flocks;

Healthful;

Healthful, and innocently gay  
 He chants, and whistles out the day;  
 Untaught to smile, and then betray,  
     Like courtly weathercocks.

Life happy from ambition free,  
 Envy and vile hypocrisie,  
 Where truth and love with joys agree,  
     Unfully'd with a crime:  
 Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,  
 In propping of their pride and state,  
 He lives, and, unafraid of fate,  
     Contented spends his time.

---

## SANG XIII. Leith-wynd.

*Sung by Jenny and Roger, p. 37.*

**W**Ere I assur'd you'll constant prove,  
 You shou'd nae mair complain,  
 The easy maid, beset with love,  
     Few words will quickly gain;  
 For I must own, now since you're free,  
     This too fond heart of mine  
 Has lang, a black-sole true to thee,  
     Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.

ROGER.

I'm happy now, ah! let my head  
 Upon thy breast recline;  
 The pleasure strikes me nearhand dead!  
 Is *Jenny* then sae kind! —  
 O let me brifs thee to my heart!  
 And round my arms entwine:  
 Delytful thought! we'll never part:  
     Come pres thy mouth to mine.

SANG

## SANG XIV. O'er Bogie.

*Sung by Jenny, p. 38.*

WELL, I agree, you're sure of me;  
 Next to my father gae.  
 Make him content to give consent,  
 He'll hardly say you nay:  
 For you have what he wad be at,  
 And will commend you weel,  
 Since parents auld think love grows cauld,  
 Where bairns want milk and meal.

Shou'd he deny, I carena by,  
 He'd contradict in vain.  
 Tho a' my kin had said and sworn,  
 But thee I will have nane.  
 Then never range, or learn to change,  
 Like those in high degree:  
 And if you prove faithful in love,  
 You'll find nae fault in me.

## SANG XV. Wat ye wha I met yestreen.

*Sung by Sir William, p. 43.*

NOW from rusticity, and love,  
 Whose flames but over lowly burn,  
 My gentle shepherd must be drove,  
 His soul must take another turn:  
 As the rough diamond from the mine,  
 In breaking only shews its light,  
 Till polishing has made it shine;  
 Thus learning makes the genius bright.

## SANG XVI. Kirk wad let me be.

*Sung by Patie, p. 49.*

**D**Uty and part of reason  
 Plead strong on the parent's side,  
 Which love superior calls treason ;  
 The strongest must be obey'd :  
 For now tho' I'm one of the gentry,  
 My constancy falsehood repels ;  
 For change on my heart has no entry,  
 Still there my dear *Peggy* excels.

SANG XVII. Woes my heart that we should  
funder.*Sung by Peggy, p. 52.*

**S**peak on, — speak thus, and still my grief,  
 Hold up a heart that's sinking under  
 These fears, that soon will want relief,  
 When *Pate* must from his *Peggy* funder.  
 A gentler face, and silk attire,  
 A lady rich in beauty's blossom,  
 Alake poor me ! will now conspire  
 To steal thee from thy *Peggy's* bosom.

No more the shepherd who excell'd  
 The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,  
 Shall now his *Peggy's* praises tell ;  
 Ah ! I can die, but never funder.  
 Ye meadows where we often stray'd,  
 Ye banks where we were wont to wander,  
 Sweet-scented rucks round which we play'd,  
 You'll lose your sweets when we're afunder.

Again, ah ! shall I never creep  
 Around the know with silent duty,  
 Kindly to watch thee while asleep,  
 And wonder at thy manly beauty ?

Hear,

Hear, heaven, while solemnly I vow,  
 Tho' thou shouldst prove a wand'ring lover,  
 Through life to thee I shall prove true,  
 Nor be a wife to any other.

---

SANG XVIII. Tweed-side.

*Sung by Peggy, p. 53.*

**W**Hen hope was quite sunk in despair,  
 My heart it was going to break ;  
 My life appear'd worthless my care,  
 But now I will sav't for thy sake.  
 Where-e'er my love travels by day,  
 Where-ever he lodges by night,  
 With me his dear image shall stay,  
 And my soul keep him ever in fight.

With patience I'll wait the long year,  
 And study the gentlest charms ;  
 Hope time away till thou appear,  
 To lock thee for ay in those arms.  
 Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I priz'd  
 No higher degree in this life ;  
 But now I'll endeavour to rise  
 To a height that's becoming thy wife.

For beauty that's only skin-deep,  
 Must fade like the gowans of May ;  
 But inwardly rooted, will keep  
 For ever, without a decay.  
 Nor age, nor the changes of life,  
 Can quench the fair fire of love,  
 If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,  
 And the husband have sense to approve.

## SANG XIX. Bush aboon Traquair.

*Sung by Peggy, p. 55.*

**A**T setting day and rising morn,  
 With soul that still shall love thee,  
 I'll ask of heaven thy faie return,  
 With all that can improve thee.  
 I'll visit oft the birken bush,  
 Where first thou kindly told me  
 Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,  
 Whilst round thou didst infold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,  
 By greenwood shaw or fountain;  
 Or where the summer-day I'd share  
 With thee, upon yon mountain.  
 There will I tell the trees and flowers,  
 From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,  
 By vows you're mine, by love is yours  
 A heart which cannot wander.

## SANG XX. Bonny grey-ey'd Morn.

*Sung by Sir William, p. 58.*

**T**HE bonny grey-ey'd morning begins to peep,  
 And darkneis flies before the rising ray,  
 The hearty hynd starts from his lazy sleep,  
 To follow healthful labours of the day;  
 Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,  
 The lark and the linnet tend his levee,  
 And he joins their concert, driving his plow,  
 From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss  
 Of half an estate, the prey of a main,  
 The drunkard and gamester tumble and tofs,  
 Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.

Be my portion health and quietness of mind,  
 Plac'd at due distance from parties and state,  
 Where neither ambition, nor avarice blind,  
 Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.

---

On our Ladies being dressed in Scots  
 manufactory, at a public Assembly.

### A S O N G.

To the tune of, *O'er the hills and far away.*

**L**ET meaner beauties use their art,  
 And range both *Indies* for their dress,  
 Our fair can captivate the heart  
 In native weeds, nor look the less.  
 More bright unborrow'd beauties shine,  
 The artless sweetness of each face  
 Sparkles with lustres more divine,  
 When freed of every foreign grace.

The tawny nymph on scorching plains,  
 May use the aid of gems and paint,  
 Deck with brocade and *Tyrian* stains  
 Features of ruder form and taint.  
 What *Caledonian* ladies wear,  
 Or from the lint or woollen twine,  
 Adorn'd by all their sweets, appear  
 Whate'er we can imagine fine,

Apparel neat becomes the fair,  
 The dirty dress may lovers cool;  
 But clean, our maids need have no care,  
 If clad in linen, silk or wool.  
 T'adore *Myrtilla* who can cease?  
 Her *active charms* our praise demand,  
 Clad in a mantua, from the fleece,  
 Spun by her own delighted hand.

Who can behold *Calista's* eyes,  
 Her breast, her cheek, and snowy arms,

And mind what artists can devise,  
 To rival more superior charms ?  
 Compar'd with those, the diamond's dull,  
 Lawns, satins, and the velvets fade;  
 The soul with her attractions full,  
 Can never be by these betray'd.

*Sapphira*, all o'er native sweets,  
 Not the false glare of dress regards,  
 Her wit, her character completes,  
 Her smile her lovers sighs rewards.  
 When such first beauties lead the way,  
 Th' inferior rank will follow soon ;  
 Then arts no longer shall decay,  
 But trade encourag'd be in tune.

Millions of fleeces shall be wove,  
 And flax that on the valleys blooms,  
 Shall make the naked nations love  
 And bless the labours of our looms :  
 We have enough, nor want from them,  
 But trifles hardly worth our care,  
 Yet for these trifles let them claim  
 What food and cloth we have to spare.

How happy's *Scotland* in her fair !  
 Her amiable daughters shall,  
 By acting thus with virtuous care,  
 Again the golden age recall :  
 Enjoying them, *Edina* ne'er  
 Shall miss a court ; but soon advance  
 In wealth, when thus the lov'd appear  
 Around the scenes, or in the dance.

Barbarity shall yield to sense,  
 And lazy pride to useful arts,  
 When such dear angels in defence  
 Of virtue thus engage their hearts.  
 Bless'd guardians of our joys and wealth,  
 True fountains of delight and love,  
 Long bloom your charms, fix'd be your health,  
 Till tir'd with earth ye mount above.

HARDY-

## HARDYKNUTE.

*A Fragment of an old heroic Ballad.*

## I.

Stately stept he east the wa,  
 And stately stept he west,  
 Full seventy years he now had seen,  
 With scarce seven years of rest.  
 He liv'd when Britons breach of faith  
 Wrought Scotland mickle wae :  
 And ay his sword tauld to their cost,  
 He was their deadly fae.

## II.

Hie on a hill his castle stude,  
 With halls and towers a hight,  
 And guidly chambers fair to see,  
 Where he lodg'd mony a knight.  
 His dame sae pierless anes and fair,  
 For chaste and beauty deimt,  
 Nae marrow had in all the land,  
 Save *Elenor* the Queen.

## III.

Full thirteen sons to him she bare,  
 All men of valour stout :  
 In bluidy fight, with sword in hand,  
 Nyne lost their lives bot doubt ;  
 Four yet remain, lang may they live  
 To stand by liege and land :  
 Hie was their fame, hie was their might,  
 And hie was their command.

## IV.

Great love they bare to *Fairly* fair,  
 Their sister fast and deir,  
 Her girdle shawd her middle jimp,  
 And gowden glist her hair.  
 What waefou wae her bewtie bred ?  
 Waefou to young and auld.  
 Waefou I trou to kyth and kin,  
 As story ever tauld.

## V.

The king of *Norse* in summer-tide,  
 Puft up with power and might,  
 Landed in fair *Scotland* the ifle,  
 With mony a hardy knight :  
 The tidings to our gude *Scots* King  
 Came as he fat at dyne,  
 With noble chiefs in brave array,  
 Drinking the blude-red wyne.

## VI.

“ To horfe, to horfe, my royal liege,  
 “ Your faes ftand on the ftand,  
 “ Full twenty thoufand glittering fpears  
 “ The king of *Norse* commands.”  
*Bring me my ftced, Madge, dapple gray,*  
 Our gude king raife and cry’d ;  
*A truftier beaft in all the land*  
*A Scots king never fey’d.*

## VII.

Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,  
 That lives on hill fo hie,  
 To draw his fword the dreid of faes,  
 And hafte and follow me.  
 The little page flew fwift as dart  
 Flung by his mafter’s arm,  
 Come down, come down, Lord Hardyknute,  
 And redd your king frae harm.

## VIII.

Then reid, reid grew his dark-brown cheiks,  
 Sae did his dark-brown brow ;  
 His looks grew keen as they were wont  
 In dangers great to do ;  
 He has tane a horn as green as grafs,  
 And gien five founds fae shrill,  
 That trees in green wood fhook thereat,  
 Sae loud rang ilka hill.

## IX.

His fons in manly fport and glie,  
 Had paft the fummer’s morn,

When

When lo! down in a grassy dale,  
 They heard their father's horn.  
*That horn, quoth they, ne'er sounds in peace,  
 We have other sport to byde;*  
 And soon they hey'd them up the hill,  
 And soon were at his syde.

## X.

*Late, late yestreen I weind in peace,  
 To end my lengthned life,  
 My age might weil excuse my arm,  
 Frae manly feats of strife;*  
*But now that Norse does proudly boast  
 Fair Scotland to enthral,  
 Its ne'er be said of Hardyknute,  
 He fear'd to fight or fall.*

## XI.

*Robin of Rothsay, bend thy bow,  
 Thy arrow shoot so leil,  
 Mony a comely countenance  
 They have turn'd to deidly pale:*  
*Brade Thomas, tak ye but your lance,  
 Ye neid nae weapons mair,  
 Gif ye fight weit as ye did anes  
 'Gainst Westmorland's fierce heir.*

## XII.

*Malcom, light of foot as stag  
 That runs in forest wyld,  
 Get me my thousands three of men  
 Well bred to sword and shield:*  
*Bring me my horse and harnifine,  
 My blade of metal cleir.*  
 If faes kend but the hand it bare,  
 They soon had fied for fear.

## XIII.

*Fareweil, my dame, sae pierless good,  
 And took her by the hand,  
 Fairer to me in age you seem,  
 Than maids for beauty fam'd:*

*My youngest son fall here remain  
 To guard these stately towirs,  
 And shut the silver bolt that keeps  
 Sae fast your painted bowirs.*

## XIV.

*And first she wet her comely cheiks,  
 And then her boddice green;  
 Hir filken cords of twirtle twist,  
 Weil plett with silver sheen;  
 And apron set with mony a dyce  
 Of needle-wark fae rare,  
 Wove by nae hand, as ye may guess,  
 Save that of Fairly fair.*

## XV.

*And he has ridden owre muir and moss,  
 Owre hills and mony a glen,  
 When he came to a wounded knight  
 Making a heavy mane;  
 Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,  
 By treacherous false Gyles;  
 Witless I was that e'er gave faith  
 To wicked woman's smyles.*

## XVI.

*Sir Knight, gin ye were in my bowir,  
 To lean on filken seat,  
 My lady's kindly care you'd prove,  
 Wha neir kend deidly hate;  
 Hirselt wald watch ye all the day,  
 Her maids a deid of nicht;  
 And Fairly fair your heart wald cheir,  
 As she stands in your sight.*

## XVII.

*Arise, young knight, and mount your steid,  
 Full loorns the shynand day,  
 Chuse frae my menzie whom ye please  
 To lead ye on the way.  
 With smyleless look and visage wan,  
 The wounded knight reply'd,*

Kind

*Kind chiftain, your intent pursue,  
For heir I maun abyde.*

## XVIII.

*To me nae after day nor night  
Can eir be fweet or fair,  
But soon beneath some drapping trie,  
Could death fall end my care.  
With him nae pleading might prevail,  
Brave Hardyknute to gain,  
With fairest words and reason strang,  
Strave courteously in vain.*

## XIX.

*Syne he has gane far hynd attowre,  
Lord Chattan's land sae wyde,  
That lord a worthy wight was ay,  
When faes his courage sey'd :  
Of Pictish race by mother's syde,  
When Picts rul'd Caledon,  
Lord Chattan claim'd the princely maid,  
When he fav'd Pictish crown.*

## XX.

*Now with his fierce and stalwart train,  
He reach'd a rising height,  
Whair braid encampit on the dale,  
Norse army lay in fight;  
Yonder, my valiant sons and feirs,  
Our raging ravers wait  
On the unconquer'd Scottish swaird,  
To try with us their fate.*

## XXI.

*Mak orisons to him that sav'd  
Our fauls upon the rude,  
Syns bravely shaw your veins are fill'd  
With Caledonian blude.  
Then furth he drew his trusty glaive,  
While thousands all around,  
Drawn frae their sheaths glanc'd in the sun,  
And loud the bougils found.*

## XXII.

To join his king adoun the hill  
 In haste his march he made,  
 Whyle, playand pibrochs minstralls meit,  
 Afore him stately strade.  
*Thyryse welcome valiant stoup of weir,  
 Thy nation's shield and pryde;  
 Thy king nae reason has to feir  
 When thou art by his syde.*

## XXIII.

When bows were beat and darts were thrawn,  
 For thrang scarce could they flie,  
 The darts clove arrows as they met,  
 The arrows dart the trie.  
 Lang did they rage and fight full fierce,  
 With little skaith to man,  
 But bluddy, bluddy was the field,  
 Or that lang day was dane.

## XXIV.

The king of Scots that findle bruik'd  
 The war that look'd like play,  
 Drew his braid sword, and brake his bow,  
 Sen bows seimt but delay:  
*Quoth noble Rothsay, Myne I'll keip,  
 I wate its bled a score.  
 Haste up, my merry men, cry'd the king,  
 As he rade on before.*

## XXV.

The king of Norse he sought to find,  
 With him to mense the fight,  
 But on his forehead there did light  
 A sharp unfonsie shaft;  
 As he his hand put up to find  
 The wound, an arrow keen,  
 O wae-fou chance! there pinn'd his hand  
 In midst between his een.

## XXVI.

*Revenge, revenge, cry'd Rothsay's heir,  
 Your mail-coat sall nocht byde*

*The strength and sharpness of my dart ;*  
 Then sent it through his fyde :  
 Another arrow weil he mark'd,  
 It pierc'd his neck in twa,  
 His hands then quat the silver reis,  
 He laigh as eard did fa.

## XXVII.

*Sair blieds my liege, sair, sair he blieds.*  
 Again with might he drew  
 And gesture dreid his sturdy bow,  
 Fast the braid arrow flew.  
 Wae to the knight he ettled at,  
 Lament now, *Quene Elgried* ;  
 Hie dames too wail your darling's fall,  
 His youth and comely meid.

## XXVIII.

*Take aff, take aff his costly jupe ;*  
 (Of gold weil was it twin'd,  
 Knit lyke the fowlers net, through which  
 His steilly harness shyn'd) ;  
*Take, Norse, that gift frae me, and bid*  
*Him venge the blude it beirs ;*  
*Say, if he face my bended bow,*  
*He sure nae weapon fears.*

## XXIX.

Proud *Norse*, with giant body tall,  
 Braid shoulders and arms strong,  
 Cry'd, *Where is Hardyknute sae fam'd,*  
*And feir'd at Britain's throne ?*  
*The Britons tremble at his name,*  
*I soon shall make him wail*  
*That eir my sword was made sae sharp,*  
*Sae saft his coat of mail.*

## XXX.

That brag his stout heart could na byde,  
 It lent him youthful might :  
*I'm Hardyknute this day, he cry'd,*  
*To Scotland's king I heicht,*  
 Vol. 'I. \* T

*To lay thee law as horses huse,  
 My word I mean to keip;  
 Syne with the first strake eir he strake,  
 He garr'd his body bleid.*

## XXXI.

*Norse ene lyke gray gosehawks stair'd wyld,  
 He fight with shame and spyte;  
 Disgrac'd is now my far-fam'd arm  
 That left thee power to strike:  
 Then gave his head a blaw sae fell,  
 It made him down to stoup,  
 As law as he to ladies us'd  
 In courtly gyse to lout.*

## XXXII.

*Full soon he rais'd his bent body,  
 His bow he marvell'd fair,  
 Sen blows till then on him but darr'd  
 As touch of *Faiely* fair:  
 Norse ferliet too as fair as he  
 To see his stately look,  
 Sae soon as eir he strake a fae,  
 Sae soon his lyfe he took.*

## XXXIII.

*Whair lyke a fyre to heather set,  
 Bauld *Thomas* did advance,  
 A sturdy fae with look enrag'd  
 Up towards him did prance;  
 He spurr'd his steid throw thickest rank,  
 The hardy youth to quell,  
 Wha stood unmov'd at his approach  
 His fury to repell.*

## XXXIV.

*That short brown shaft sae meanly trimm'd  
 Looks lyke poor Scotland's geir,  
 But dreidful seems the rusty poynt!  
 And loud he leugh in jeir.  
 Aft Britons blude has dimm'd its shyne,  
 This poynt cut short their vaunt;*

Syne pierc'd the boaster's bairded cheik,  
Nae time he took to taunt.

## XXXV.

Short while he in his saddle swang,  
His stirrip was nae stay,  
Sae feible hang his unbent knee,  
Sure taken he was fey :  
Swith on the hardned clay he fell,  
Right far was heard the thud,  
But *Thomas* look'd not as he lay  
All walt'ring in his blude.

## XXXVI.

With cairles gesture, mynd unmov'd,  
On raid he north the plain,  
His seim in thrang of fiercest stryfe,  
When winner ay the fame :  
Nor yet his heart dames dipeik,  
Coud meise fast love to bruik,  
Till vengeful *Ann* return'd his scorn,  
Then languid grew his look.

## XXXVII.

In thrawis of death, with wailowit cheik,  
All panting on the plain,  
The fainting corpse of warriors lay,  
Neir to aryse again ;  
Neir to return to native land,  
Nae mair with blythsome founds,  
To boast the glories of the day,  
And shaw their shyning wounds.

## XXXVIII.

On *Norway's* coast the widow'd dame  
May wash the rocks with teirs,  
May lang look owre the shiples seis,  
Before hir mate appeirs.  
Ceise, *Emma*, ceise to hope in vain,  
Thy lord lyis in the clay,  
The valiant Scots nae *revers* thole  
To carry life away.

## XXXIX.

There on a lie whair stands a cross,  
 Set up for monument,  
 'Thousands full fierce that summer's day  
 Fill'd keen waris black intent.  
 Let *Scots*, while *Scots*, praise *Hardyknute*;  
 Let *Norse* the name ay dreid;  
 Ay how he faught, aft how he spaird,  
 Sal latest ages reid.

## XL.

Loud and chill blew westlin wind,  
 Sair beat the heavy showir,  
 Mirk grew the night eir *Hardyknute*  
 Wan neir his stately tower;  
 His tower that us'd with torches bleise,  
 To shyne fae far at night,  
 Seim'd now as black as mourning weid,  
 Nae mervel fair he seicht.

## XLI.

*There's nae light in my lady's bowir,*  
*There's nae light in my hall;*  
*Nae blynk shynes round my Fairly fair,*  
*Nor Warp stands on my wall.*  
*What bodes it? Robert, Thomas say.*  
*Nae answer fits their dreid.*  
*Stand back, my sons, I'll be your gyde,*  
*But by they past with speid.*

## XLII.

*As fast as I haef sped owre Scotland's faes,*  
*Their ceist his brag of weir,*  
*Seir sham'd to mynd ought but his dame,*  
*And maiden Fairly fair,*  
*Black fear he felt, but what to fear,*  
*He wist not yet with dreid;*  
*Sair shook his body, fair his limbs,*  
*And all the warrior fled.*

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## The Braes of YARROW.

**B**usk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,  
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,  
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,  
 And let us leave the braes of *Yarrow*.

Where got ye that bonny bonny bride,  
 Where got ye that winsome marrow ?  
 I got her where I durst not well be seen,  
 Puing the birks on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,  
 Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,  
 Nor let thy heart lament to leave  
 Puing the birks on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride ?  
 Why does she weep thy winsome marrow ?  
 And why dare ye nae mair well be seen  
 Puing the birks on the braes of *Yarrow* ?

Lang must she weep, lang must she, must she weep,  
 Lang must she weep with dole and sorrow,  
 And lang must I nae mair well be seen,  
 Puing the birks on the braes of *Yarrow*.

For she has tint her lover, lover dear,  
 Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow ;  
 And I have slain the comeliest swain,  
 That ever pu'd birks on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Why runs thy stream, O *Yarrow*, *Yarrow*, reid ?  
 Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow,  
 And why yon melancholious weeds,  
 Hung on the bonny birks of *Yarrow* ?

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flood ?  
 What's yonder floats ? O dole and sorrow !  
 O 'tis the comely swain I slew  
 Upon the doleful braes of *Yarrow*.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,  
His wounds in tears of dole and sorrow,  
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,  
And lay him on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,  
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,  
And weep around in woful wise,  
His helpless fate on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless useless shield,  
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,  
'The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,  
His comely breast on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Did I not warn thee not to, not to love,  
And warn from fight ? but to my sorrow,  
Too rashly bold, a stronger arm  
Thou mett'st, and fell on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the  
Yellow on *Yarrow's* braes the gowan, [grafs,  
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,  
Sweet the wave of *Yarrow* flowan.

Flows *Yarrow* sweet, as sweet, as sweet flows *Tweed*,  
As green its grafs, its gowan as yellow,  
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,  
'The apple from its rocks as mellow.

Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love,  
In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter ;  
'Tho' he was fair, and well belov'd again,  
Than me he never lov'd thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,  
Busk ye, then busk, my winsome marrow,  
Busk ye, and loe me on the banks of *Tweed*,  
And think nae mair on the braes of *Yarrow*.

How

How can I busk a bonny bonny bride,  
How can I busk a winsome marrow,  
How loe him on the banks of *Tweed*,  
That slew my love on the braes of *Yarrow*?

O *Yarrow* fields, may never, never rain,  
No dew thy tender blossoms cover,  
For there was vilely kill'd my love,  
My love as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,  
His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing,  
Ah! wretched me, I little, little knew,  
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,  
Unheedful of my dole and sorrow,  
But ere the toofal of the night,  
He lay a corpse on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Much I rejoic'd that woful, woful day,  
I sung, my voice the woods returning;  
But lang ere night the spear was flown  
That slew my love, and left me mourning

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,  
But with his cruel rage pursue me?  
My lover's blood is on thy spear;  
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud,  
With cruel and ungentle scoffing,  
May bid me seek on *Yarrow*'s braes  
My lover nail'd in his coffin.

My brother *Douglas* may upbraid,  
And strive with threat'ning words to move me;  
My lover's blood is on thy spear,  
How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

Yes,

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,  
 With bridal sheets my body cover,  
 Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,  
 Let in the expected husband lover.

But who the expected husband, husband is?  
 His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter,  
 Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,  
 Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,  
 O lay his cold head on my pillow;  
 Take off, take off these bridal weeds,  
 And crown my careful head with yellow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best belov'd,  
 O could my warmth to life restore thee;  
 Yet lie all night between my breasts,  
 No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely, lovely youth!  
 Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,  
 And lie all night between my breasts,  
 No youth shall ever lie thereafter.

Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,  
 Return and dry thy useless sorrow,  
 Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs,  
 He lies a corpse in the braes of *Tarrow*.

*The End of the SECOND VOLUME.*

A  
C O L L E C T I O N  
O F  
C H O I C E S O N G S.

+++++

*When we behold her angel face,  
Or when she sings with heavenly grace,  
In what we hear and what we see,  
How ravishing's the harmony!  
No charms like Celia's voice surprise,  
Except the music of her eyes.*      LANSDOWN.

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V O L U M E   I I I .

+++++

S O N G   I .

**A** Nymph of the plain,  
By a jolly young swain,  
By a jolly young swain,  
Was address'd to be kind:  
But relentless I find  
To his prayers she appear'd,  
Tho' himself he endear'd,  
In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,  
As soon might persuade her his passion to meet.  
How much he ador'd her,  
How oft he implor'd her,  
How oft he implor'd her,  
I cannot express;  
But he lov'd to excess,  
And swore he would die,  
If she would not comply,  
In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,  
As soon might persuade her his passion to meet.

While

While blushes like roses,  
 Which nature composes,  
 Which nature composes,  
 Vermilion'd her face,  
 With an ardour and grace,  
 Which her lover improv'd,  
 When he found he had mov'd,  
 In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,  
 As soon might persuade her his passion to meet.

When wak'd from the joy,  
 Which their souls did employ,  
 Which their souls did employ,  
 From her ruby warm lips,  
 Thousand odours he sips,  
 At the sight of her eyes  
 He faints and he dies,  
 In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,  
 As soon might persuade her his passion to meet.

But how they shall part,  
 Now becomes all the smart,  
 Now becomes all the smart,  
 'Till he vow'd to his fair,  
 That to ease his own care,  
 He would meet her again,  
 And till then be in pain,  
 In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,  
 As soon might persuade her his passion to meet.

## SONG II.

Send home my long stray'd eyes to me,  
 Which ah! too long have dwelt on thee;  
 But if from thee they've learn'd such ill,  
 To sweetly smile,  
 And then beguile,  
 Keep the deceivers, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,  
 Which no unworthy thought could stain;

But

But if it has been taught by thine,  
 To forfeit both  
 Its word and oath,  
 Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me home my heart and eyes,  
 That I may see and know thy lies,  
 And laugh one day perhaps when thou  
     Shalt grieve for one  
     Thy love will scorn,  
 And prove as false as thou art now.

## SONG III.

W Hilst I fondly view the charmer,  
 Thus the god of love I sue,  
 Gentle *Cupid*, pray disarm her,  
     *Cupid*, if you love me, do :  
 Of a thousand sweets bereave her,  
 Rob her neck, her lips, her eyes,  
 The remainder still will leave her  
     Power enough to tyrannize.

Shape and feature, flame and passion  
 Still in every breast will move,  
 More is supererogation,  
 Mere idolatry of love :  
 You may dress a world of *Chloes*  
 In the beauties she can spare ;  
 Hear him, *Cupid*, who no foe is  
     To your altars, or the fair.

Foolish mortal, pray be easy,  
 Angry *Cupid* made reply,  
 Do *Florella's* charms displease you ?  
 Die then, foolish mortal, die :  
 Fancy not that I'll deprive her  
 Of the captivating store ;  
 Shepherd, no, I'll rather give her  
     Twenty thousand beauties more.

Were

Were *Florella* proud and four,  
 Apt to mock a lover's care ;  
 Justly then you'd pray that power  
 Shou'd be taken from the fair :  
 But tho' I spread a blemish o'er her,  
 No relief in that you'll find ;  
 Still, fond shepherd, you'll adore her  
 For the beauties of her mind.

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## SONG IV.

TEN years, like *Troy*, my stubborn heart,  
 Withstood th' assault of fond desire :  
 But now, alas ! I feel a smart,  
 Poor I, like *Troy*, am set on fire.

With care we may a pile secure,  
 And from all common sparks defend :  
 But oh ! who can a house secure,  
 When the celestial flames descend ?

Thus was I safe, till from your eyes  
 Destructive fires are brightly given ;  
 Ah ! who can shun the warm surprise,  
 When lo ! the lightning comes from heaven.

---

## SONG V.

WHilst I gaze on *Chloe* trembling,  
 Straight her eyes my fate declare ;  
 When she smiles I fear dissembling,  
 When she frowns I then despair.  
 Jealous of some rival lover,  
 If a wand'ring look she give ;  
 Fain I would resolve to leave her,  
 But can sooner cease to live.

Why should I conceal my passion,  
 Or the torments I endure ?  
 I will disclose my inclination :  
 Awful distance yields no cure.

Sure

Sure it is not in her nature,  
 To be cruel to her slave ;  
 She is too divine a creature  
 To destroy what she can save.

Happy's he whose inclination  
 Warms but with a gentle heat :  
 Never mounts to raging passion,  
 Love's a torment if too great.  
 When the storm is once blown over,  
 Soon the ocean quiet grows ;  
 But a constant faithful lover  
 Seldom meets with true repose.

## SONG VI.

MY days have been so wondrous free,  
 The little birds that fly,  
 With careless ease, from tree to tree,  
 Were but as blest'd as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear  
 Of mine increas'd their stream :  
 Or ask the flying gales, if e'er  
 I lent a sigh to them.

But now my former days retire,  
 And I'm by beauty caught :  
 The tender chains of sweet desire  
 Are fix'd upon my thought.

An eager hope within my breast  
 Does every doubt controul ;  
 And lovely *Nancy* stands confess'd  
 The fav'rite of my soul.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines,  
 Ye swains that haunt the grove,  
 Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,  
 Ye close retreats of love ;

With all of nature, all of art,  
 Assist the dear design,  
 O teach a young unpractic'd heart,  
 To make her ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate,  
 As much as of despair,  
 And hardly covet to be great,  
 Unless it be for her.

'Tis true the passion in my mind  
 Is mix'd with soft distress ;  
 Yet while the fair I love is kind,  
 I cannot with it less.

## SONG VII.

ALL in the *Downs* the fleet was moor'd,  
 The streamers waving in the wind,  
 When black-ey'd *Susan* came on board ;  
 Oh ! where shall I my true love find ?  
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,  
 If my sweet *William* sails among the crew.

*William*, who, high upon the yard,  
 Rock'd with the billows to and fro ;  
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,  
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below :  
 The cord slides gently thro' his glowing hands,  
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,  
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,  
 (If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear),  
 And drops at once into her nest :  
 The noblest captain in the *British* fleet  
 Might envy *William's* lips those kisses sweet.

O *Susan*, *Susan*, lovely dear !  
 My vows shall ever true remain,  
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,  
 We only part to meet again ;  
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be  
 The faithful compass that still points at thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,  
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;  
 They'll tell, the sailors, when away,  
 In ev'ry port a mistress find :

Yes,

Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,  
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go :

If to fair *India's* coast we sail,  
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,  
Thy breath is *Afric's* spicy gale,  
Thy skin is ivory so white ;  
Thus every beauteous object that I view,  
Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely *Sus.*

Tho' battles call me from thy arms,  
Let not my pretty *Susan* mourn,  
'Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms  
*William* shall to his dear return.  
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,  
Left precious tears should drop from *Susan's* eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,  
The sails their swelling bosom spread,  
No longer must she stay aboard ;  
They kiss'd ; she sigh'd ; he hung his head :  
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,  
Adieu, she cries ; and wav'd her lily hand.

## SONG VIII.

Sweet are the charms of her I love,  
More fragrant than the damask rose,  
Soft as the down of turtle-dove,  
Gentle as winds when zephyr blows,  
Refreshing, as descending rains  
'To sun-burnt climes and thirsty plains.

'True as the needle to the pole,  
Or as the dial to the sun,  
Constant as gliding waters roll,  
Whose swelling tides obey the moon ;  
From every other charmer free,  
My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flow'ry thyme devours,  
 The dam the tender kid pursues,  
 Sweet *Philomel*, in shady bowers  
 Of verdant spring, her note renews ;  
 All follow what they most admire,  
 As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,  
 And vary as the seasons rise ;  
 As winter to the spring gives place,  
 Summer th' approach of autumn flies :  
 No change on love the seasons bring,  
 Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring time, with stealing pace,  
 Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow ;  
 And marble towers and walls of brass  
 In his rude march he levels low :  
 But time, destroying far and wide,  
 Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only, with his cruel dart,  
 The gentle godhead can remove,  
 And drive him from the bleeding heart  
 To mingle with the blest'd above,  
 Where known to all his kindred train,  
 He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love and his sister fair the soul,  
 Twin-born from heaven together came :  
 Love will the universe controul,  
 When dying seasons lose their name ;  
 Divine abodes shall own his power,  
 When time and death shall be no more.

## SONG IX.

**F**Air *Iris* and her swain  
 Were in a shady bower,  
 Where *Thirsis* long in vain  
 Had sought the happy hour.

At length, his hand advancing  
 Upon her snowy breast,  
 He said, O! kifs me longer,  
 Longer yet and longer,  
 If you would make me blest.

I R I S.

An easy yielding maid  
 By trusting is undone,  
 Our sex is oft betray'd  
 By granting love too soon;  
 If you desire to gain me,  
 Your sufferings to redress,  
 Prepare to love me longer,  
 Longer yet and longer,  
 Before you shall possess.

T H I R S I S.

The little care you show,  
 Of all my sorrows past,  
 Makes death appear too slow,  
 And life too long to last;  
 Oh, *Iris*! kifs me kindly,  
 In pity of my fate,  
 Fair *Iris*, kifs me kindly,  
 Kindly still and kindly,  
 Before it be too late.

I R I S.

You fondly court your blifs,  
 And no advances make;  
 'Tis not for maids to kifs,  
 But 'tis for men to take:  
 So you may kifs me kindly,  
 And I will not rebel,  
*Thirsis* may kifs me kindly,  
 Kindly still and kindly;  
 But never kifs and tell.

A L T E R N A T I V E.

And may I kifs you kindly?  
*Yes you may kifs me kindly.*  
 And kindly still and kindly?  
*And kindly still and kindly.*

U 3

And

And will you not rebel ?

*And I will not rebel.*

Then, love, I'll kiss thee kindly,

Kindly still and kindly,

But never kiss and tell.

### SONG X.

**A**H! bright *Belinda*, hither fly,  
And such a light discover,  
As may the absent sun supply,  
And cheer the drooping lover.

Arise, my day, with speed arise,  
And all my sorrows banish :  
Before the sun of thy bright eyes,  
All gloomy terrors vanish.

No longer let me sigh in vain,  
And curse the hoarded treasure :  
Why should you love to give us pain,  
When you were made for pleasure ?

The petty powers of hell destroy ;  
To save's the pride of heaven :  
To you the first, if you prove coy ;  
If kind, the last is given.

The choice then sure's not hard to make,  
Betwixt a good and evil :  
Which title had you rather take,  
*My goddess, or, my devil ?*

### SONG XI.

**F**IE ! *Liza*, scorn the little arts  
Which meaner beauties use,  
Who think they ne'er secure our hearts,  
Unless they still refuse ;

Are

Are coy and shy ; will seem to frown,  
 To raise our passion higher ;  
 But when the poor delight is known,  
 It quickly palls desire.

Come let's not trifle time away,  
 Or stop you know not why ;  
 Your blushes and your eyes betray  
 What death you mean to die !  
 Let all your maiden fears be gone,  
 And love no more be crost :  
 Ah ! *Liza*, when the joys are known,  
 You'll curse the minutes past.

## SONG XII.

**B**E wary, my *Celia*, when *Celadon* sues,  
 These *woits* are the bane of your charms :  
 Beauty, play'd against reason, will certainly lose,  
 Warring naked with robbers in arms.

Young *Damon* despis'd for his plainness of parts,  
 Has worth that a woman would prize ;  
 He'll run the race *out*, tho' he heavily starts,  
 And *distance* the short-winded *wife*.

Your *fool* is a saint in the temple of love,  
 And kneels all his life there to pray ;  
 Your *woit* but looks in, and makes haste to remove,  
 'Tis a stage he but takes in his way.

## SONG XIII.

**S***Tella* and *Flavia*, every hour,  
 Do various hearts surprise ;  
 In *Stella's* soul lies all her power,  
 And *Flavia's* in her eyes.

More boundless *Flavia's* conquests are,  
 And *Stella's* more confin'd :  
 All can discern a face that's fair,  
 But few a lovely mind.

*Stella,*

*Stella*, like *Britain's* monarch, reigns.

O'er cultivated lands ;

Like eastern tyrants, *Flavia* deigns

To rule o'er barren sands.

Then boast, fair *Flavia*, boast thy face,

Thy beauty's only store :

Thy charms will every day decrease,

Each day gives *Stella* more.

### S O N G   X I V .

O F all the girls that are so smart,  
There's none like pretty *Sally* ;

She is the darling of my heart,

And she lives in our alley.

There is no lady in the land

Is half so sweet as *Sally* ;

She is the darling of my heart,

And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,

And through the streets does cry 'em ;

Her mother she sells laces long,

To such as please to buy 'em :

But sure such folks cou'd ne'er beget

So sweet a girl as *Sally* ;

She is the darling of my heart,

And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,

I love her so sincerely ;

My master comes like any *Turk*,

And bangs me most severely :

But let him bang his belly full,

I'll bear it all for *Sally* ;

She is the darling of my heart,

And she lives in our alley.

O f all the days are in the week,

I dearly love but one day,

And

And that's the day that comes 'betwixt  
The *Saturday* and *Monday*.  
For then I'm drest in all my best,  
To walk abroad with *Sally* ;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,  
And often am I blamed,  
Because I leave him in the lurch,  
As soon as text is named :  
I leave the church in sermon-time,  
And slink away with *Sally* ;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

When *Christmas* comes about again,  
O! then I shall have money ;  
I'll hoard it up and box it all,  
And give it to my honey :  
And wou'd it were ten thousand pound,  
I'd give it all to *Sally* ;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

My master, and the neighbours all,  
Make game of me and *Sally* ;  
And (but for her) I'd better be  
A slave and row a galley ;  
But when my seven long years are out,  
O! then I'll marry *Sally*,  
O! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,  
But ay not in our alley.

---

SONG XV.

Would you have a young virgin of fifteen years ?  
You must tickle her fancy with sweet and dears,  
Ever toying and playing, and sweetly sweetly  
Sing a love-sonnet, and charm her ears ;

Witti'y,

Wittily, prettily talk her down,  
 Chase her, and praise her if fair or brown ;  
 Sooth her and smoooth her,  
 And tease her and please her,  
 And touch but her smicket, and all's your own.

Do ye fancy a widow, well known in men ?  
 With the front of assurance come boldly on :  
 Be at her each moment, and briskly, briskly  
 Put her in mind, how her time steals on ;  
 Rattle and prattle altho' she frown,  
 Rouse her and touse her from morn till noon,  
 And shew her some hour  
 You are able to grapple,  
 And get but her writings, and all's your own.

Do ye fancy a punk of a humour free,  
 That's kept by a fumbler of quality ?  
 You must rail at her keeper, and tell her, tell her,  
 'That pleasure's best charm is variety ;  
 Swear her much fairer than all the town,  
 Try her and ply her when *Cully's* gone,  
 Dog her and jog her,  
 And meet her and treat her,  
 And kifs with a guinea, and all's your own.

## SONG XVI.

S H E.

**O**H love ! if a god thou wilt be,  
 Do justice in favour of me ;  
 For yonder approaching I see,  
 A man with a beard,  
 Who, as I have heard,  
 Hath often undone  
 Poor maids that have none,  
 With fighting and toying,  
 And crying and lying,  
 And such kind of foolery.

H E.

H E.

Fair maid, by your leave,  
 My heart does receive  
 Strange pleasure to meet you here :  
     Pray tremble not so,  
     Nor offer to go,  
 I'll do you no harm I swear,  
 I'll do you no harm I swear.

S H E.

My mother is spinning at home,  
 My father works hard at the loom,  
 And we are a-milking come ;  
     Their dinner they want ;  
     Then pray ye, Sir, don't  
     Make more ado on't,  
     Nor give us affront ;  
     We're none of the town  
     Will lie down for a crown,  
 Then away, Sir, and give us room.

H E.

By *Phæbus* and *Jove*,  
 By honour and love,  
 I'll do thee, dear sweet, no harm ;  
     Ye're as fresh as a rose,  
     I want one of those ;  
 Ah ! how such a wife wou'd charm,  
 Ah ! how such a wife wou'd charm !

S H E.

And can you then like the old rule,  
 Be conjugal, honest, and dull,  
 And marry, and look like a fool ?  
     For I must be plain,  
     All tricks are in vain ;  
     There's nothing can gain  
     What you wou'd obtain,  
     Like moving and proving,  
     By wedding, true loving,  
 My lesson learn'd at school.

H E.

H E.

I'll do't by this hand,  
 I've houses and land,  
 Estate too in good freehold ;  
     My dear, let us join,  
     It all shall be thine,  
 Besides a good purse of gold,  
 Besides a good purse of gold.

S H E.

You make me to blush now, I vow,  
 Ah me ! shall I baulk my cow ?  
 But since the late oath you have sworn,  
     Your soul shall not be  
     In danger for me ;  
     I'll rather agree  
     Of two to make three :  
     We'll wed, and we'll bed,  
     There's no more to be said,  
 And I'll ne'er go a-milking more.

## S O N G   XVII.

**M**Aiden, fresh as a rose,  
 Young, buxom, and full of jollity,  
 Take no spouse among beaux,  
 Fond of their raking quality ;  
 He who wears a long bush,  
 All powder'd down from his pericrane,  
 And with nose full of snuff,  
 Snuffles out love in a merry vein.

Who, to dames of high place,  
 Does prattle like any parrot too ;  
 Yet with doxies a brace  
 At night pigs in a garret too ;  
 Patrimony out-run,  
 To make a fine show to carry thee :  
 Plainly, friend, thou'rt undone,  
 If such a creature marry thee.

Then,

Then, for fear of a bribe,  
 Of flattering noise and vanity,  
 Yoke a lad of our tribe,  
 He'll shew the best humanity:  
 Flashy thou wilt find love,  
 In civil as well as secular;  
 But when the spirit doth move,  
 We have a gift particular.

Tho' our graveness is pride,  
 That boobys the more may venerate,  
 He that gets a good bride,  
 Can jump when he's to generate;  
 Off then goes the disguise,  
 To bed in his arms he'll carry thee;  
 Then to be happy and wife,  
 Take yea and nay to marry thee.

---

S O N G XVIII.

**L**AST Sunday at St James's pray'rs,  
 The prince and princess by;  
 I, dress'd all in my whalebone-airs,  
 Sat in a closet nigh.

I bow'd my knees, I held my book,  
 Read all the answers o'er;  
 But was perverted by a look,  
 Which pierc'd me from the door.  
 High thoughts of heaven I came to use,  
 With the devoutest care;  
 Which gay young *Strepson* made me lose,  
 And all the raptures there.

He wait to hand me to my chair,  
 And bow'd with courtly grace;  
 But whisper'd love into mine ear,  
 Too warm for that grave place.

Love, love, said he, by all ador'd,  
 My tender heart has won:  
 But I grew peevish at the word,  
 Desir'd he might be gone.

He went quite out of sight, while I  
 A kinder answer meant ;  
 Nor did I for my sins that day,  
 By half so much repent.

---

## SONG XIX.

**L**ove, thou art the best of human joys,  
 Our chiefest happiness below ;  
 All other pleasures are but toys,  
 Music without thee is but noise,  
 Beauty but an empty show.

Heaven that knew best what men cou'd move,  
 And raise his thoughts above the brute,  
 Said, Let him be, and let him love,  
 'That only must his soul improve,  
 Howe'er philosophers dispute.

---

## SONG XX.

**D**Espairing beside a clear stream,  
 A shepherd forsaken was laid ;  
 And while a false nymph was his theme,  
 A willow supported his head.  
 'The wind that blew over the plain,  
 To his sighs with a sigh did reply ;  
 And the brook, in return to his pain,  
 Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas ! silly swain that I was ;  
 (Thus sadly complaining he cry'd) ;  
 When first I beheld that fair face,  
 'Twere better by far I had dy'd :  
 She talk'd, and I blest'd her dear tongue ;  
 When she smil'd, it was pleasure too great ;  
 I listen'd, and cry'd when she sung,  
 Was nightingale ever so sweet !

How foolish was I to believe,  
 She could dote on so lowly a clown,

Or that her fond heart would not grieve,  
 To forsake the fine folk of the town ;  
 To think that a beauty so gay,  
 So kind and so constant would prove ;  
 Or go clad like our maidens in grey,  
 Or live in a cottage on love ?

What though I have skill to complain,  
 Tho' the muses my temples have crown'd,  
 What tho', when they hear my soft strains,  
 The virgins sit weeping around ?  
 Ah, *Colin* ! thy hopes are in vain,  
 Thy pipe and thy laurel resign,  
 Thy fair one inclines to a swain,  
 Whose music is sweeter than thine.

All you, my companions so dear,  
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd,  
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,  
 Forbear to accuse the false maid.  
 Tho' thro' the wide world I shou'd range,  
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly ;  
 'Twas hers to be false and to change,  
 'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,  
 In her breast any pity is found,  
 Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,  
 And see me laid low in the ground :  
 The last humble boon that I crave,  
 Is to shade me with cypress and yew ;  
 And when she looks down on my grave,  
 Let her own, that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,  
 And deck her in golden array ;  
 Be finest at every fine show,  
 And frolic it all the long day :  
 While *Colin*, forgotten and gone,  
 No more shall be talk'd of or seen,  
 Unless when beneath the pale moon,  
 His ghost shall glide over the green.

# A COLLECTION SONG XXI.

'T Was when the seas were roaring,  
 With hollow blasts of wind,  
 A damsel lay deploring,  
 All on a rock reclin'd  
 Wide o'er the ~~seas~~ billows,  
 She cast a wishful look ;  
 Her head was crown'd with willows,  
 That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months were gone and over,  
 And nine long tedious days ;  
 Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,  
 Why didst thou trust the seas ?  
 Cease, cease then, cruel ocean,  
 And let my lover rest :  
 Ah ! what's that troubled motion,  
 To that within my breast ?

The merchant robb'd of treasure,  
 Views tempests in despair ;  
 But what's the loss of treasure,  
 To losing of my dear !  
 Shou'd you some coast be laid on,  
 Where gold and diamonds grow,  
 You'd find a richer maiden,  
 But none that loves you so.

How can you say that nature  
 Has nothing made in vain ;  
 Why then beneath the water  
 Do hideous rocks remain ?  
 No eye these rocks discover,  
 That lurk beneath the deep,  
 To wreck the wand'ring lover,  
 And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,  
 Thus wail'd she for her dear,  
 Repay'd each blast with sighing,  
 Each billow with a tear :

When

When o'er the white waves slooping,  
 His floating corpse she spy'd ;  
 Then, like a lily drooping,  
 She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

## SONG XXII.

**R**Emember, *Damon*, you did tell,  
 In chastity you lov'd me well ;  
 But now, alas ! I am undone,  
 And here am left to make my moan :  
 To doleful shades I will remove,  
 Since I'm despis'd by him I love,  
 Where poor forsaken nymphs are seen,  
 In lonely walks of willow green.

Upon my dear's deluding tongue,  
 Such soft persuasive language hung,  
 That when his words had silence broke,  
 You wou'd have thought an angel spoke.  
 Too happy nymph, who'er she be,  
 That now enjoys my charming he ;  
 For oh ! I fear it to my cost,  
 She's found the heart that I have lost.

Beneath the fairest flower on earth,  
 A snake may hide, or take its birth ;  
 So his false breast, conceal it did  
 His heart, the snake that there lay hid.  
 'Tis false to say, we happy are,  
 Since men delight thus to ensnare ;  
 In man no woman can be blest'd,  
 Their vows are wind, their love a jest.

Ye gods, in pity to my grief,  
 Send me my *Damon*, or relief ;  
 Return the wild delicious boy,  
 Whom once I thought my spring of joy :  
 But whilst I'm begging of this bliss,  
 Methinks I hear you answer thus,  
*When Damon has enjoy'd, he flies,*  
*Who sees him, loves ; who loves him, dies.*

There's not a bird that haunts the grove,  
 But is a witness of my love :  
 Now all the bleaters on the plain  
 Seem sympathisers in my pain ;  
 Echoes repeat my plaintive moans ;  
 The waters imitate my groans ;  
 The trees their bending boughs recline,  
 And droop their heads as I do mine.

---

## SONG XXIII.

ON a bank, beside a willow,  
 Heaven her covering, earth her pillow,  
 Sad *Anynta* sigh'd alone :  
 From the cheerless dawn of morning,  
 Till the dews of night returning,  
 Singing, thus she made her moan,  
     Hope is banish'd,  
     Joys are vanish'd,  
*Damon* my belov'd is gone.

Time, I dare thee to discover  
 Such a youth and such a lover :  
 Oh ! so true, so kind was he !  
*Damon* was the pride of nature,  
 Charming in his every feature ;  
*Damon* liv'd alone for me :  
     Melting kisses,  
     Murm'ring blisses,  
 Who so liv'd and lov'd as we ?

Never shall we curse the morning,  
 Never bless the night returning,  
     Sweet embraces to restore ;  
 Never shall we both lie dying,  
 Nature failing, love supplying  
     All the joys he drain'd before :  
     To befriend me,  
     Death, come, end me,  
 Love and *Damon* are no more.

## SONG XXIV.

**A** *Alexis* shunn'd his fellow-swains,  
 Their rural sports and jocund strains,  
 (Heaven guard us all from *Cupid's* bow);  
 He lost his crook, he left his flocks,  
 And wand'ring through the lonely rocks,  
 He nourish'd endless wo.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came,  
 His grief some pity, others blame;  
 The fatal cause all kindly seek:  
 He mingled his concern with theirs,  
 He gave them back their friendly tears,  
 He sigh'd; but could not speak.

*Clarinda* came among the rest,  
 And she took kind concern express,  
 And ask'd the reason of his wo;  
 She ask'd; but with an air and mien,  
 As made it easily foreseen,  
 She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head,  
 And will you pardon me, he said,  
 While I the cruel truth reveal;  
 Which nothing from my breast should tear,  
 Which never should offend your ear,  
 But that you bid me tell?

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,  
 Since you appear'd upon the plain;  
 You are the cause of all my care:  
 Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart;  
 Ten thousand torments vex my heart;  
 I love, and I despair.

Too much, *Alexis*, I have heard,  
 'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd;  
 And yet I pardon you, she cry'd;  
 But you shall promise, ne'er again  
 To breathe your vows, or speak your pain.  
 He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

## SONG XXV.

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?  
 Prithee, why so pale?  
 Will, when looking well can't move her,  
 Looking ill prevail?  
 Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?  
 Prithee, why so mute?  
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,  
 Saying nothing do't?  
 Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame; this will not move,  
 This cannot take her;  
 If of herself she will not love,  
 Nothing can make her:  
 The devil take her.

## SONG XXVI.

MY friend and I,  
 We drank whole piss-pots  
 Full of sack up to the brim:  
 I drank to my friend,  
 And he drank his pot,  
 So we put about the whim:  
 Three bottles and a quart  
 We swallow'd down our throat,  
 (But hang such puny sips as these);  
 We laid us all along,  
 With our mouths unto the bung,  
 And tipt whole hogheads off with ease.

I heard of a fop  
 That drank whole tankards,  
 Styl'd himself the prince of fets:  
 But I say now, Hang  
 Such silly drunkards,  
 Melt their flagons, break their pots.

My friend and I did join  
 For a cellar full of wine,  
 And we drank the vintner out of door ;  
 We drank it all up  
 In a morning, at a sup,  
 And greedily rov'd about for more.

My friend to me  
 Did make this motion,  
 Let us to the vintage skip :  
 Then we imbark'd  
 Upon the ocean,  
 Where we found a *Spanish* ship  
 Deep laden with wine,  
 Which was superfine,  
 The sailors swore five hundred tun ;  
 We drank it all at sea,  
 Ere we came unto the key,  
 And the merchant swore he was quite undone.

My friend, not having  
 Quench'd his thirst,  
 Said, Let's to the vineyards haste :  
 Straight then we sail'd  
 To the *Canaries*,  
 Which afforded just a taste ;  
 From thence unto the *Rhine*,  
 Where we drank up all the wine,  
 Till *Bacchus* cry'd, Hold ye fots, or you die,  
 And swore he never found,  
 In his universal round,  
 Such thirsty souls as my friend and I.

Out fie ! cries one,  
*What a beast he makes him !*  
*He can neither stand nor go :*  
 Out you beast, you,  
 You're much mistaken,  
 When e'er knew you a beast drink so ?  
 'Tis when we drink the least,  
 That we drink most like a beast ;  
 But when we carouse it fix in hand ;

'Tis

'Tis then, and only then,  
That we drink the most like men,  
When we drink till we can neither go nor stand.

---

## SONG XXVII.

**L**ET soldiers fight for prey or praise,  
And money be the miser's wish,  
Poor scholars study all their days,  
And gluttons glory in their dish :  
*'Tis wine, pure wine revives sad souls ;*  
*Therefore fill us the chearing bowls.*

Let minions marshal every hair,  
And in a lover's lock delight,  
And artificial colours wear :  
Pure wine is native red and white :  
*'Tis wine, &c.*

The backward spirit it makes brave,  
That lively which before was dull ;  
Opens the heart that loves to save,  
And kindness flows from cups brim-full :  
*'Tis wine, &c.*

Some men want youth, and others health,  
Some want a wife, and some a punk,  
Some men want wit, and others wealth ;  
But they want nothing that are drunk :  
*'Tis wine, pure wine revives sad souls ;*  
*Therefore give us the chearing bowls.*

---

## SONG XXVIII.

**F**Arewell, my bonny, bonny, witty, pretty *Maggy*,  
And a' the rosy lasses milking on the down :  
Adieu the flowery meadows, aft sae dear to *Jocky*,  
The sports and merry glee of *Edinborow* town ;  
Since *French* and *Spanish* lowns stand at bay,  
And valiant lads of *Britain* hold 'em play,  
My reap-hook I maun cast quite away,  
And fight too like a man,  
Among 'em for our royal *Queen Anne*.

Each

Each carle of *Irish* mettle battles like a dragon :  
 The *Germans* waddle, and straddle to the drum ;  
 The *Italian* and the butter bowzy *Hogan Mogan* :  
 Good-faith then, *Scottish Jocky* mauna lie at hame :  
 For since they are ganging to hunt renown,  
 And swear they'll quickly ding auld *Monfieur* down,  
 I'll follow for a pluck at his crown,  
 To shew that *Scotland* can  
 Excel 'em for our royal Queen *Anne*.

Then welcome from *Vigo*,  
 And cudgelling *Don Diego*,  
 With strutting rascallions,  
 And plundering the galleons :  
 Each brisk valiant fellow  
 Fought at *Rondondello-w*,  
 And those who did meet  
 With the *Newfoundland* fleet ;  
 When for late successes,  
 Which *Europe* confesses,  
 At land by our gallant commanders ;  
 The *Dutch* in strong beer,  
 Shou'd be drunk for a year,  
 With their general's health in *Flanders*.

## SONG XXIX.

THE ordnance aboard,  
 Such joys does afford,  
 As no mortal, no mortal, no mortal,  
 No mortal e'er more can desire :  
 Each member repairs  
 From the tower to the stairs,  
 And by water *whush*, and by water *whush*,  
 By water they all go to fire.

Of each piece that's ashore,  
 They search from the bore ;  
 And to proving, to proving, to proving,  
 To proving they go in fair weather :

Their

Their glasses are large,  
 And whene'er they discharge,  
 There's a *boo* huzza, a *boo* huzza, a *boo* huzza,  
 Guns and bumpers go off together.

Old *Vulcan* for *Mars*,  
 Fitted tools for his wars,  
 To enable him, enable him, enable him,  
 Enable him to conquer the faster :  
 But *Mars*, had he been  
 Upon our *Woolwich* green,  
 To have heard *boo* huzza, *boo* huzza, *boo* huzza,  
 He'd have own'd great *Marlborough* his master.

---

## SONG XXX.

**L** Eave off your foolish prating,  
 Talk no more of *Whig* and *Tory*,  
 But drink your glafs,  
 Round let it pass,  
 The bottle stands before ye,  
 Fill it up to the top,  
 Let the night with mirth be crown'd.  
 Drink about, see it out,  
 Love and friendship still go round.

If claret be a blessing,  
 This night devote to pleasure ;  
 Let worldly cares,  
 And state-affairs,  
 Be thought on at more leisure ;  
 Fill it up to the top,  
 Let the night with joy be crown'd,  
 Drink about, see it out,  
 Love and friendship still go round.

If any is so zealous,  
 To be a party-minion,  
 Let him drink like me,  
 We'll soon agree,  
 And be of one opinion :

Fill your glafs, name your lafs,  
 See her health go sweetly round,  
 Drink about, fee it out,  
 Let the night with joy be crown'd.

---

## SONG XXXI.

WE'll drink, and we'll never have done, boys,  
 Put the glafs then around with the fun, boys ;  
 Let *Apollo's* example invite us,  
 For he's drunk every night,  
 That makes him fo bright,  
 That he's able next morning to light us.

Drinking's a Christian diverfion,  
 Unknown to *Turk* and the *Persian* :  
 Let *Mabometan* fools  
 Live by heathenifh rules,  
 And dream o'er their tea-pots and coffee ;  
 While the brave *Britons* fmg,  
 And drink healths to their *king*,  
 And a fig for their *fultan* and *fophy*.

---

## SONG XXXII.

WHILE the lover is thinking,  
 With my friend I'll be drinking,  
 And with vigour purfue my delight ;  
 While the fool is defigning,  
 His fatal confining,  
 With *Bacchus* I'll fpend the whole night.

With the god I'll be jolly,  
 Without madnefs and folly,  
 Fickle woman to marry implore ;  
 Leave my bottle and friend,  
 For fo foolifh an end !  
 When I do, may I never drink more.

## SONG XXXIII.

**C***elia*, let not pride undo you,  
 Love and life fly swiftly on ;  
 Let not *Damon* still pursue you,  
 Still in vain, till love is gone :  
 See how fair the blooming rose is,  
 See by all how justly priz'd ;  
 But when it its beauty loses,  
 See the wither'd thing despis'd.

When those charms that youth have lent you,  
 Like the roses are decay'd,  
*Celia*, you'll too late repent you,  
 And be forc'd to die a maid !  
 Die a maid ! die a maid ! die a maid !  
*Celia*, you'll too late repent you,  
 And be forc'd to die a maid !

---

## SONG XXXIV.

**I**'LL range around the shady bowers,  
 And gather all the sweetest flowers ;  
 I'll strip the garden and the grove,  
 To make a garland for my love.

When in the sultry heat of day,  
 My thirsty nymph does panting lie,  
 I'll hasten to the fountain's brink,  
 And drain the stream that she may drink.

At night, when she shall weary prove,  
 A grassy bed I'll make my love,  
 And with green boughs I'll form a shade,  
 That nothing may her rest invade.

And whilst dissolv'd in sleep she lies,  
 Myself shall never close those eyes ;  
 But gazing still with fond delight,  
 I'll watch my charmer all the night.

And

And then, as soon as chearful day  
Dispels the gloomy shades away,  
Forth to the forest I'll repair,  
And find provision for my fair.

Thus will I spend the day and night,  
Still mixing pleasure with delight:  
Regarding nothing I endure,  
So I can ease for her procure.

But if the maid whom thus I love,  
Shou'd e'er unkind and faithless prove,  
I'll seek some dismal distant shore,  
And never think of woman more.

## SONG XXXV.

**T**HO' cruel you seem to my pain,  
And hate me because I am true  
Yet, *Phillis*, your love a false swain,  
Who has other nymphs in his view.  
Enjoyment's a trifle to him,

To me what a heaven it would be!  
To him but a woman you seem,  
But ah! you're an angel to me:

Those lips which he touches in haste,

To them I for ever could grow,  
Still clinging around that dear waist,

Which he spans as beside him you go  
That arm, like a lily so white,

Which over his shoulders you lay,  
My bosom could warm it all night,

My lips they would press it all day.

Were I like a monarch to reign,

Were graces my subjects to be,  
I'd leave them, and fly to the plain,

To dwell in a cottage with thee.

But if I must feel thy disdain,

If tears cannot cruelty drown,

O! let me not live in this pain,

But give me my death in a frown.

## SONG XXXVI.

From rosy bowers, where sleeps the god of love,  
Hither, ye little waiting *Cupids*, fly ;  
Teach me, in soft melodious song, to move  
With tender passion my heart's darling joy :  
Ah ! let the soul of music tune my voice,  
To win dear *Strepson*, who my soul enjoys.

Or if more influencing  
Is, to be brisk and airy,  
With a step and a bound,  
And a frisk from the ground,  
I'll trip like any fairy :  
As once on *Ida* dancing,  
Were three celestial bodies,  
With an air and a face,  
And a shape and a grace,  
Let me charm like beauty's goddess.

Ah ! ah ! 'tis in vain, 'tis all in vain,  
Death and despair must end the fatal pain ;  
Cold despair, disguis'd like snow and rain,  
Falls on my breast ; black winds in tempests blow :  
My veins all shiver, and my fingers glow ;  
My pulse beats a dead march for lost repose,  
And to a solid lump of ice my poor fond heart is froze.

Or say, ye powers, my peace to crown,  
Shall I thaw myself, or drown  
Amongst the foaming billows,  
Increasing all with tears I shed ;  
On beds of ooze and crystal pillows  
Lay down my love-sick head ?

No, no, I'll straight run mad,  
That soon my heart will warm ;  
When once the sense is fled,  
Love has no power to charm :  
Wild thro' the woods I'll fly,  
My robes and locks shall thus be tore ;  
A thousand thousand deaths I'll die,  
Ere thus in vain ! ere thus in vain adore.

SONG

SONG XXXVII.

**O**H! lead me to some peaceful gloom,  
Where none but fighting lovers come,  
Where the shrill trumpets never found,  
But one eternal hush goes round.

There let me sooth my pleasing pain,  
And never think of war again;  
What glory can a lover have  
To conquer, yet be still a slave?

---

SONG XXXVIII.

**O**H! lead me to some peaceful room,  
Where none but honest fellows come,  
Where wives loud clappers never found,  
But an eternal laugh goes round.

There let me drown in wine my pain,  
And never think of home again:  
What comfort can a husband have,  
To rule the house where he's a slave?

---

SONG XXXIX.

**P**ious *Selinda* goes to prayers,  
If I but ask a favour;  
And yet the tender fool's in tears,  
When she believes I'll leave her.

Would I were free from this restraint,  
Or else had hopes to win her;  
Would she cou'd make of me a saint,  
Or I of her a sinner.

---

SONG XL.

**S**EE, see, she wakes, *Sabina* wakes,  
And now the sun begins to rise;  
Less glorious is the morn that breaks  
From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.

With light united, day they give,  
 But different fates ere night fulfil :  
 How many by his warmth will live !  
 How many will her coldness kill !

---

## SONG XLI.

**Y**oung *Corydon* and *Phillis*  
 Sat in a lovely grove,  
 Contriving crowns of lilies,  
 Repeating tales of love,  
*And something else, but what I dare not name.*

But, as they were a-playing,  
 She ogled so the swain,  
 It sav'd her plainly saying,  
 Let's kiss to ease our pain, &c.

A thousand times he kiss'd her  
 Upon the flow'ry green :  
 But as he further press'd her,  
 A pretty leg was seen, &c.

So many beauties viewing,  
 His ardour still increas'd ;  
 And, greater joys pursuing,  
 He wander'd o'er her breast, &c.

A last effort she trying,  
 His passion to withstand,  
 Cry'd, (but 'twas faintly crying),  
 Pray take away your hand, &c.

Young *Corydon* grown bolder,  
 The minutes wou'd improve ;  
 This is the time, he told her,  
 To shew how much I love, &c.

The nymph seem'd almost dying,  
 Dissolv'd in am'rous heat ;  
 She kiss'd, and told him sighing,  
 My dear, your love is great, &c.

But

But *Phillis* did recover  
 Much sooner than the swain ;  
 She blushing, ask'd her lover,  
 Shall we not kiss again ? &c.

Thus love his revels keeping,  
 Till nature at a stand,  
 From talk they fell to sleeping,  
 Holding each other's hand, &c.

## SONG XLII.

SEE, see, my *Seraphina* comes,  
 Adorn'd with every grace ;  
 Look, gods, from your celestial dome,  
 And view her charming face.

Then search, and see, if you can find,  
 In all your sacred groves,  
 A nymph or goddess so divine,  
 As she whom *Sirephon* loves.

## SONG XLIII.

S H E.

PRay now, *John*, let *Jug* prevail,  
 Doff thy sword, and take a flail ;  
 Wounds and blows, and scorching heat,  
 Will abroad be all you'll get.

H E.

Zounds ! you are mad, ye simple jade,  
 Begone, and don't prate.

S H E.

How think ye I shall do,  
 With *Hob* and *Sue*,  
 And all our brats when wanting you ?

H E.

When I am rich with plunder,  
 Thou my gain shalt share.

S H E.

S H E.

My share will be but small, I fear,  
 When bold dragoons have been pickering there,  
 And the flea-flints the *Germans* strip 'em bare.

H E.

Mind your spinning,  
 Mend your linen,  
 Look to your cheefe, you,  
 Your pigs and your geefe too.

S H E.

No, no, I'll ramble out with you.

H E.

Blood and fire, if you tire  
 Thus my patience,  
 With vexations and narrations,  
 Thumping, thumping, thumping,  
 Is the fatal word, *Joan*.

S H E.

Do, do, I'm good at thumping too.

H E.

Morbleu ! that huff shall never do.

S H E.

Come, come, *John*, let's buss and be friends,  
 Thus still, thus love's quarrel ends ;  
 I my tongue sometimes let run,  
 But, alas ! I soon have done.

H E.

'Tis well you're quash'd,  
 You'd else been thrash'd,  
 Sure as my name is *John*.

S H E.

Yet fain I'd know for what  
 You're all so hot,  
 To go to fight where nothing's got.

H E.

Fortune will prove kind,  
 And we shall then grow great.

S H E.

S H E.

Grow great !

And want both drink and meat,  
 And coin, unless the pimper'd *French* you beat :  
 Ah *John* ! take care, *John* !  
 And learn more wit.

H E.

Dare you prate still,  
 At this rate still,  
 And, like vermin,  
 Grudge my preferment ?

S H E.

You'll beg, or get a wooden leg.

H E.

Nay, if bawling, catterwawling,  
 Tittle tattle, prittle prattle,  
 Still must rattle ;  
 I'll be gone, and straight aboard.

S H E.

Do, do, and so shall *Hob* and *Sue*,  
*Jug* too, and all the ragged crew.

## S O N G XLIV.

H E.

**S**ince times are so bad, I must tell thee, sweet heart,  
 I'm thinking to leave off my plough and my cart,  
 And to the fair city a journey I'll go,  
 To better my fortune as other folks do,  
     Since some have from ditches,  
     And coarse leather breeches,  
     Been rais'd to be rulers,  
     And wallow'd in riches,  
 Pray thee, come, come, come, come from thy wheel  
     For if the gipsies don't lie,  
 I shall be a governor too ere I die.

S H E.

Ah, *Colin* ! by all thy late doings I find,  
 With sorrow and trouble, the pride of thy mind ;

Our

Our sheep now at random disorderly run,  
 And now *Sunday's* jacket goes every day on ;  
 Ah ! what dost thou, what dost thou, what dost  
 thou mean !

H E.

To make my shoes clean,  
 And foot it to court to the king and the queen,  
 Where, shewing my parts, I preferment shall win.

S H E.

Fie ! 'tis better for us to plough and to spin ;  
 For, as to the court, when thou happen'st to try,  
 Thou'lt find nothing got there, unless thou canst buy ;  
 For money, the devil and all's to be found,  
 But no good parts minded without the good pound.

H E.

Why, then I'll take arms, and follow alarms,  
 Hunt honour, that now-a-days plaguily charms.

S H E.

And so lose a limb by a shot or a blow,  
 And curse thyself after for leaving the plow.

H E.

Suppose I turn gamester ?

S H E.

So chat and be bang'd.

H E.

What think'st thou of the road then ?

S H E.

The high way to be hang'd.

H E.

Nice pimping howe'er yields profit for life ;  
 I'll help some fine lord to another's fine wife.

S H E.

That's dangerous too amongst the town-crew :  
 For some of them will do the same thing by you ;  
 And then I to cuckold ye may be drawn in ;  
 Faith, *Colin*, 'tis better I sit here and spin.

H E.

Will nothing prefer me, what think'st of the law ?

S H E.

Oh ! while you live, *Colin*, keep out of that paw.

H E.

H E.

I'll cant and I'll pray.

S H E.

Ah! there's nought got that way :  
There's no one minds now what these black cattle say.  
Let all our whole care be our farming affair.

H E.

To make our corn grow, and our apple-trees bear.

B O T H.

Ambition's a trade no contentment can show.

S H E.

So I'll to my distaff.

H E.

And I'll to my plough.

B O T H A G A I N.

Let all our whole care, &c.

S O N G X L V.

H E.

**W**Here oxen do low,  
And apple-trees grow ;  
Where corn is sown,  
And grafs is mown ;  
Fate, give me for life a place.

S H E.

Where hay's well cock'd,  
And udders are strok'd ;  
Where duck and drake  
Cry, quack, quack, quack ;  
Where turkeys lay eggs,  
And swine suckle pigs ;  
Oh ! there would I pass my days.

H E.

On nought we will feed,  
But what we can breed :

S H E.

H E.

S H E.

And wear on our backs  
 The wool of our flocks ;  
 And though linen feel  
 Rough, spun from the wheel,  
 'Tis cleanly tho' coarse it comes.

H E.

Town follys and cullys,  
 And Mollys and Dollys,  
 For ever adieu, and for ever

S H E.

And beaux, that in boxes  
 Lie smuggling their doxies,  
 With wigs that hang down to their bums.

H E.

Goodb'ye to the mall,  
 The park and canal,  
 St *James's* square,  
 And flaunters there,  
 The gaming-house too,  
 Where high dice and low  
 Are manag'd by all degrees.

S H E.

Adieu to the knight  
 Was bubbled last night,  
 That keeps a blowze,  
 And beats his spouse,  
 And then in great haste,  
 To pay what he's lost,  
 Sends home to cut down his trees.

H E.

And well fare the lad  
 Improves ev'ry clod,  
 Who ne'er sets his hand  
 To bill or to bond :

S H E.

Nor barter his flocks  
 For wine or the pox,  
 To chouse him of half his days.

But

H E.

But fishing and fowling,  
And hunting and bowling,  
His pastime is ever and ever.

S H E.

Whose lips when ye bufs 'em,  
Smell like the bean-blossom ;  
Oh ! he 'tis shall have my praise.

H E.

To taverns, where goes  
Sour apples and floes,  
A long adieu !  
And farewell too  
The house of the great,  
Whose cook has no meat,  
And butler can't quench my thirst.

S H E.

Farewell to the change,  
Where rantipoles range ;  
Farewell, cold tea,  
And ratafie,  
Hide-park, where pride  
In coaches ride,  
Altho' they be choak'd with dust.

H E.

Farewell the law-gown,  
The plague of the town,  
And foes of the crown,  
That shou'd be run down :

S H E.

With city-jackdaws,  
That make staple laws,  
To measure by yards and ells.

H E.

Stockjobbers and swobbers,  
And packers and tackers,  
For ever adieu, and for ever :  
We know what you're doing ;  
And home we are going ;  
And so you may ring your bells.

VOL. III.

\* Z

SONG

## SONG XLVI.

H E.

O F all comforts I miscarried,  
 When I play'd the sot and married,  
 'Tis a trap there's none need doubt on't ;  
 Those that are in, wou'd fain get out on't.

S H E.

Fie ! my dear, pray come to bed,  
 That napkin take, and bind your head,  
 Too much drink your brains have dos'd,  
 You'll be quite alter'd when repos'd.

H E.

'Oons ! 'tis all one if I'm up or lie down,  
 For as soon as the cock crows, I'll be gone.

S H E.

'Tis to grieve me, thus you leave me ;  
 Was I, was I made a wife to lie alone ?

H E.

From your arms myself divorcing,  
 I this morn must ride a-courfing,  
 A sport that far excels a madam,  
 Or all the wives have been since *Adam*.

S H E.

I, when thus I've lost my due,  
 Must hug my pillow wanting you ;  
 And whilst you tope it all the day,  
 Regale in cups of harmless tea.

H E.

Pox, what care I ! drink your slops till you die ;  
 Yonder's brandy will keep me a month from home.

S H E.

If thus parted, I'm broken-hearted ;  
 When I, when I send for you, my dear, pray come.

H E.

Ere I be from rambling hind'red,  
 I'll renounce my spouse and kindred ;  
 To be sober I've no leisure,  
 What's a man without his pleasure ?

S H E.

S H E.

To my grief then I must see,  
 Strong wine and Nantz my rivals be ;  
 Whilst you carouse it with your blades,  
 Poor I sit stitching with my maids.

H E.

'Zounds ! you may go to your gossips, you know,  
 And there, if you meet with a friend, pray do.

S H E.

Go, ye joker, go, provoker,  
 Never, never shall I meet a man like you.

## S O N G XLVII.

**P**retty parrot, say, when I was away,  
 And in dull absence pass'd the day,  
 What at home was doing ?

*With chat and play,*

*We were gay,*

*Night and day,*

*Good cheer and mirth renewing ;*

*Singing, laughing all, like pretty pretty poll.*

Was no fop so rude, boldly to intrude,  
 And like a faucy lover wou'd

Court and tease my lady ?

*A thing you know,*

*Made for show,*

*Call'd a beau,*

*Near her was always ready,*

*Ever at her call, like pretty pretty poll.*

Tell me with what air he approach'd the fair,  
 And how she cou'd with patience bear

All he did and utter'd ?

*He still address'd,*

*Still caress'd,*

*Kiss'd and press'd,*

*Sung, prattl'd, laugh'd, and flutter'd :*

*Well receiv'd in all, like pretty pretty poll.*

Z 2

Did

Did he go away, at the close of day,  
 Or did he ever use to stay,  
     In a corner dodging?  
         *The want of light,*  
         *When 'twas night,*  
         *Spoil'd my sight;*  
     *But I believe his lodging*  
*Was within her call, like pretty pretty poll.*

---

## SONG XLVIII.

*Sung by Pinkanello, merry Andrew to Leverigo the*  
*Mountebank Doctor.*

**H**ere are people and sports,  
 Of all fizes and sorts,  
 Coach'd damsel and squire,  
 And mob in the mire,  
*Tar-paulins, Trug-mallicns,*  
 Lords, ladies, fows babies,  
 And leobies in scores;  
 Some hawling, some bawling,  
 Some leering, some fleering,  
 Some loving, some shoving,  
 With legions of furbelow'd whores;  
 To the tavern some go,  
 And some to a show,  
 See popets for mopets,  
 Jack puddens for cuddens,  
 Rope-dancing, mares prancing,  
 Boats flying, Quacks lying,  
 Pick-pockets, pick-plackets,  
 Beasts, Butchers and Beaux,  
*Fops* prattling, dice rattling,  
*Rocks* shaming, *Putts* damning,  
*Whores* painted, *Masks* tainted,  
 In tally-man's furbelow'd cloaths.  
 The mob's joys wou'd ye know,  
 To yon music-house go,

See

See *tailors* and *sailors*,  
 Whores oily and doily,  
 Hear music makes you sick ;  
 Some skipping, some tripping,  
 Some smoking, some joking,  
 Like spiggit and tap ;  
 Short measure, strange pleasure,  
 Thus billing and swilling,  
 Some yearly get fairly  
 For fairings, pig pork and a clap.

---

### The Second Part.

SEE, Sirs, see here ! a *doctor* rare,  
 Who travels much at home !  
 Here take my bills, they cure all ills,  
 Past, present, and to come ;  
 The cramp, the stitch, the squirt, the itch,  
 The gout, the stone, the pox,  
 The mulligrubs, the wanton scrubs,  
 And all *Pandora's* box :  
 Thousands I've dissected,  
 Thousands new erected,  
 And such cures effected,  
 As none e'er can tell :  
 Let the palsie shake ye,  
 Let the colic rack ye,  
 Let the crinkrums break ye,  
 Let the murrain take ye,  
 Take this, take this, and you are well :  
*Thousands, &c.*

Come, *wits* so keen, devour'd with spleen,  
 And beaux who've sprain'd your backs,  
 Great-belly'd maids, old founder'd jades,  
 And pepper'd vizard cracks ;  
 I soon remove the pains of love,  
 And cure the amorous maid,  
 The hot, the cold, the young, the old,  
 The living and the dead ;

I clear the lasfs with wainfcot-face,  
 And from pim-ginets free  
 Plump ladies red like *Saracen's* head  
 With toping ratafee.  
 This, with a jirk, will do your work,  
 And fcour you o'er and o'er;  
 Read, judge, and try; and if you die,  
 Never believe me more.

---

## S O N G XLIX.

**O**H! the charming month of *May*,  
 When the breezes  
 Fan the trees, is  
 Full of bloffoms fresh and gay:  
*Oh! the charming month of May,*  
*Charming, charming month of May.*

Oh! what joys our prospects yield,  
 When in new livery  
 We fee every  
 Bush and meadow, tree and field:  
*Oh! what joy, &c. Charming joys, &c.*

Oh! how fresh the morning-air,  
 When the *zephyrs*  
 And the heifers  
 Their odorif'rous breath compare:  
*Oh! how fresh, &c. Charming fresh, &c.*

Oh! how sweet at night to dream,  
 On moffy pillows,  
 By the trillows  
 Of a gentle purling fream.  
*Oh! how sweet, &c. Charming sweet, &c.*

Oh! how kind the country lasfs,  
 Who, her cow bilking,  
 Leaves her milking  
 For a green-gown on the grafs:  
*Oh! how kind, &c. Charming kind, &c.*

Oh!

Oh! how sweet it is to spy,  
 At the conclusion,  
 Her deep confusion,  
 Blushing cheeks and down-cast eye:  
*Oh! how sweet, &c. Charming sweet, &c.*  
 Oh! the charming curds and cream,  
 When all is over,  
 She gives her lover,  
 Who on the skimming-dish carves her name.  
*Oh! the charming curds and cream,*  
*Charming, charming, &c.*

---

## SONG L.

**C***upid*, god of pleasing anguish,  
 Teach th' enamour'd swain to languish,  
 Teach him fierce desires to know.  
 Heroes would be lost in story,  
 Did not love inspire their glory,  
 Love does all that's great below.

---

## SONG LI.

**M***Y Chloe*, why do ye flight me,  
 Since all you ask you have?  
 No more with frowns affright me,  
 Nor use me like a slave:  
 Good-nature to discover,  
 Use well your faithful lover,  
 I'll be no more a rover,  
 But constant to my grave.

Could we but change conditions,  
 My grief would all be flown;  
 Were I the kind physician,  
 And you the patient grown:  
 All own you're wondrous pretty,  
 Well shap'd, and also witty,  
 Enforc'd with generous pity,  
 Then make my case your own.

The

The silver swan, when dying,  
 Has most melodious lays,  
 Like him, when life is flying,  
 In songs I'll end my days :  
 But know, thou cruel creature,  
 My soul shall mount the fleeter,  
 And I shall sing the sweeter,  
 By warbling forth thy praise.

---

## SONG LII.

**I**N this grove my *Strephon* walk'd,  
 Here he lov'd, and there he talk'd ;  
*Here he lov'd, &c.*  
 In this place his loss I prove,  
 A sad remembrance of our love,  
 Oh ! sad remembrance of our love.

In this grove my *Strephon* stray'd,  
 Here he smil'd, and there betray'd ;  
*Here he smil'd, &c.*  
 Every whispering breeze can tell,  
 How I, poor I believing, fell ;  
 Ah ! by too soon believing, fell.

By this stream my *Strephon* mov'd,  
 Here he sung, and there he lov'd ;  
*Here he sung, &c.*  
 Every stream and every tree,  
 Cries out, perfidious cruel he,  
 And helpless poor forsaken she.

On this bank my *Strephon* lean'd,  
 A lovely foe, but faithless friend ;  
*A lovely foe, &c.*  
 Ye verdant banks, each stream and grove,  
 Once joyous scenes, now dismal prove,  
 Since *Strephon's* false to me and love.

SONG

## SONG LIIL.

**T**Ransported with pleasure,  
 I gaze on my treasure,  
 And ravish my sight ;  
 While she gaily smiling,  
 My anguish beguiling,  
 Augments my delight.

How blest'd is a lover,  
 Whose torments are over,  
 His fears and his pain ;  
 When beauty relenting,  
 Repays with consenting,  
 Her scorn and disdain.

## SONG LIV.

**A** Quire of bright beauties  
 In spring did appear,  
 To chuse a *May*-lady  
 To govern theyear ;  
 All the nymphs were in white,  
 And the shepherds in green,  
 The garland was given,  
 And *Phillis* was queen.  
 But *Phillis* refused it,  
 And sighing did say,  
 I'll not wear a garland,  
 While *Pan* is away.

While *Pan* and fair *Syrinx*  
 Are fled from the shore,  
 The graces are banish'd,  
 And love is no more :  
 The soft god of pleasure  
 That warm'd our desires,  
 Has broken his bow,  
 And extinguish'd his fires ;  
 And vows that himself  
 And his mother will mourn,  
 Till *Pan* and fair *Syrinx*  
 In triumph return.

Forbear

Forbear your addressees,  
 And court us no more;  
 For we will perform  
 What the deity swore:  
 But if you dare think  
 Of deserving our charms,  
 Away with your sheep-hooks,  
 And take to your arms:  
 Then laurels and myrtles  
 Your brows shall adorn,  
 When *Pan* and fair *Syrinx*  
 In triumph return.

---

## SONG LV.

**A**S charming *Clara* walk'd alone,  
 The feather'd snow came softly down,  
 Like Jove descending from his tower,  
 To court her in a silver shower:  
 The shining flakes flew to her breasts,  
 As little birds into their nests;  
 But being outdone with whiteness there,  
 For grief dissolv'd into a tear;  
 Thence flowing down her garment's hem,  
 To deck her froze into a gem.

---

## SONG LVI.

**Y**E beaux of pleasure,  
 Whose wit at leisure,  
 Can count love's treasure,  
 Its joy and smart;  
 At my desire,  
 With me retire,  
 To know what fire  
 Consumes my heart.

Three moons that hasted,  
 Are hardly wasted,  
 Since I was blasted  
 With beauty's ray:

*Aurora* shews ye  
No face so rosie,  
No *July* posie  
So fresh and gay.

Her skin by nature,  
No *ermin* better,  
Though that fine creature  
Is white as snow ;  
With blooming graces  
Adorn'd her face is,  
Her flowing traces  
As black as floe.

She's tall and slender,  
She's soft and tender ;  
Some god commend her ;  
My wit's too low :  
'Twere joyful plunder,  
To bring her under,  
She's all a wonder  
From top to toe.

Then cease, ye fages,  
To quote dull pages,  
That in all ages  
Our minds are free :  
Though great your skill is,  
So strong the will is,  
My love for *Phillis*  
Must ever be.

## SONG LVII.

ONE evening as I lay  
A-musing in a grove,  
A nymph exceeding gay  
Came there to seek her love ;  
But finding not her swain,  
She sat her down to grieve,  
And thus she did complain,  
How men her sex deceive.

Believing

Believing maids, take care  
 Of false deluding men,  
 Whose pride is to ensnare  
 Each female that they can :  
 My perjur'd swain he swore  
 A thousand oaths, to prove  
 (As many have done before)  
 How true he'd be to love.

Then, virgins, for my sake,  
 Ne'er trust false man again;  
 The pleasure we partake,  
 Ne'er answers half the pain ;  
 Uncertain as the seas,  
 Is their unconstant mind,  
 At once they burn or freeze,  
 Still changing like the wind.

When she had told her tale,  
 Compassion seiz'd my heart,  
 And *Cupid* did prevail  
 With me to take her part :  
 Then bowing to the fair,  
 I made my kind address,  
 And vow'd to bear a share  
 In her unhappiness.

Surpris'd at first she rose,  
 And strove from me to fly :  
 I told her I'd disclose  
 For grief a remedy.  
 Then, with a smiling look,  
 Said she to assuage the storm,  
 I doubt you've undertook  
 A task you can't perform.

Since proof convinces best,  
 Fair maid, believe it true,  
 That rage is but a jest,  
 To what revenge can do :  
 Then serve him in his kind,  
 And fit the fool again,  
 Such charms were ne'er design'd  
 For such a faithless swain.

I courted her with care,  
 Till her soft soul gave way,  
 And from her breast so fair,  
 Stole the sweet heart away :  
 Then she with smiles confess'd,  
 Her mind felt no more pain,  
 While she was thus caress'd,  
 By such a lovely swain.

## S O N G LVIII.

**D**O not ask me, charming *Phillis*,  
 Why I lead you here alone,  
 By this bank of pinks and lilies,  
 And of roses newly blown.

'Tis not to behold the beauty  
 Of these flowers that crown the spring ;  
 'Tis to — but I know my duty,  
 And dare never name the thing.

'Tis at worst but her denying,  
 Why shou'd I thus fearful be ?  
 Every minute, gently flying,  
 Smiles and says, Make use of me.

What the sun does to the roses,  
 While the beams play sweetly in,  
 I would — but my fear opposes,  
 And I dare not name the thing.

Yet I die if I conceal it ;  
 Ask my eyes, or ask your own,  
 And if neither can reveal it,  
 Think what lovers think alone.

On this bank of pinks and lilies,  
 Might I speak what I would do,  
 I wou'd — with my lovely *Phillis*,  
 I wou'd ; I wou'd — Ah ! wou'd you.

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\* A a

S O N G

A COLLECTION  
SONG LIX.

**P***Hillis* the fairest of love's foes,  
 Tho' fiercer than a dragon,  
*Phillis* that scorn'd the powder'd beaux,  
 What has she now to brag on ?  
 What has she now to brag on ?  
*What has she, &c.*

So long she kept her limbs so close,  
 Till they have scarce a rag on.

Compell'd thro' want, the wretched maid  
 Did sad complaints begin,  
 Which early *Strepson* hearing, said,  
 It was both shame and sin,  
 It was both shame and sin,  
*It was both, &c.*  
 To pity such a lazy jade,  
 Wou'd neither kiss nor spin.

## SONG LX.

**W**Hen *Chloe* we ply,  
 We swear we shall die,  
 Her eyes do our heart so enthrall ;  
 But 'tis for her pelf,  
 And not for herself ;  
 'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

The maidens are coy,  
 They'll pish ! and they'll fie !  
 And swear, if you're rude, they will call ;  
 But whisper so low,  
 By which you may know,  
 'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

My dear, the wives cry,  
 If ever you die,  
 To marry again I ne'er shall ;  
 But less than a year,  
 Will make it appear,  
 'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

In matters of state,  
 And party-debate,  
 For church and for justice we bawl;  
 But if you'll attend,  
 You'll find in the end,  
 'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

## S O N G L X I.

The Parson among the Pease.

ONE long *Whitsun* holyday,  
 Holyday, holyday, it was a jolly day,  
 Young *Ralph*, buxom *Phillida*,  
*Phillida*, a welladay!

Met in the pease;

'They long had community,  
 He lov'd her, she lov'd him,  
 Joyful unity, nought but opportunity  
 Scanting was wanting,

Their bosoms to ease.

But now fortune's cruelty, cruelty,  
 You will see; for as they lie,  
 In close hug, Sir *Domine*  
*Gemini Gemini*

Chanc'd to come by,

He read prayers i' the family,  
 No way now to frame a lie,  
 They scar'd at old *Homily*,  
*Homily, Homily*,

Both away fly.

Home, soon as he saw the sight,  
 Full of spite, as a kite runs the recubite,  
 Like a noisy *Hypocrite*,  
*Hypocrite, Hypocrite*,

Mischief to say;

Save he wou'd fair *Phillida*,  
*Phillida, Phillida* drefs'd that holyday;  
 But poor *Ralph*, ah welladay!  
 Welladay! welladay!

Turn'd was away.

A a 2

'Ads

'Ads nigs, cries Sir *Domine*  
*Gemini Gemini*, shall a rogue stay,  
 To baulk me, as commonly,  
 Commonly, commonly,  
 Has been this way?

No, I serve the family,  
They know nought to blame me by,  
I read prayers and homily,  
Homily, homily,  
Three times a-day.

## SONG LXII.

HOW happy are we,  
Who from thinking are free,  
That curbing disease of the mind,  
Can indulge every taste,  
Love where we like best,  
Not by dull reputation confin'd !  
When we're young, fit to toy,  
Gay delights we enjoy,  
And have crouds of new lovers still wooing ;  
When we're old and decay'd,  
We procure for the trade,  
Still in every age we are doing.

If a cully we meet,  
We spend what we get  
Every day, for the next never think ;  
When we die, where we go  
We have no sense to know,  
For a bawd always dies in her drink.

## SONG LXIII.

ONE April morn, when from the sea  
Phæbus was just appearing,  
Damon and Celia young and gay,  
Long settled love endearing,

Met

Met in a grove, to vent their spleen  
 On parents unrelenting ;  
 He bred of *Tory*-race had been,  
 She of the tribe dissenting.

*Celia*, whose eyes outshone the god,  
 Newly the hills adorning,  
 Told him, *mamma* would be stark mad,  
 She missing prayers that morning ;  
*Damon*, his arm about her waist,  
 Swore, that nought should them sunder.  
 Shou'd my rough *dad* know how I'm blest'd ;  
 'Twou'd make him roar like thunder.

Great ones made by ambition blind,  
 By faction still support it,  
 Or where vile money taints the mind,  
 They for convenience court it :  
 But mighty Love, that scorns to shew  
 Party shou'd raise his glory,  
 Swears he'll exalt a vassal true,  
 Let it be *Whig* or *Tory*.

---

S O N G LXIV.

**A**mongst the willows on the grass  
 Where nymphs and shepherds lie,  
 Young *Will* courted bonny *Bess* ;  
 And *Nell* stood list'ning by ;  
 Says *Will*, we will not tarry  
 Two months before we marry.  
 No, no, fie no, never, never tell me so,  
 For a maid I'll live and die :  
 Says *Nell*, *so shall not I*.  
 Says *Nell*, &c.

Long time betwixt hope and despair,  
 And kisses mix'd between,  
 He with a song did charm her ear,  
 Thinking she chang'd had been ;  
 Says *Will*, I want a blessing,  
 Substantialer than kissing.

A a 3

No.

No, no, fie no, never, never tell me so,  
 For I will never change my mind.  
*Says Nell, she'll prove more kind.*  
*Says Nell, &c.*

Smarting pain the virgin finds,  
 Altho' by nature taught,  
 When she first to man inclines :  
*Quoth Nell, I'll venture that.*  
 Oh ! who wou'd lose a treasure,  
 For such a puny pleasure !  
 Not I, not I, no, a maid I'll live and die,  
 And to my vow be true.  
*Quoth Nell, the more fool you.*  
*Quoth Nell, &c.*

To my closet I'll repair,  
 And read on godly books,  
 Forget vain love and worldly care.  
*Quoth Nell, that likely looks.*  
 You men are all perfidious,  
 But I will be religious,  
 Try all, fly all, and while I breathe defy all,  
 Your sex I now despise.  
*Says Nell, by Jove she lies.*  
*Says Nell, &c.*

## SONG LXV.

**S***Elinda* sure's the brightest thing  
 That decks the earth, or breathes our air ;  
 Mild are her looks like opening spring,  
 And like the blooming summer fair.

But then her wit's so very small,  
 That all her charms appear to lie,  
 Like glaring colours on a wall,  
 And strike no further than the eye.

Our eyes luxuriously she treats,  
 Our ears are absent from the feast,  
 One sense is surfeited with sweets,  
 Starv'd and disgusted are the rest.

So have I seen with aspect bright,  
 And taudry pride, a tulip swell,  
 Blooming and beauteous to the sight,  
 Dull and insipid to the smell.

---

## SONG LXVI.

**A** Trifling song ye shall hear,  
 Begun with a trifle and ended ;  
 All trifling people draw near,  
 And I shall be nobly attended.

Were it not for trifles a few,  
 That lately came into the play,  
 The men would want something to do,  
 The women want something to say.

What makes men trifle in dressing ?  
 Because the ladies, they know,  
 Admire, by often caressing  
 That eminent trifle, a beau.

When the lover his moments has trifled,  
 The trifle of trifles to gain,  
 No sooner the virgin is rifled,  
 But a trifle shall part them again.

What mortal wou'd ever be able,  
 At *Whyte's* half a moment to sit ?  
 Or who is't cou'd bear a tea-table,  
 Without talking trifles for wit ?

The court is from trifles secure,  
 Gold keys are no trifles we see ;  
 White rods are no trifles I'm sure,  
 Whatever their bearers may be.

But if you will go to the place,  
 Where trifles abundantly breed ;  
 The levee will shew you, his Grace  
 Makes promises trifles indeed !

A coach with six footmen behind,  
 I count neither trifle nor sin ;  
 But, ye gods ! how oft do we find  
 A scandalous trifle within ?

A flask of *Champaign* people think it.  
 A trifle, or something as bad ;  
 But if you'll contrive how to drink it,  
 You'll find it no trifle by Gad.

A parson's a trifle at sea,  
 A widow's a trifle in sorrow,  
 A peace is a trifle to-day,  
 To break it a trifle to-morrow.

A black coat a trifle may cloak,  
 Or to hide it the red may endeavour ;  
 But if once the army is broke,  
 We shall have more trifles than ever.

The stage is a trifle, they say,  
 The reason pray carry along ;  
 Because that at every new play,  
 The house they with trifles so throng.

But with people's malice to trifle,  
 And to set us all on a foot ;  
 The author of this is a trifle,  
 And his song is a trifle to boot.

## SONG LXVII.

FROM grave lessons and restraint,  
 I'm stole out to revel here ;  
 Yet I tremble and I faint,  
 In the middle of the fair.

Oh ! would fortune in my way  
 Throw a lover kind and gay ;  
 Now's the time he soon might move  
 A young heart unus'd to love.

Shall

Shall I venture? No, no, no,  
 Shall I from the danger go?  
 Oh! no, no, no, no, no,  
 I must not try, I cannot fly,  
 I must not, durst not, cannot fly.

Help me, nature, help me, art;  
 Why should I deny my part?  
 If a lover will pursue;  
 Like the wisest let me do;  
 I will fit him, if he's true,  
 If he's false, I'll fit him too.

## SONG LXVIII.

## Women and Wine.

SOME say women are like sea,  
 Some the waves, and some the rocks,  
 Some the rose that soon decays,  
 Some the weather, some the cocks;  
 But if you'll give me leave to tell,  
 There's nothing can be compar'd so well,  
 As wine, wine, women and wine,  
 They run in a parallel.

Women are witches when they will,  
 So is wine, so is wine,  
 They make the statesman lose his skill,  
 The soldier, lawyer, and divine;  
 They put a gill in the gravest scull,  
 And send their wits to gather wool;  
 'Tis wine, wine, women and wine,  
 They run in a parallel.

What is't that makes your face so pale,  
 What is't that makes your looks divine,  
 What makes your courage rise and fall?  
 Is it not women, is it not wine?  
 Whence proceed th' inflaming doses,  
 That set fire to your noses?  
 From wine, wine, women and wine,  
 They run in a parallel.

SONG

## SONG LXIX.

W<sup>O</sup>u'd you chuse a wife,  
For a happy life?  
Leave the court, and the country take,  
Where *Dolly* and *Sue*,  
Young *Molly* and *Prue*,  
Follow *Roger* and *John*,  
Whilst harvest goes on,  
And merrily merrily rake.

Leave the *London* dames  
(Be it spoke to their shames)  
To lie in their beds till noon,  
Then get up and stretch,  
And paint too and patch,  
Some widgeon to catch,  
Then look at their watch,  
And wonder they rose up so soon.

Then coffee and tea,  
Both green and bohea,  
Are serv'd to their tables in plate,  
Where rattles do run,  
As swift as the sun,  
Of what they have won,  
And who is undone,  
By their gaming and sitting up late.

The lass give me here,  
Tho' brown as my beer,  
That knows how to govern her house,  
That can milk her cow,  
Or farrow her sow,  
Make butter and cheese,  
Or gather green pease,  
And values fine cloaths not a soue.

This is the girl  
Worth rubies and pearl;  
A wife that will make a man rich;  
We gentlemen need  
No quality breed

To squander away  
What taxes wou'd pay ;  
We care not in faith for such.

---

S O N G LXX.

**Y**ES I could love, if I could find  
A mistress fitted to my mind,  
Whom neither gold nor pride could move,  
To change her virtue or her love :

Loves to go neat, not to go fine,  
Loves for myself, and not for mine ;  
Not city-proud, nor nice and coy,  
But full of love, and full of joy :

Not childish young, nor beldame old,  
Nor fiery hot, nor icy cold,  
Not gravely wise to rule the state,  
Not foolish to be pointed at :

Not worldly rich, nor basely poor,  
Nor chaste, nor a reputed whore :  
If such an one you can discover,  
Pray, Sir, intitle me her lover.

---

S O N G LXXI.

**B**less'd as th' immortal gods is he,  
The youth who fondly sits by thee,  
And hears and sees thee all the while,  
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this bereav'd my soul of rest,  
And rais'd such tumults in my breast ;  
For while I gaz'd in transport tost,  
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd ; the subtile flame  
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame ;  
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,  
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,  
 My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,  
 My feeble pulse forgot to play,  
 I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

---

## SONG LXXII.

**Y**OU may cease to complain,  
 For your suit is in vain ;  
 All attempts you can make  
 But augments her disdain ;  
 She bids you give over  
 While 'tis in your power,  
 For except her esteem  
 She can grant you no more :  
 Her heart has been long since  
 Assaulted and won,  
 Her truth is as lasting  
 And firm as the sun ;  
 You'll find it more easy  
 Your passion to cure,  
 Than for ever those fruitless  
 Endeavours endure.

You may give this advice  
 To the wretched and wise,  
 But a lover like me  
 Will those precepts despise ;  
 I scorn to give over  
 Were it in my power ;  
 Tho' esteem were deny'd me,  
 Yet her I'll adore.  
 A heart that's been touch'd  
 Will some sympathy bear,  
 'Twill lessen my sorrows  
 If she takes a share ;  
 I'll count it more honour  
 In dying her slave,  
 Than did her affections  
 The steadiness crave.

OF CHOICE SONGS. 2

You may tell her I'll be  
 Her true lover, tho' she  
 Should mankind despise  
 Out of hatred to me ;  
 'Tis mean to give o'er,  
 'Cause we get no reward,  
 She lost not her worth  
 When I lost her regard ;  
 My love on an altar  
 More noble shall burn,  
 I still will love on  
 Without hopes of return ;  
 I'll tell her some other  
 Has kindled the flame,  
 And I'll sigh for herself  
 In another one's name.

S O N G LXXIII.

The tippling Philosophers.

**D***io*genes furly and proud,  
 Who snarl'd at the *Macedon* youth,  
 Delighted in wine that was good,  
 Because in good wine there was truth ;  
 But growing as poor as a *Job*,  
 Unable to purchase a flask,  
 He chose for his mansion a tub,  
 And liv'd by the scent of the cask.

*Herac*litus ne'er wou'd deny  
 A bumper, to cherish his heart ;  
 And when he was maudlin wou'd cry,  
 Because he had empty'd his quart :  
 Tho' some are so foolish to think,  
 He wept at mens follies and vice,  
 'Twas only his custom to drink,  
 Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes.

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\* B b

*Democritus*

*Democritus* always was glad  
 To tipple and cherish his soul;  
 Would laugh like a man that was mad,  
 When over a good flowing bowl;  
 As long as his cellar was stor'd,  
 The liquor he'd merrily quaff:  
 And when he was drunk as a lord,  
 At them that were sober he'd laugh.

Wife *Solon*, who carefully gave  
 Good laws unto *Athens* of old,  
 And thought the rich *Cræsus* a slave  
 (Tho' a king) to his coffers of gold;  
 He delighted in plentiful bowls;  
 But drinking much talk would decline,  
 Because 'twas the custom of fools,  
 To prattle much over their wine.

Old *Socrates* ne'er was content,  
 Till a bottle had heighten'd his joys,  
 Who in's cups to the oracle went,  
 Or he ne'er had been counted so wise:  
 Late hours he most certainly lov'd,  
 Made wine the delight of his life,  
 Or *Xantippe* would never have prov'd  
 Such a damnable scold of a wife.

Grave *Seneca*, fam'd for his parts,  
 Who tutor'd the bully of *Rome*,  
 Grew wise o'er his cups and his quarts,  
 Which he drank like a miser at home;  
 And, to shew he lov'd wine that was good,  
 To the last, (we may truly aver it),  
 He tinctor'd his bath with his blood,  
 So fancy'd he dy'd in his claret.

*Pythagoras* did silence injoin,  
 On his pupils who wisdom would seek;  
 Because he tippied good wine,  
 Till himself was unable to speak;

And

And when he was whimsical grown,  
 With sipping his plentiful bowls,  
 By the strength of the juice in his crown,  
 He conceiv'd transmigration of souls.

*Copernicus* too, like the rest,  
 Believ'd there was wisdom in wine,  
 And thought that a cup of the best  
 Made reason the brighter to shine;  
 With wine he replenish'd his veins,  
 And made his philosophy reel;  
 Then fancy'd the world, like his brains,  
 Turn'd round like a chariot-wheel.

*Aristotle*, that master of arts,  
 Had been but a dunce without wine;  
 And what we ascribe to his parts,  
 Is due to the juice of the vine:  
 His belly, most writers agree,  
 Was big as a watering-trough;  
 He therefore leap'd into the sea,  
 Because he'd have liquor enough.

Old *Plato* was reckon'd divine,  
 He fondly to wisdom was prone;  
 But had it not been for good wine,  
 His merits had never been known.  
 By wine we are generous made,  
 It furnishes fancy with wings,  
 Without it we ne'er shou'd have had  
 Philosophers, poets, or kings.

## SONG LXXIV.

Down among the dead men.

**H**ere's a health to the king and a lasting peace;  
 May faction be damn'd, and discord cease:  
 Come, let us drink it while we have breath,  
 For there's no drinking after death;

B b 2

And

And he that won't with this comply,

*Down among the dead men,*

*Down among the dead men,*

*Down, down, down, down,*

*Down among the dead men, let him lie.*

Now a health to the queen, and may she long

B' our first fair toast to grace our song ;

Off wi' your hats, wi' your knee on the ground,

Take off your bumpers all around ;

And he that will not drink his dry,

*Down among, &c. let him lie.*

Let charming beauty's health go round,

In whom celestial joys are found ;

And may confusion still pursue

The senseless woman-hating crew ;

And he that will this health deny,

*Down among, &c. let him lie.*

Here's thriving to trade, and the commonweal,

And patriots to their country leal ;

But who for bribes gives *Satan* his soul,

May he ne'er laugh o'er a flowing bowl ;

And all that with such rogues comply,

*Down among, &c. let them lie.*

In smiling *Bacchus*' joys I'll roll,

Deny no pleasure to my soul ;

Let *Bacchus*' health round swiftly move,

For *Bacchus* is a friend to love ;

And he that does this health deny,

*Down among, &c. let him lie.*

## SONG LXXV.

**H**E that will not merry merry be,

With a generous bowl and a toast,

May he in *Bridewell* be shut up,

And fast bound to a post ;

*Let him be merry merry there,*

*And we'll be merry merry here ;*

*For who can know where we shall go,*

*To be merry another year ?*

He

He that will not merry merry be,  
 And take his glass in course,  
 May he b' oblig'd to drink small beer,  
 Ne'er a penny into his purse :  
*Let him be merry, &c.*

He that will not merry merry be,  
 With a comp'ny of jolly boys,  
 May he be plagu'd with a scolding wife,  
 To confound him with her noise :  
*Let him be merry, &c.*

He that will not merry merry be,  
 With his mistress in his bed,  
 Let him be bury'd in the church-yard,  
 And me put in his stead :  
*Let him be merry, &c.*

## SONG LXXVI.

Jolly mortals, fill your glasses ;  
 Noble deeds are done by wine ;  
 Scorn the nymph and all her graces :  
 Who'd for love or beauty pine ?

Look upon this bowl that's flowing,  
 And a thousand charms you'll find,  
 More than in *Chloe* when just going,  
 In the moment to be kind.

*Alexander* hated thinking :  
 Drank about at council-board ;  
 Made friends, and gain'd the world by drinking,  
 More than by his conquering sword.

## SONG LXXVII.

SInce we die by the help of good wine,  
 I will that a tun be my shrine ;  
 And engrave it on my tomb,

Here lies a body once so brave,  
 Who with drinking made his grave,  
*Who with, &c.*  
 Since thus to die will purchase fame,  
 And leave an everlasting name,  
*Since thus to die, &c.*  
 Drink, drink away, drink, drink away,  
 And let us be nobly interr'd.  
*Drink, drink, &c.*

Let misers and slaves  
 Pop into their graves,  
 And rot in a dirty church-yard,  
 And rot in a dirty church-yard.  
*Let misers, &c.*

## SONG LXXVIII.

**B**acchus is a power divine ;  
 For he no sooner fills my head  
 With mighty wine,  
 But all my cares resign,  
 And droop, and droop, and sink down dead :  
 'Then, then the pleasing thoughts begin,  
 And I in riches flow,  
 At least I fancy so ;  
 And without thought of want I sing,  
 Stretch'd on the earth, my head all around,  
 With flowers, weav'd into a garland, crown'd :  
 'Then, then I begin to live,  
 And scorn what all the world can show or give,  
 Let the brave fools that fondly think  
 Of honour and delight  
 To make a noise, a noise and fight,  
 Go seek out war whilst I seek peace,  
 Whilst I seek peace, seek peace and drink,  
 Whilst I seek peace, seek peace and drink.  
 'Then fill my glass, fill fill it high ;  
 Some perhaps think it fit to fall and die ;

But

But when bottles are rang'd,  
 Make war with me,  
 The fighting fool shall see,  
 When I am sunk,  
 The difference to lie dead,  
 And lie dead drunk.  
*The fighting fool, &c.*

---

## SONG LXXIX.

**Y**E virgin powers, defend my heart  
 From amorous looks and smiles;  
 From faucy love, or nicer art,  
 Which most our sex beguiles.

From sighs and vows, and awful fears,  
 That do to pity move;  
 From speaking silence, and from tears,  
 Those springs that water love.

But if thro' passion I grow blind,  
 Let honour be my guide;  
 And when frail nature seems inclin'd,  
 There place a guard of pride.

An heart, whose flames are seen, tho' pure,  
 Needs every virtue's aid;  
 And she who thinks herself secure,  
 The soonest is betray'd.

---

## SONG LXXX.

**W**HY shou'd a foolish marriage-vow,  
 Which long ago was made,  
 Oblige us to each other now,  
 When passion is decay'd?  
 We lov'd, and we lov'd  
 As long as we cou'd,  
 Till love was lov'd out of us both;

But

But

But our marriage is dead  
 When the pleasure is fled ;  
 'Twas pleasure first made it an oath.

If I have pleasures for a friend,  
 And further love in store,  
 What wrong has he whose joys did end,  
 And who cou'd give no more ?  
 'Tis a madness that he  
 Shou'd be jealous of me,  
 Or that I shou'd bar him of another ;  
 For all we can gain,  
 Is to give ourselves pain,  
 When neither can hinder the other.

---

## SONG LXXXI.

**M**Y dear mistress has a heart,  
 Soft as these kind looks she gave me,  
 When with love's resistless art,  
 And her eyes she did enslave me ;  
 But her constancy's so weak,  
 She's so wild and apt to wander,  
 That my jealous heart would break,  
 Shou'd we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,  
 Killing pleasures, wounding blisses ;  
 She can dress her eyes in love,  
 And her lips can arm with kisses :  
 Angels listen when she speaks ;  
 She's my delight, all mankind's wonder ;  
 But my jealous heart would break,  
 Should we live one day asunder.

---

## SONG LXXII.

**I**LL sail upon the *dog-star*,  
 And then pursue the morning ;  
 I'll chase the moon till it be noon,  
 I'll make her leave her horning.

I'll climb the frosty mountain,  
And there I'll coin the weather;  
I'll tear the rainbow from the sky,  
And tie both ends together.

The stars pluck from their orbs too,  
And croud them in my budget;  
And whether I'm a roaring boy,  
Let *Gresham* college judge it:

While I mount yon blue celum,  
To shun the tempting gipsies;  
Play at foot-ball with sun and moon,  
And fright ye with eclipses.

## SONG LXXXIII.

JAMES.

**P**Rithee, *Susan*, what dost muse on,  
By this doleful spring?  
You are, I fear, in love, my dear;  
Alas, poor thing!

SUSAN.

Truly, *Jamie*, I must blame ye,  
You look so pale and wan;  
I fear 'twill prove you are in love;  
Alas, poor man!

JAMES.

Nay, my *Suey*; now I view ye;  
Well I know your smart;  
When you're alone, you sigh and groan;  
Alas, poor heart!

SUSAN.

*Jamie*, hold; I dare be bold  
To say, thy heart is stole,  
And know that she as well as thee;  
Alas, poor soul!

JAMES.

JAMES.

Then, my *Sue*, tell me who ;  
 I'll give thee beads of pearl,  
 And ease thy heart of all this smart ;  
 Alas, poor girl !

SUSAN.

*Jamie*, no, if you shou'd know,  
 I fear 'twou'd make you sad,  
 And pine away both night and day ;  
 Alas, poor lad !

JAMES.

Why then, my *Sue*, it is for you,  
 That I burn in these flames .  
 And when I die, I know you'll cry,  
 Alas, poor *James* !

SUSAN.

Say you so, then, *Jamie*, know,  
 If you shou'd prove untrue,  
 Then must I likewise cry,  
 Alas, poor *Sue* !

Quoth he, then join thy hand with mine,  
 And we will wed to-day.  
 I do agree, here 'tis, quoth she,  
 Come, let's away.

## SONG LXXXIV.

When, lovely *Phillis*, thou art kind,  
 Nought but raptures fills my mind :  
 'Tis then I think thee so divine,  
 T' excel the mighty power of wine :  
 But when thou insult'st, and laugh'st at my pain,  
 I wash thee away with sparkling *champaign* ;  
 So bravely contemn both the boy and his mother,  
 And drive out one god by the power of another.

When

When pity in thy looks I see,  
 I freely quit my friends for thee ;  
 Persuasive love so charms me then,  
 My freedom I'd not wish again.

But when thou art cruel, and heeds not my care,  
 Then straight with a bumper I banish despair ;  
 So bravely condemn both the boy and his mother,  
 And drive out one god by the power of another.

## SONG LXXXV.

YOU that love mirth, attend to my song,  
 A moment you never can better employ ;  
*Sawny* and *Teague* were trudging along,  
 A bonny *Scots* lad, and an *Irish* dear-shoy ;  
 They neither before had seen a wind-mill,  
 Nor had they heard ever of any such name ;  
 As they were a-walking,  
 And merrily talking,  
 At last, by mere chance, to a wind-mill they came.

Haha ! cries *Sawny*, What do ye ca' that ?  
 To tell the right name o't I am at a loss,  
*Teague* very readily answer'd the *Scot*,  
 Indeed I believe ith Shaint *Patrick's* cross.  
 Says *Sawny*, ye'll find yoursell meikle mistaken,  
 For it is Saint *Andrew's* cross, I can swear ;  
 For there is his bonnet,  
 And tartans hang on it,  
 The plaid and the trews our apostle did wear.

Nay, o' my shoul joy, thou tellest all lees,  
 For that I will shwear is Shaint *Patrick's* coat ;  
 I see't him in *Ireland* buying the frieze,  
 And that I am shure ith the shame that he bought ;  
 And he ish a shaint much better than ever  
 Made either the covenantish sholemn or league :  
 For o' my shalwashion,  
 He was my relashion,  
 And had a great kindneth for honest poor *Teague*.  
 Wherefore,

Wherefore, says *Teague*, I will, by my shoul,  
 Lay down my napshack, and take out my beads,  
 And under this holy cros feet I will fall,  
 And shay *Pater Noshter*, and some of our creeds.  
 So *Teague* began with humble devotion,  
 To kneel down before St *Patrick's* cros ;  
 The wind fell a-blowing,  
 And set it a-going,  
 And gave our dear-shoy a terrible tofs.

*Savvy* tehee'd, to see how poor *Teague*  
 Lay scratching his ears, and roll on the grafs,  
 Swearing, it was surely the de'il's whirlygig,  
 And none (he roar'd out) of St *Patrick's* cros ;  
 But ish it indeed, cries he in a passion,  
 The cros of our shaint that has crosht me so fore ?  
 Upo' my salwashion,  
 This shall be a cawshion,  
 To trust to St *Patrick's* kindness no more.

*Savvy* to *Teague* then merrily cry'd,  
 This patron of yours is a very sad loun,  
 To hit you sic a fair thump on the hide,  
 For kneeling before him, and seeking a boon :  
 Let me advise you to serve our St *Andrew*,  
 He, by my faul, was a special gude man :  
 For since your St *Patrick*  
 Has serv'd you sic a trick,  
 I'd see him hung up ere I serv'd him again.

---

S O N G LXXXVI.

**M**AY the ambitious ever find  
 Success in crouds and noise,  
 While gentle love does fill my mind  
 With silent real joys.

May knaves and fools grow rich and great,  
 And all the world think them wise,  
 While I lie at my *Nanny's* feet,  
 And all the world despise.

Let

Let conquering kings new triumphs raise,  
 And melt in court-delights :  
 Her eyes can give much brighter days,  
 Her arms much softer nights.

---

## SONG LXXXVII.

**C**elia, too late you wou'd repent ;  
 The offering all your store,  
 Is now but like a pardon sent,  
 To one that's dead before.

While at the first you cruel prov'd,  
 And grant the bliss too late,  
 You hind' red me of one I lov'd,  
 To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent as fair,  
 When first my court I made ;  
 But when your falsehoods plain appear,  
 My love no longer stay'd.

Your bounty of these favours shown,  
 Whose worth you first deface,  
 Is melting valu'd medals down,  
 And giving us the brass.

O ! since the thing we beg's a toy,  
 That's priz'd by love alone,  
 Why cannot women grant the joy,  
 Before the love is gone ?

---

## SONG LXXXVIII.

**Y**ES, all the world will sure agree,  
 He who's secur'd of having thee,  
 Will be entirely blest ;

But 'twere in me too great a wrong,  
 To make one who has been so long  
 My *queen*, my *slave* at last.

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\* C c

Nor

Nor ought these things to be confin'd  
 'That were for public good design'd :  
     Cou'd we, in foolish pride,  
 Make the sun always with us stay,  
 'Twou'd burn our corn and grafs away,  
     To starve the world beside.

Let not the thoughts of parting, fright  
 'Two souls which passion does unite ;  
     For while our love does last,  
 Neither will strive to go away,  
 And why the devil should we stay,  
     When once that love is past ?

## SONG LXXXIX.

**M**Y goddess *Lydia*, heavenly fair,  
 As lily sweet, as soft as air,  
 Let loose thy tresses, spread thy charms,  
 And to my love give fresh alarms.

O! let me gaze on these bright eyes,  
 Tho' sacred lightning from them flies ;  
 Shew me that soft, that modest grace,  
 Which paints with charming red thy face.

Give me *ambrosia* in a kiss,  
 That I may rival *Jove* in bliss,  
 That I may mix my soul with thine,  
 And make the pleasure all divine.

O! hide thy bosom's killing white,  
 (The milky way is not so bright) ;  
 Lest you my ravish'd soul oppress,  
 With beauty's pomp, and sweet excess.

Why draw'st thou from the purple flood  
 Of my kind heart the vital blood ?  
 Thou art all over endless charms ;  
 O! take me dying to thy arms.

## S O N G X C.

WHY we love, and why we hate,  
 Is not granted us to know ;  
 Random chance, or wilful fate,  
 Guides the shaft from *Cupid's* bow.

If on me *Zelinda* frown,  
 'Tis madness all in me to grieve ;  
 Since her will is not her own,  
 Why should I uneasy live ?

If I for *Zelinda* die,  
 Deaf to poor *Misella's* cries,  
 Ask not me the reason why,  
 Seek the riddle in the skies.

## S O N G X C I.

HARK how the trumpet sounds to battle,  
 Hark how the thund'ring cannons rattle ;  
 Cruel ambition now calls me away,  
 While I have ten thousand soft things to say,  
     While honour alarms me,  
     Young *Cupid* disarms me,  
     And *Celia* so charms me,  
     I cannot away.

Hark again, honour calls me to arms,  
 Hark how the trumpet sweetly charms ;  
*Celia* no more then must be obey'd,  
 Cannons are roaring and ensigns display'd :  
     The thoughts of promotion  
     Inspire such a notion  
     Of *Celia's* devotion,—  
     I'm no more afraid.

Guard her for me, celestial powers,  
 Ye gods, bless the nymph with happy soft hours :  
 O may she ever to love me incline,  
 Such lovely perfections I cannot resign ;

Firm constancy grant her,  
 My true love shall haunt her,  
 My soul cannot want her,  
 She's all so divine.

## S O N G X C I I.

**S** Hall I, wasting in despair,  
 Die because a woman's fair ?  
 Shall my cheeks look pale with care,  
 'Cause another's rosy are ?  
 Be she fairer than the day,  
 Or the flow'ry meads in *May* ;  
 Yet if she think not well of me,  
 What care I how fair she be ?

Shall a woman's goodness move  
 Me to perish for her love ;  
 Or, her worthy merits known,  
 Make me quite forget my own ?  
 Be she with that goodness blest,  
 As may merit name the best ;  
 Yet if she be not such to me,  
 What care I how good she be ?

Be she good, or kind, or fair,  
 I will never more despair ;  
 If she love me, this believe,  
 I will die ere she shall grieve ;  
 If she slight me when I woo,  
 I will scorn and let her go :  
 So if she be not fit for me,  
 What care I for whom she be ?

## S O N G X C I I I.

**A** S the snow in valleys lying,  
*Phœbus* his warm beams applying,  
 Soon dissolves and runs away ;  
 So the beauties, so the graces,  
 Of the most bewitching faces,  
 At approaching age decay.

As a tyrant, when degraded,  
 Is despis'd, and is upbraided,  
 By the slaves he once control'd ;  
 So the nymph if none cou'd move her,  
 Is contemn'd by every lover,  
 When her charms are growing old.

Melancholic looks and whining,  
 Grieving, quarrelling, and pining,  
 Are th' effects your rigours move :  
 Soft caresses, am'rous glances,  
 Melting sighs, transporting trances,  
 Are the blest effects of love.

Fair ones ! while your beauty's blooming,  
 Employ time, lest age resum'g  
 What your youth profusely lends ;  
 You are robb'd of all your glories,  
 And condemn'd to tell old stories  
 To your unbelieving friends.

## S O N G X C I V.

**F**air *Amoret* is gone astray,  
 Pursue, and seek her, ev'ry lover ;  
 I'll tell the signs by which you may  
 The wand'ring shepherdes discover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,  
 Both study'd, tho' both seem neglected ;  
 Careless she is, with artful care,  
 Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart ev'ry glance,  
 Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect them ;  
 For she'd persuade they wound by chance,  
 Tho' certain aim and art direct them.

She likes herself, yet others hates  
 For that which in herself she prizes ;  
 And while she laughs at them, forgets  
 She is the thing that she despises.

## SONG XCV.

**D** *Amon*, if you will believe me,  
 'Tis not fighting round the plain,  
 Song nor sonnet can relieve ye ;  
 Faint attempts in love are vain.

Urge but home the fair occasion,  
 And be master of the field :  
 To a powerful kind invasion,  
 ' I were a madness not to yield.

Tho' she vows she'll ne'er permit ye,  
 Cries you're rude and much to blame,  
 And with tears implores your pity ;  
 Be not merciful for shame.

When the fierce assault is over,  
*Chloris* time enough will find,  
 This her cruel furious lover,  
 Much more gentle, not so kind.

## SONG XCVI.

**I** f she be not kind as fair,  
 But peevish and unhandy,  
 Leave her, she's only worth the care  
 Of some spruce jack a-dandy.

I would not have thee such an ass,  
 Hadst thou ne'er so much leisure,  
 To sigh and whine for such a lass,  
 Whose pride's above her pleasure.

## SONG XCVII.

H E.

**A** Wake, thou fairest thing in nature,  
 How can you sleep when day does break ?  
 How can you sleep, my charming creature,  
 When half a world for you are awake ?

S H E.

S H E.

What swain is this that sings so early,  
Under my window by the dawn ?

H E.

'Tis one, dear nymph, that loves you dearly,  
Therefore in pity ease my pain.

S H E.

Softly, else you'll wake my mother,  
No tales of love she lets me hear ;  
Go tell your passion to some other,  
Or whisper't softly in my ear.

H E.

How can you bid me love another,  
Or rob me of your beauteous charms ?  
'Tis time you were wean'd from your mother,  
You're fitter for a lover's arms,

## S O N G XCVIII.

**I**N spite of love at length I've found  
A mistress that can please me,  
Her humour free and unconfin'd,  
Both night and day she'll ease me.  
No jealous thoughts disturb my mind,  
Tho' she's enjoy'd by all mankind ;  
Then drink and never spare it,  
'Tis a *bottle* of good *claret*.

If you, thro' all her naked charms,  
Her little mouth discover,  
Then take her blushing to your arms,  
And use her like a lover ;  
Such liquor she'll distil from thence,  
As will transport your ravish'd sense ;  
Then kifs and never spare it.  
'Tis a *bottle* of good *claret*.

But best of all ! she has no tongue,  
Submissive she obeys me,  
She's fully better old than young,  
And still to smiling sways me ;

Her

H E.

Her skin is smooth, complexion black,  
 And has a most delicious smack ;  
 Then kiss and never spare it,  
 'Tis a *bottle* of good *claret*,

If you her excellence would taste,  
 Be sure you use her kind, Sir,  
 Clap your hands about her waist,  
 And raise her up behind, Sir ;  
 As for her bottom, never doubt,  
 Push but home, and you'll find it out ;  
 Then drink and never spare it,  
 'Tis a *bottle* of good *claret*.

---

## SONG XCIX.

O Surprising lovely fair !  
 Who with *Chloe* can compare ?  
 Sure she's form'd for beauty's queen,  
 Her wit, her shape, her grace, her mien,  
 By far excels all nymphs I've seen ;  
     No mortal eye  
     Can view her nigh,  
 Too exquisite for human sight to see :  
     Tho' she ne'er may be kind,  
     Nor for me e'er design'd,  
 Yet I love, I love, I love,  
     The charming she.

---

## SONG C.

W hen bright *Aurelia* tript the plain,  
 How chearful then were seen,  
 The looks of every jolly swain,  
 That strove *Aurelia*'s heart to gain,  
     With gambols on the green ?  
 Their sports were innocent and gay,  
     Mix'd with a manly air ;  
 They'd sing and dance, and pipe and play,  
 Each strove to please, some different way,  
     This dear enchanting fair.

The ambitious strife she did admire,  
 And equally approve,  
 Till *Phaon's* tuneful voice and lyre,  
 Which softest music did inspire  
 Her soul to generous love.

Their wonted sports the rest declin'd,  
 Their arts prov'd all in vain ;  
*Aurelia's* constant now they find,  
 The more they languish and repin'd,  
 The more she loves the swain.

---

## SONG CI.

A Way, you rover,  
 For shame give over,  
 You play the lover  
 So like an afs ;  
 You are for storming,  
 You think you're charming,  
 Your faint performing,  
 We read in your face.

---

## SONG CII.

HE who for ever  
 Wou'd hope for favour,  
 He must endeavour  
 To charm the fair :  
 He dances, he dances,  
 He da -- a -- a -- a -- a -- ances,  
 He sighs, and glances,  
 He makes advances,  
 He sings, and dances,  
 And mends his air.

SONG

## SONG CIII.

**G**O, go, go, go, falsest of thy sex, be gone,  
 Leave, leave, ah leave me, leave me to myself alone!  
 Why would you strive by fond pretence,  
 Thus to destroy my innocence?  
 Go, go, &c. — leave, leave, &c.

Young *Celia*, you too late betray'd,  
 Then thus you did the nymph upbraid,  
 " Love, like a dream usher'd by night,  
 " Flies the approach of morning-light."  
 Go, go, &c. — leave, leave, &c.

She that believes man when he swears,  
 Or least regards his oaths and prayers,  
 May she, fond she, be most accurst;  
 Nay more, be subject to his lust.  
 Go, go, &c. — leave, leave, &c.

## SONG CIV.

**B***elinda*, with affected mien,  
 Tries all the power of art;  
 Yet finds her efforts all in vain,  
 To gain a single heart:  
 Whilst *Chloe*, in a different way,  
 Is but herself, to please,  
 And makes new conquests every day,  
 Without one borrow'd grace.

*Belinda's* haughty air destroys  
 What native charms inspire;  
 While *Chloe's* artless shining eyes  
 Set all the world on fire:  
*Belinda* may our pity move;  
 But *Chloe* gives us pain,  
 And while she smiles us into love,  
 Her sister frowns in vain.

## SONG CV.

ON a bank of flowers,  
In a summer-day,  
Inviting and undress'd,  
In her bloom of youth,  
Fair *Celia* lay,  
With love and sleep oppress'd ;  
When a youthful swain,  
With admiring eyes,  
Wish'd that he durst  
The sweet maid surprise ;  
*With a fa, la, la, la, &c.*  
But fear'd approaching spies.

As he gaz'd,  
A gentle *zephyr* arose,  
That fann'd her robes aside :  
And the sleeping nymph  
Did the charms disclose,  
Which waking she would hide :  
Then his breath grew short,  
And his pulse beat high,  
He long'd to touch  
What he chanc'd to spy ;  
*With a fa, la, la, la, &c.*  
But durst not still draw nigh.

All amaz'd he stood,  
With her beauties fir'd,  
And bless'd the courteous wind ;  
Then in whispers sigh'd,  
And the gods desir'd,  
That *Celia* might be kind :  
When with hopes grown bold,  
He advanc'd amain ;  
But she laugh'd loud  
In a dream, and again,  
*With a fa, la, la, la, &c.*  
Repell'd the timorous swain.

Yet

Yet the amorous youth,  
 To relieve his soft pain,  
 The slumb'ring maid caress'd ;  
 And with trembling hand  
 (O simple poor swain !)  
 Her glowing bosom press'd :  
 When the virgin awak'd,  
 And affrighted flew,  
 Yet look'd as wishing  
 He wou'd pursue :  
*With a fa, la, la, la, &c.*  
 But *Damon* miss'd his cue.

Now, now repenting,  
 That he had let her fly,  
 Himself he thus accus'd,  
 What a dull and a stupid  
 Blockhead was I,  
 That such a chance abus'd ?  
 To my shame 'twill now  
 On the plains be said,  
*Damon* a virgin  
 Asleep betray'd,  
*With a fa, la, la, &c.*  
 And let her go a maid.

---

 S O N G C V I.

**W**Hile silently I lov'd, nor dar'd  
 To tell my crime aloud,  
 The influence of your smiles I shar'd,  
 In common with the croud.

But when I once my flames express'd,  
 In hopes to ease my pain,  
 You singl'd me out from all the rest,  
 The mark of your disdain.

If thus, *Corinna*, you shall frown  
 On all that I adore,  
 Then all mankind must be undone,  
 Or you must smile no more.

SONG

## SONG CVII.

**O**H ! happy, happy grove,  
 Witness of our tender love ;  
 Oh ! happy, happy shade,  
 Where first our vows were made :  
 Blushing, sighing, melting, dying,  
 Looks would charm a *Jove* ;  
 A thousand pretty things she said,  
 And all — and all was love.  
 But *Corinna* perjur'd proves,  
 And forsakes the shady groves ;  
 When I speak of mutual joys,  
 She knows not what I mean ;  
 Wanton glances, fond caresses  
 Now no more are seen,  
 Since the false deluding fair  
 Has left the flow'ry green :  
 Mourn, ye nymphs, that sporting play'd,  
 Where poor *Strephon* was betray'd ;  
 There the secret wound she gave,  
 When I was made her slave.

## SONG CVIII.

**T**HE sages of old.  
 In prophecy told  
 The cause of a nation's undoing ;  
 But our new *English* breed  
 No prophecies need,  
 For each one here seeks his own ruin.

With grumbling and jars,  
 We promote civil wars,  
 And preach up false tenets to many ;  
 We snarl and we bite,  
 We rail and we fight  
 For religion, yet no man has any.

Then him let's commend,  
 That's true to his friend,  
 And the church and the senate would settle ;

Who delights not in blood,  
But draws when he shou'd,  
And bravely stands brunt to the battle.

Who rails not at kings,  
Nor politic things,  
Nor treason will speak when he's mellow ;  
But takes a full glass,  
To his country's success :  
This, this is an honest brave fellow.

---

## S O N G C I X.

**W**E all to conquering beauty bow,  
Its pleasing power admire ;  
But I ne'er knew a face till now  
That cou'd like yours inspire :  
Now I may say I met with one  
Amazes all mankind ;  
And, like men gazing on the sun,  
With too much light am blind.

Soft, as the tender moving sighs,  
When longing lovers meet,  
Like the divining prophets, wife ;  
Like new-blown roses, sweet ;  
Modest, yet gay ; reserv'd, yet free ;  
Each happy night a bride ;  
A mien like awful majesty,  
And yet no spark of pride.

The patriarch, to win a wife,  
Chaste, beautiful, and young,  
Serv'd fourteen years a painful life,  
And never thought it long :  
Ah ! were you to reward such care,  
And life so long would stay,  
Not fourteen, but four hundred years,  
Would seem but as one day.

S O N G

## SONG CX.

**P** Richee, *Billy*, be'nt so silly,  
 Thus to waste thy days in grief;  
 You say, *Betty* will not let ye;  
 But can sorrow bring relief?

Leave repining, cease your whining;  
 Pox on torment, tears, and wo:  
 If she's tender, she'll surrender;  
 If she's tough, — e'en let her go.

---

## SONG CXI.

**K** Indly, kindly, thus my treasure,  
 Ever love me, ever charm;  
 Let the passion know no measure,  
 Yet no jealous fear alarm.

Why shou'd we, our bliss beguiling,  
 By dull doubting fall at odds?  
 Meet my soft embraces smiling,  
 We'll be happy as the gods.

---

## SONG CXII.

**A** Sour reformation  
 Crawls out thro' the nation,  
 While dunder head-fages  
 Who hope for good wages,  
 Direct us the way.  
 Ye sons of the muses,  
 Then cloak your abuses;  
 And lest you shou'd trample  
 On pious example,  
 Observe and obey.

Time-frenzy curers,  
 And stubborn nonjurors,  
 For want of diversion,  
 Now scourge the lewd times:

D d 2

'They've

They've hinted, they've printed,  
 Our vein it profane is,  
     And worst of all crimes ;  
 The clod-pated railers,  
 Smiths, coblers, and *colliers*,  
     Have damn'd all our rhymes.

Under the notion  
 Of zeal for devotion,  
 The humour has fir'd 'em,  
 And malice inspir'd 'em,  
     To tutor the age :  
 But if in season,  
 You'd know the true reason ;  
 The hopes of preferment,  
 Is what makes the vermin  
     Now rail at the stage.  
 Cuckolds and canters,  
 With scruples and banter,  
 Old *Oliver's* peal,  
     Against poetry ring :  
 But let state-revolvers,  
 And treason-absolvers,  
     Excuse, if I sing,  
 The rebel that chuses  
 To cry down the muses,  
     Wou'd cry down the king.

*The End of the* THIRD VOLUME.

A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
CHOICE SONGS.

\*\*\*\*\*

*ANNA with an angel's air,  
Sweet her notes, her face as fair,  
Vassals and kings  
Feel, when she sings,  
Charms of warbling beauty near.*

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

VOLUME IV.

\*\*\*\*\*

Ettrick Banks.

I.

**O**N Ettrick banks, in a summer's night,  
At glowming when the sheep drave hame,  
I met my lassie braw and tight,  
Came wading, barefoot, a' her lane:  
My heart grew light, I ran, I sang  
My arms about her lily-neck,  
And kifs'd and clapp'd her there fou lang;  
My words they were na mony, feck.

II.

I said, My lassie, will ye go  
To the highland hills, the Earse to learn?  
I'll baith gi'e thee a cow and ew,  
When ye come to the brigg of Earn.

At *Leith* auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,  
 And herrings at the *Broomy Law*;  
 Chear up your heart, my bonny lass,  
 There's gear to win we never saw.

## III.

All day when we have wrought enough,  
 When winter, frosts, and snaw begin,  
 Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,  
 At night when you sit down to spin,  
 I'll screw my pipes and play a spring:  
 And thus the weary night will end,  
 Till the tender kid and lumb-time bring  
 Our pleasant summer back again.

## IV.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,  
 And gowans glent o'er ilka field,  
 I'll meet my lass amang the broom,  
 And lead you to my summer-shield.  
 Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,  
 That make the kindly hearts their sport,  
 We'll laugh and kiss, and dance and sing,  
 And gar the longest day seem short.

## The Birks of INVERMAY.

## I.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,  
 Invite the tuneful birds to sing;  
 And while they warble from the spray,  
 Love melts the universal lay.  
 Let us, *Amanda*, timely wife,  
 Like them, improve the hour that flies;  
 And in soft raptures waste the day  
 Among the birks of *Invermay*.

## II.

For soon the winter of the year,  
 And age, life's winter, will appear,  
 At this thy living bloom will fade,  
 As that will strip the verdant shade:

Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,  
 The feather'd songsters are no more;  
 And when they droop, and we decay,  
 Adieu, the birks of *Invermay*.

## III.

The laverocks now and lintwhite sing,  
 The rocks around with echoes ring;  
 The mavis and the blackbird vie,  
 In tuneful strains to glad the day;  
 The woods now wear their summer-suits;  
 To mirth all nature now invites:  
 Let us be blythsome then and gay  
 Among the birks of *Invermay*.

## IV.

Behold the hills and vales around,  
 With lowing herds and flocks abound;  
 The wanton kids and frisking lambs  
 Gambol and dance about their dams;  
 The busy bees with humming noise,  
 And all the reptile kind rejoice:  
 Let us, like them, then sing and play  
 About the birks of *Invermay*.

## V.

Hark, how the waters as they fall,  
 Loudly my love to gladness call;  
 The wanton waves sport in the beams,  
 And fishes play throughout the streams;  
 The circling sun does now advance,  
 And all the planets round him dance:  
 Let us as jovial be as they  
 Among the birks of *Invermay*.

## HERO and LEANDER.

An old BALLAD.

**L** Eander on the bay  
 Of *Hellepont* all naked stood,  
 Impatient of delay,  
 He leap'd into the fatal flood:

The

The raging seas,  
 Whom none can please,  
 'Gainst him their malice show ;  
 The heavens lour'd,  
 The rain down pour'd,  
 And loud the winds did blow.

## II.

Then casting round his eyes,  
 Thus of his fate he did complain :  
 Ye cruel rocks, and skies !  
 Ye stormy winds, and angry main !  
 What 'tis to miss  
 The lover's bliss,  
 Alas ! ye do not know ;  
 Make me your wreck  
 As I come back,  
 But spare me as I go.

## III.

Lo ! yonder stands the tower  
 Where my beloved *Hero* lies,  
 And this is the appointed hour  
 Which sets to watch her longing eyes.  
 To his fond suit  
 The gods were mute ;  
 The billows answer, No :  
 Up to the skies  
 The surges rise,  
 But sunk the youth as low.

## IV.

Mean while the wishing maid,  
 Divided 'twixt her care and love,  
 Now does his stay upbraid ;  
 Now dreads he shou'd the passage prove :  
 O fate ! said she,  
 Nor heaven, nor thee,  
 Our vows shall e'er divide.  
 I'd leap this wall,  
 Cou'd I but fall  
 By my *Leander's* side.

## V.

At length the rising sun  
 Did to her sight reveal, too late,  
 That *Hero* was undone ;  
 Not by *Leander's* fault, but fate.  
 Said she, I'll shew,  
 Tho' we are two,  
 Our loves were ever one :  
 This proof I'll give,  
 I will not live,  
 Nor shall he die alone.

## VI.

Down from the wall she leapt  
 Into the raging seas to him,  
 Courting each wave she met,  
 To teach her weary'd arms to swim ;  
 The sea-gods wept,  
 Nor longer kept  
 Her from her lover's side.  
 When join'd at last,  
 She grasp'd him fast,  
 Then sigh'd, embrac'd, and died.

Rare *WILLY* drown'd in *YARROW*.

## I.

**W***illy's* rare, and *Willy's* fair,  
 And *Willy's* wondrous bonny ;  
 And *Willy* height to marry me,  
 Gin e'er he married ony.

## II.

Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,  
 This night I'll make it narrow ;  
 For a' the live-lang winter-night  
 I lie twin'd of my marrow.

## III.

O came you by yon water-side,  
 Pou'd you the rose or lily ?  
 Or came you by yon meadow green ?  
 Or saw you my sweet *Willy* ?

She

She fought him east, she fought him west,  
 She fought him braid and narrow ;  
 Syne in the cleaving of a craig  
 She found him drown'd in *Farrow*.

---

### The King and the Miller.

#### I.

**H**OW happy a state does the miller possess !  
 Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be less ;  
 On his mill and himself he depends for support,  
 Which is better than servilely cringing at court.  
 What tho' he all dusty and whiten'd does go ?  
 The more he's bepowder'd, the more like a beau ;  
 A *clown* in his *dress* may be honestest far,  
 Than a *courtier* who struts in his *garter* and *star*.

#### II.

Tho' his hands are so daub'd, they're not fit to be seen,  
 The hands of his *bettors* are not very clean ;  
 A palm more polite may as dirtily deal,  
 Gold in handling will stick to the fingers like meal.  
 What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,  
 He cribs without scruple from other mens sacks ;  
 In this of right noble example he brags,  
 Who borrow as freely from other mens bags.

#### III.

Or shou'd he endeavour to heap an estate,  
 In this too he mimicks the *tools* of the state,  
 Whose aim is alone their coffers to fill,  
 And all his concern's to bring grist to his mill ;  
 He eats when he's hungry, and drinks when he's dry,  
 And down when he's weary contented does lie,  
 Then rises up chearful to work and to sing :  
 If so happy a *mill*er, then who'd be a *king* ?

Tamo Tanto.

I.

SO much I love thee, O my treasure !  
That my flame no bound does know :  
Oh ! look upon your swain with pleasure,  
For his pain some pity show.

II.

Oh ! my charmer, tho' I leave you,  
Yet my heart with you remains ;  
Let not then my absence grieve you,  
Since with pride I wear your chains.

The beautiful Singer.

I.

Singing charms the blest above,  
Angels sing, and saints approve ;  
All we below  
Of heaven can show,  
Is that they both sing and love.

II.

*Anna* with an angel's air,  
Sweet her notes, her face as fair :  
Vassals and kings  
Feel, when she sings,  
Charms of warbling beauty near.

III.

Savage nature conquer'd lies,  
All is wonder and surprise ;  
Souls expiring,  
Hearts a-firing,  
By her charming notes and eyes.

IV.

Let the violin and harp  
Hang and moulder till they warp ;  
Let the flute and lyre  
In dust expire,  
Shatter'd by a vocal *sharp*.

Sweet

## Sweet WILLIAM's Ghost.

## I.

Here came a ghost to *Marg'ret's* door,  
 With many a grievous groan,  
 And ay he tirl'd at the pin,  
 But answer made she none.

## II.

Is that my father *Philip*,  
 Or is't my brother *John*?  
 Or is't my true love *Willy*  
 From *Scotland* new come home?

## III.

'Tis not thy father *Philip*,  
 Nor yet thy brother *John*;  
 But 'tis thy true love *Willy*  
 From *Scotland* new come home.

## IV.

O sweet *Marg'ret*! O dear *Marg'ret*!  
 I pray thee speak to me;  
 Give me my faith and troth, *Marg'ret*,  
 As I gave it to thee.

## V.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,  
 Nor yet will I thee lend,  
 Till that thou come within my bower,  
 And kifs my cheek and chin.

## VI.

If I shou'd come within thy bower,  
 I am no earthly man;  
 And shou'd I kifs thy rosy lips,  
 Thy days will not be lang.

## VII.

O sweet *Marg'ret*! &c. as 4th stanza.

## VIII.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,  
 Nor yet will I thee lend,  
 Till you take me to yon kirk-yard,  
 And wed me with a ring.

## IX.

My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard,  
 Afar beyond the sea ;  
 And it is but my spirit, *Marg'ret*,  
 That's now speaking to thee.

## X.

She stretch'd out her lily-white hand,  
 And for to do her best,  
 Hae there's your faith and troth, *Willy*,  
 God send your soul good rest.

## XI.

Now she has kilted her robes of green  
 A piece below her knee,  
 And a' the live-lang winter-night  
 The dead corpse follow'd she.

## XII.

Is there any room at your head, *Willy* ?  
 Or any room at your feet ?  
 Or any room at your side, *Willy*,  
 Wherein that I may creep ?

## XIII.

There's no room at my head, *Marg'ret* ;  
 There's no room at my feet ;  
 There's no room at my side, *Mar'gret*,  
 My coffin's made so meet.

## XIV.

Then up and crew the red red cock,  
 And up then crew the gray,  
 'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear *Marg'ret*,  
 That you were going away.

## XV.

No more the ghost to *Marg'ret* said,  
 But with a grievous groan,  
 Evanish'd in a cloud of mist,  
 And left her all alone.

## XVI.

O stay, my only true love, stay,  
 The constant *Marg'ret* cry'd ;  
 Wan grew her cheeks, she clos'd her een,  
 Stretch'd her soft limbs, and dy'd.

Great Lamentation for the Loss of sweet  
SENISINO.

## I.

**A**S musing I rang'd in the meads all alone,  
A beautiful creature was making her moan ;  
Oh ! the tears they did trickle full fast from her eyes :  
She pierc'd both the air and my heart with her cries.  
*Oh ! the tears, &c.*

## II.

I gently requested the cause of her moan,  
She told me, her sweet *Senisino* was flown ;  
And in that sad posture she'd ever remain,  
Unless the dear charmer wou'd come back again.  
*And in, &c.*

## III.

Why, who is this mortal so cruel, said I,  
'That draws such a stream from so lovely an eye !  
'To beauty so blooming what man can be blind !  
'To passion so tender what monster unkind !  
*To beauty, &c.*

## IV.

'Tis neither for man, nor for woman, said she,  
That thus, in lamenting, I water the lee,  
My warbler celestial, sweet darling of fame,  
Is a shadow of something, a sex without name,  
*My warbler celestial, &c.*

## V.

Perhaps, 'tis some linnet, some blackbird, said I,  
Perhaps 'tis your lark that has soar'd to the sky ;  
Come dry up your tears, and abandon your grief,  
I'll bring you another to give you relief.  
*Come dry, &c.*

## VI.

No linnet, no blackbird, no sky-lark, said she,  
But one much more tuneful by far than all three ;  
My sweet *Senisino*, for whom I now cry,  
Is sweeter than all the wing'd songsters that fly.  
*My sweet, &c.*

Adieu,

VII.

Adieu, *Farinelli*, *Cuzzoni* likewise,  
Whom stars and whom garters extol to the skies ;  
Adieu to the opera, adieu to the ball,  
My darling is gone, and a fig for them all.  
*Adieu, &c.*

---

The Virgin's Prayer.

I.

**C***upid*, ease a love-sick maid,  
Bring thy quiver to her aid :  
With equal ardour wound the swain :  
Beauty should never sigh in vain.

II.

Let him feel the pleasing smart,  
Drive thy arrows through his heart ;  
When one you wound, you then destroy ;  
When both you kill, you kill with joy.

---

Ungrateful NANNY.

I.

**D**ID ever swain a nymph adore,  
As I ungrateful *Nanny* do ?  
Was ever shepherd's heart so sore,  
Or ever broken heart so true ?  
My cheeks are swell'd with tears, but she  
Has never wet a cheek for me.

II.

If *Nanny* call'd, did e'er I stay,  
Or linger when she bid me run ?  
She only had the word to say,  
And all she wish'd was quickly done.  
I always think of her, but she  
Does ne'er bestow a thought on me.

## III.

To let her cows my clover taste,  
Have I not rose by break of day ?  
Did ever *Nanny's* heifers fast,  
If *Robin* in his barn had hay ?  
Tho' to my fields they welcome were,  
I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

## IV.

If ever *Nanny* lost a sheep,  
I cheerfully did give her two ;  
And I her lambs did safely keep  
Within my folds in frost and snow :  
Have they not there from cold been free ?  
But *Nanny* still is cold to me.

## V.

When *Nanny* to the well did come,  
'Twas I that did her pitchers fill ;  
Full as they were, I brought them home :  
Her corn I carried to the mill ;  
My back did bear the sack, but she  
Will never bear a fight of me.

## VI.

To *Nanny's* poultry oats I gave,  
I'm sure they always had the best ;  
Within this week her pigeons have  
Eat up a peck of pease at least.  
Her little pigeons kifs, but she  
Will never take a kifs from me.

## VII.

Must *Robin* always *Nanny* woo,  
And *Nanny* still on *Robin* frown ?  
Alas ! poor wretch ! what shall I do,  
If *Nanny* does not love me soon !  
If no relief to me she'll bring,  
I'll hang me in her apron-string.

## The Scullion's Complaint.

**B**Y the side of a great kitchen-fire,  
 A scullion so hungry was laid,  
 A pudding was all his desire;  
 A kettle supported his head.  
 The hogs that were fed by the house,  
 To his sighs with a grunt did reply;  
 And the gutter that car'd not a louse,  
 Ran mournfully muddily by.

## II.

But when it was set in a dish,  
 Thus sadly complaining he cry'd,  
 My mouth it does water, and wish,  
 I think it had better been fry'd.  
 The butter around it was spread,  
 'Twas as great as a prince in his chair:  
 Oh! might I but eat it, he said,  
 The proof of the pudding lies there.

## III.

How foolish was I to believe,  
 It was made for so homely a clown;  
 Or that it would have a reprieve  
 From the dainty fine folks of the town?  
 Could I think that a pudding so fine  
 Would ever uneaten remove?  
 We labour that others may dine,  
 And live in a kitchen on love.

## IV.

What tho' at the fire I have wrought  
 Where puddings we broil and we fry,  
 Tho' part of it hither be brought,  
 And none of it ever set by?  
 Ah *Colin*! thou must not be first,  
 Thy knife and thy trencher resign;  
 There's *Marg'ret* will eat till she burst,  
 And her turn is sooner than mine.

## V.

And you, my companions so dear,  
 Who sorrow to see me so pale,  
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,  
 Forbear at a pudding to rail,  
 Tho' I shou'd through all the rooms rove,  
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to go;  
 'Tis its fate to be oiten above,  
 'Tis mine still to want it below.

## VI.

If while my hard fate I sustain,  
 In your breasts any pity be found,  
 Ye servants that earliest dine,  
 Come see how I lie on the ground:  
 Then hang up a pan and a pot,  
 And sorrow to see how I dwell;  
 And say, when you grieve at my lot,  
 Poor *Colin* lov'd pudding too well.

## VII.

'Then back to your meat you may go,  
 Which you set in your dishes so prim,  
 Where sauce in the middle does flow,  
 And flowers are strew'd round the brim:  
 Whilst *Colin*, forgotten and gone,  
 By the hedges shall dismally rove,  
 Unless when he sees the round moon,  
 He thinks on a pudding above.\*

## The Hunter's Song.

**W**Hen betimes on the morn to the fields we repair,  
 We range where the chace may be feated;  
 At the sound of the horn all disturbance and care  
 Flies away from the din as defeated.

\* See the excellent original, above, p. 242, of which this is the burlesque,

## II.

Then *Fowler* did roar, hearing *Tolier* before,  
 Brave music makes *Sweet-lips* and *Mally*,  
 At the sound of the noise the hunters rejoice,  
 And the *squat* makes the ratches to rally.

## III.

Then casting about, we find her anew,  
 And we raise then a halloo to cheer them ;  
 The echoes around from the mountains resound,  
 Rejoicing all hearts that do hear them.

## IV.

And when she turns weak, and her life's at the stake,  
 We take care to make her a seizure ;  
 And soon as we kill, we recover at will,  
 And home we return at our leisure.

## V.

And when we come home, our kind loving dames  
 With the best of good cheer can provide us ;  
 Good liquors abound, and healths go round,  
 Till nothing that's bad can betide us.

## VI.

Then we rise in a ring, we dance and we sing,  
 Having enough of our own, none to borrow :  
 Can the court of a king yield a pleasanter thing ?  
 We're the same just to-day as to-morrow.

## The jolly Bender.

## I.

**B** *Acchus* must now his power resign,  
 I am the only god of wine ;  
 It is not fit that wretch shou'd be  
 In competition set with me,  
 Who can drink ten times more than he.

## II.

Make a new world, ye powers divine,  
 Stock it with nothing else but wine :  
 Let wine the only product be,  
 Let wine be earth, be air and sea,  
 And let that wine be all for me.

Let

## III.

Let wretched mortals vainly wear  
 A tedious life in anxious care,  
 Let the ambitious toil and think,  
 Let states and empires swim or sink,  
 My soul's ambition is to drink.

---

## The Hay-maker's Song.

Come, neighbours, now we've made our hay,  
 The sun in haste  
 Drives to the west,  
 With sports, with sports conclude the day;  
 Let every man chuse out his lass,  
 And then salute her on the grass;  
 And when you find  
 She's coming kind,  
 Let not that moment pass;  
 Then we'll toss off our bowls,  
 To true love and honour,  
 To all kind loving girls,  
 And the lord of the manor.

## II.

At night when round the hall we sit,  
 With good brown bowls  
 To chear our souls,  
 And raise, and raise a merry chat:  
 When blood grows warm, and love runs high,  
 And jokes around the table fly,  
 Then we retreat,  
 And that repeat  
 Which all would gladly try;  
 Then we'll toss off our bowls,  
 To true love and honour,  
 To all kind loving girls,  
 And the lord of the manor.

Let

## III.

Let lazy great ones of the town  
 Drink night away,  
 And sleep all day,  
 Till gouty, gouty they are grown;  
 Our daily works such vigour give,  
 That nightly sports we oft revive,  
 And kiss our dames  
 With stronger flames  
 Than any prince alive:  
 Then we'll toss off our bowls,  
 To true love and honour,  
 To all kind loving girls,  
 And the lord of the manor.

---

## WATTY and MADGE.

*In imitation of WILLIAM and MARGARET.*

## I.

'T WAS at the shining mid-day hour,  
 When all began to gaunt,  
 That hunger rugg'd at *Watty's* breast,  
 And the poor lad grew faint.

## II.

His face was like a bacon ham  
 That sang in reek had hung,  
 And horn-hard was his tawny hand  
 That held his hazel-rung.

## III.

So wad the fastest face appear  
 Of the maist dressy spark,  
 And such the hands that lords wad hae,  
 Were they kept close at wark.

## IV.

His head was like a heathery bush  
 Beneath his bonnet blew,  
 On his braid cheeks, frae lug to lug,  
 His bairdy bristles grew.

But

## V.

But hunger, like a gnawing worm,  
Gade rumbling thro' his kyte,  
And noth'ing now but solid gear  
Cou'd give his heart delyte.

## VI.

He to the kitchen ran with speed,  
To his lov'd *Madge* he ran,  
Sunk down into the chimney-nook  
With visage sour and wan.

## VII.

Get up, he cries, my crishy love,  
Support my sinking faul  
With something that is fit to chew,  
Be't either het or caul.

## VIII.

This is the how and hungry hour,  
When the best cures for grief  
Are cogue-fous of the lythy kail,  
And a good junt of beef.

## IX.

Oh *Watty*, *Watty*, *Madge* replies,  
I but o'er justly trow'd  
Your love was thowless, and that ye  
For cake and pudding woo'd.

## X.

Bethink thee, *Watty*, on that night,  
When all were fast asleep,  
How ye kifs'd me frae cheek to cheek,  
Now leave these cheeks to dreep.

## XI.

How cou'd ye ca' my hurdies fat,  
And comfort of your fight?  
How cou'd you roose my dimpled hand,  
Now all my dimples slight?

## XII.

Why did you promise me a snood,  
To bind my locks fae brown ?  
Why did you me fine garters height,  
Yet let my hose fa' down ?

## XIII.

O faithless *Watty*, think how aft  
I ment your farks and hose !  
For you how mony bannocks stown,  
How mony cogues of brose !

## XIV.

But hark ! — the kail-bell rings, and I  
Maun gae link aff the pot ;  
Come see, ye haff, how fair I sweat,  
To stegh your guts, ye sot.

## XV.

'The grace was said, the master serv'd,  
Fat *Madge* return'd again,  
Blyth *Watty* raise and rax'd himsell,  
And sidg'd he was fae fain.

## XVI.

He hy'd him to the savoury bench,  
Where a warm haggies stood,  
And gart his gooly through the bag  
Let out its fat heart's blood.

## XVII.

And thrice he cry'd, Come eat, dear *Madge*,  
Of this delicious fare ;  
Syne claw'd it aff most cleverly,  
Till he could eat nae mair.

## CELIA in a Jessamine Bower.

When the bright god of day  
Drove westward his ray,  
And the evening was charming and clear,  
The swallows amain  
Nimbly skim o'er the plain,  
And our shadows like giants appear.

In

## II.

In a jessamine bower,  
 When the bean was in flower,  
 And *zephyrs* breath'd odours around,  
 Lov'd *Celia* she sat  
 With her song and spinet,  
 And she charm'd all the grove with her sound.

## III.

Rosy bowers she sung,  
 Whilst the harmony rung,  
 And the birds they all flutt'ring arrive,  
 The industrious bees,  
 From the flowers and trees,  
 Gently hum with their sweets to their hive.

## IV.

The gay god of love,  
 As he flew o'er the grove,  
 By *zephyrs* conducted along ;  
 As he touch'd on the strings,  
 He beat time with his wings,  
 And echo repeated the song.

## V.

O ye mortals ! beware  
 How ye venture too near,  
 Love doubly is armed to wound ;  
 Your fate you can't shun,  
 For you're surely undone,  
 If you rashly approach near the sound.

Were not my Heart light, I wad die.

## I.

**T**Here was anes a *May*, and she loo'd na men,  
 She biggit her bonny bower down in yon glen,  
 But now she crys dool ! and a well-a-day !  
 Come down the green gate, and come here away.  
*But now she crys dool ! &c.*

When

## II.

When bonny young *Jobny* came o'er the sea,  
 He said he saw naething sae lovely as me ;  
 He heght me baith rings and mony braw things ;  
 And were na my heart light, I wad die.  
*He heght, &c.*

## III.

He had a wee titty that loo'd na me,  
 Because I was twice as bonny as she ;  
 She rais'd such a pother 'twixt him and his mother,  
 That were na my heart light, I wad die.  
*She rais'd, &c.*

## IV.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be,  
 The wife took a dwam, and lay down to die ;  
 She main'd and the grain'd out of dolour and pain,  
 Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.  
*She main'd, &c.*

## V.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,  
 Said, What had he to do with the like of me ?  
 Albeit I was bonny, I was na for *Jobny* ;  
 And were na my heart light, I wad die.  
*Albeit I was, &c.*

## VI.

They said, I had neither cow nor ca'ss,  
 Nor dribbles of drink rins throw the draff,  
 Nor pickles of meal rins throw the mill-eye ;  
 And were na my heart light, I wad die.  
*Nor pickles of, &c.*

## VII.

His titty she was baith wylie and flee.  
 She spy'd me as I came o'er the lee ;  
 And then she ran in and made a loud din ;  
 Believe your ain een, an ye trow na me.  
*And then she, &c.*

## VIII.

His bonnet stood ay fou round on his brow,  
 His auld ane looks ay as well as some's new :  
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But

But now he lets't wear ony gate it will hing,  
And cast himself dowie upon the corn-bing.  
*But now be, &c.*

## IX.

And now he gaes drooping about the dykes,  
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes :  
'The live-lang night he ne'er fleeks his eye,  
And were na my heart light, I wad die.  
*The live-lang, &c.*

## X.

Were I young for thee, as I hae been,  
We shou'd hae been galloping down on yon green,  
And linking it on the lily-white lee ;  
And wow gin I were but young for thee.  
*And linking, &c.*

Kind ROBIN lo'es me.

## ROBIN.

**W**Hilst I alone your soul possess'd,  
And none more lov'd your bosom press'd,  
Ye gods, what king like me was blest'd,  
When kind *Jeany* lo'ed me !  
Hey ho *Jeany*, quoth he,  
Kind *Robin* lo'es thee.

## JEANY.

Whilst you ador'd no other fair,  
Nor *Kate* with me your heart did share,  
What queen with *Jeany* cou'd compare,  
When kind *Robin* lo'ed me !  
*Hey ho Robin, &c.*

## ROBIN.

*Katy* now commands my heart,  
*Kate* who sings with so much art,  
Whose life to save with mine I'd part ;  
For kind *Katy* loves me.  
*Hey ho Jeany, &c.*

*JEANY.*

JEANY.

*Paty* now delights mine eyes,  
 He with equal ardour dies,  
 Whose life to save I'd perish twice;  
     For kind *Paty* lo'es me.  
*Hey ho Robin, &c.*

ROBIN.

What if I *Kate* for thee disdain,  
 And former love return again,  
 To link us in the strongest chain?  
     For kind *Robin* lo'es thee.  
*Hey ho Jeany, &c.*

JEANY.

Tho' *Paty's* kind, as kind can be,  
 And thou more stormy than the sea,  
 I'd chuse to live and die with thee,  
     If kind *Robin* lo'es me.  
*Hey ho Robin, &c.*

## O my heavy Heart!

Tune of, *The Broom of Cowdenknows.*

I.

O My heart, my heavy, heavy heart,  
 Swells as 'twou'd burit in twain!  
 No tongue can e'er describe its smart;  
 Nor I conceal its pain.

II.

Blow on, ye winds, descend, soft rains,  
 To sooth my tender grief:  
 Your solemn music lulls my pain,  
 And yields me short relief.  
*O my heart, &c.*

III.

In some lone corner would I sit,  
 Retir'd from human kind;  
 Since mirth, nor show, nor sparkling wit,  
 Can ease my anxious mind.  
*O my heart, &c.*

## IV.

The sun which makes all nature gay,  
 Torments my weary eyes,  
 And in dark shade I pass the day,  
 Where echo sleeping lies.  
*O my heart, &c.*

## V.

The sparkling stars which gaily shine,  
 And glitt'ring deck the night,  
 Are all such cruel foes of mine,  
 I sicken at their sight.  
*O my heart, &c.*

## VI.

The gods themselves their creatures love,  
 Who do their aid implore ;  
*O* learn of them, and bleis the nymph  
 Who only you adore.  
*O my heart, &c.*

## VII.

The strongest passion of the mind,  
 The greatest bliss we know,  
 Arises from successful love,  
 If not the greatest wo.  
*O my heart, &c.*

## Bellaspelling.

## I.

**A**LL you that would refine your blood,  
 As pure as fam'd *Lewelling*,  
 By water clear, come every year,  
 And drink at *Bellaspelling*.  
 Tho' pox or itch your skin enrich  
 With rubies past the telling,  
 'Twill clear your skin, ere you have been  
 A month at *Bellaspelling*.

## II.

Tho' ladies cheeks be green as leeks,  
 When they come from their dwelling,  
 The kindling rose within them blows  
 While she's at *Bellaspelling*.

The

The fuddy brown just come from town,  
Grows here as fresh as *Helen* ;  
Then back she goes to kill the beaux,  
By dint of *Bellaspelling*.

## III.

Our ladies are as fresh and fair  
As *Ros*s or bright *Dunkelling* ;  
And *Mars* might make a fair mistake,  
Were he at *Bellaspelling*.  
We must submit as they think fit,  
And there is no rebelling ;  
The reason's plain, the ladies reign  
Our queens at *Bellaspelling*.

## IV.

By matchless charms and conquering arms,  
They have the way of quelling  
Such desperate foes as dare oppose  
Their power at *Bellaspelling*.  
Cold water turns to fire, and burns,  
I know't because I fell in  
The happy stream where a fair dame  
Did bathe at *Bellaspelling*.

## V.

Fine beaux advance, equipt for dance,  
And bring their *Anne* and *Nell* in  
With so much grace, I'm sure no place  
Can vie with *Bellaspelling*.  
No politics, or subtile tricks,  
No man his country selling ;  
We eat and drink, and never think,  
Like rogues at *Bellaspelling*.

## VI.

The pain'd in mind, the puff'd with wind,  
They all come here pell-mell in,  
And they are sure to find a cure  
By drinking *Bellaspelling*.  
Tho' dropfy fill you to the gill,  
From chin to toe high swelling,  
Pour in, pour out, you need not doubt  
A cure at *Bellaspelling*.

## VII.

Death throws no darts in these good parts,  
 No sextons here are knelling :  
 Come judge and try, you'll never die  
 While you are at *Bellaspelling* ;  
 Except you feel darts tipt with steel,  
 Which here are very belle in,  
 When from their eyes sweet ruin flies,  
 You die at *Bellaspelling*.

## VIII.

Good cheer, good air, much joy, no care,  
 Your sight, your taste and smelling,  
 Your ears, your touch, transported much,  
 Each day at *Bellaspelling*.  
 Within this bound we all sleep sound,  
 No noisy dogs are yelling,  
 Except you wake for *Celia's* sake.  
 All night at *Bellaspelling*.

## IX.

Here all you see, both he and she,  
 No lady keeps her cell in,  
 But all partake the mirth we make,  
 Who live at *Bellaspelling*.  
 My rhyme is gone, I think I've done,  
 Unless I shou'd bring hell in ;  
 But since we're here to heaven so near,  
 I can't at *Bellaspelling*.

---

 The wandering Beauty.

## I.

**T**HE graces and the wandering loves  
 Are fled to distant plains,  
 To chase the fawns, or in the groves  
 To wound admiring swains :  
 With their bright *mistress* there they stray,  
 Who turns their careless eyes  
 From daily victories ; yet each day  
 Behold new triumphs in her way,  
 And conquers as she flies ;  
*And conquers, &c.*

But

## II.

But see ! implor'd by moving prayers  
 To change the lover's pain ;  
*Venus* her harness'd doves prepares,  
 And brings the fair again.  
 Proud mortals who this maid pursue,  
 Think you she'll e'er resign ?  
 Cease, fools, your wishes to renew,  
 Till she grows flesh and blood like you,  
 Or you like her divine ;  
 Or you, &c.

---

## The Sweet Temptation.

## I.

**S**AW ye the nymph whom I adore ?  
 Saw ye the goddess of my heart ?  
 And can you bid me love no more ?  
 And can you think I feel no smart ?

## II.

So many charms around her shine,  
 Who can the sweet temptation fly ?  
 Spite of her scorn, she's so divine,  
 That I must love her, tho' I die.

---

## Bonny BARBARA ALLAN.

## I.

**I**T was in and about the *Martinmas* time,  
 When the green leaves were a-falling,  
 That Sir *John Graeme* in the west country  
 Fell in love with *Barbara Allan*.

## II.

He sent his man down through the town,  
 To the place where she was dwelling,  
 O haste and come to my master dear,  
 Gin ye be *Barbara Allan*.

## III.

O hooly, hooly rase she up,  
To the place where he was lying,  
And when she drew the curtain by,  
Young man, I think you're dying.

## IV.

O its I'm sick, and very very sick,  
And 'tis a' for *Barbara Allan*.  
O the better for me ye's never be,  
Tho' your heart's blood were a-spilling.

## V.

O dinna ye mind, young man, said she,  
When ye was in the tavern a-drinking,  
That ye made the healths gae round and round,  
And slighted *Barbara Allan*?

## VI.

He turn'd his face unto the wall,  
And death was with him dealing ;  
Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,  
And be kind to *Barbara Allan*.

## VII.

And slowly, slowly raise she up,  
And slowly, slowly left him ;  
And sighing, said, she cou'd not stay,  
Since death of life had rest him.

## VIII.

She had not gane a mile but twa,  
When she heard the dead bell ringing,  
And every jow that the dead bell gied,  
It cry'd, Wo to *Barbara Allan*.

## IX.

O mother, mother, make my bed,  
O make it fast and narrow,  
Since my love dy'd for me to-day,  
I'll die for him to-morrow.

## The Toper's Petition.

## I.

O Grant me, kind *Bacchus*,  
 The god of the vine,  
 Not a pipe nor a tun,  
 But an ocean of wine,  
 With a ship that's well mann'd  
 With such rare-hearted fellows,  
 Who ne'er left the tavern  
 For a porterly alehouse.

## II.

Let the ship spring a leak,  
 To let in the tippie,  
 Without pump or longboat,  
 To save ship or people :  
 So that each jolly lad  
 May always be bound,  
 Or to drink, or to drink,  
 Or to drink, or be drown'd.

## III.

When death does prevail,  
 It is my design  
 To be nobly entomb'd  
 In a wave of good wine :  
 So that living or dead,  
 Both body and spirit,  
 May float round the world  
 In an ocean of claret.

## The Relief by the Bowl.

Since drinking has power to bring us relief,  
 Come fill up the bowl, and the pox on all grief :  
 If we find that won't do, we'll have such another ;  
 And so we'll proceed from one bowl to another ;  
 Fill, like sons of *Apollo*, we'll make our wit soar  
 Or in homage to *Bacchus* fall down on the floor.

*Apollo.*

*Apollo* and *Bacchus* were both merry souls,  
 Each of them delighted to toss off their bowls ;  
 Then let us, to shew ourselves mortals of merit,  
 Be toasting these gods in a bowl of good claret,  
 And then we shall each be deserving of praise :  
 But the man that drinks most shall go off with the bays,

---

### On Masonry.

#### I.

**B**Y *Mason's* art, the aspiring dome  
 In various columns shall arise ;  
 All climates are their native home,  
 Their godlike actions reach the skies.  
*Heroes* and *kings* revere their name,  
 And *poets* sing their deathless fame.

#### II.

Great, gen'rous, noble, wise, and brave,  
 Are titles they most justly claim ;  
 Their deeds shall live beyond the grave,  
 Which babes unborn shall loud proclaim ;  
 Time shall their glorious acts inroll,  
 Whilst love and friendship charm the soul.

---

### The Coquet.

#### I.

**F**ROM *Whyte's* and *Will's*,  
 To purling rills,  
 The love-sick *Strepson* flies ;  
 There full of wo,  
 His numbers flow,  
 And all in rhyme he dies.

#### II.

The fair coquet,  
 With feign'd regret,  
 Invites him back to town ;

But when in tears  
The lad appears,  
She meets him with a frown.

## III.

Full of the maid  
This prank had play'd,  
Till angry *Strepson* swore,  
And what is strange,  
'Tho' loath to change,  
Would never see her more.

## Gently touch, &amp;c.

## I.

**G**ently touch the warbling lyre,  
*Chloe* seems inclin'd to rest,  
Fill her soul with fond desire,  
Softest notes will sooth her breast.  
Pleasing dreams assist in love,  
Let them all propitious prove.

## II.

On the mossy bank she lies,  
(Nature's verdant velvet-bed),  
Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,  
Forming pillows for her head.  
*Zephyrs* waft their odours round,  
And indulging whispers sound.

## IMITATED.

## I.

**G**ently stir and blow the fire,  
Lay the mutton down to roast:  
Get me, quick, 'tis my desire,  
In the dreeping-pan a toast,  
That my hunger may remove;  
Mutton is the meat I love.

## II.

On the dresser see it lies :

Oh the charming white and red !

Finer meat ne'er met my eyes,

On the sweetest grass it fed :

Swiftly make the jack go round,

Let me have it nicely brown'd.

## III.

On the table spread the cloth,

Let the knives be sharp and clean ;

Pickles get of every sort,

And a sallad crisp and green :

Then with small beer and sparkling wine,

O ye gods ! how I shall dine.

### The happy Beggars.

#### *Queen of the Beggars.*

**H**OW blest'd are beggar-lasses,  
 Who never toil for treasure !  
 Who know no care, but how to share  
 Each day successive pleasure !  
 Drink away, let's be gay,  
 Beggars still with blifs abound,  
 Mirth and joy ne'er can cloy,  
 Whilst the sparkling glass goes round.

#### *First Woman.*

A fig for gaudy fashions,  
 No want of cloaths oppresses ;  
 We live at ease with rags and fleas,  
 We value not our dresses.  
*Drink away, &c.*

#### *Second Woman.*

We scorn all ladies washes,  
 With which they spoil each feature,  
 No patch or paint our beauties want,  
 We live in simple nature.  
*Drink away, &c.*

*Third Woman.*

No colic, spleen, or vapours,  
 At morn, or evening tease us ;  
 We drink no tea, or ratafia ;  
 When sick, a dram can ease us.  
*Drink away, &c.*

*Fourth Woman.*

That ladies act in private,  
 By nature's soft compliance ;  
 We think no crime, when in our prime,  
 To kiss without a licence.  
*Drink away, &c.*

*Fifth Woman.*

We know no shame or scandal,  
 The beggars law befriends us ;  
 We all agree in liberty,  
 And poverty defends us.  
*Drink away, &c.*

*Sixth Woman.*

Like jolly beggar wenches,  
 Thus, thus we drown all sorrow ;  
 We live to-day, and ne'er delay  
 Our pleasure till to-morrow.  
*Drink away, &c.*

## LUCY and COLIN.

## I.

OF *Leister*, fam'd for maidens fair,  
 Bright *Lucy* was the grace ;  
 Nor e'er did *Lissy's* limpid stream  
 Reflect so sweet a face :  
 Till luckless love and pining care  
 Impair'd her rosy hue,  
 Her coral lips and damask cheeks,  
 And eyes of glossy blue.

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Oh !

## II.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale,  
 When beating rains descend?  
 So droop'd the flow-consuming maid,  
 Her life was near an end.  
 By *Lucy* warn'd, of flatt'ring swains  
 Take heed, ye easy fair,  
 Of vengeance due to broken vows,  
 Ye perjur'd swains, beware.

## III.

Three times, all in the dead of night,  
 A bell was heard to ring;  
 And shrieking at her window thrice,  
 The raven flapp'd his wing:  
 Too well the love-lorn maiden knew  
 The solemn boding sound,  
 And thus in dying words bespoke,  
 The virgins weeping round:

## IV.

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,  
 "Which says I must not stay;  
 "I see a hand you cannot see,  
 "Which beckons me away.  
 "By a false heart and broken vows,  
 "In early youth I die;  
 "Was I to blame, because his bride  
 "Was thrice as rich as I?

## V.

"Ah *Colin!* give not her thy vows,  
 "Vows due to me alone;  
 "Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,  
 "Nor think him all thy own.  
 "To-morrow in the church to wed,  
 "Impatient both prepare:  
 "But know, fond maid, and know, false man,  
 "That *Lucy* will be there.

"The

## VI.

"Then bear my corse, my comrades dear,  
 "This bridegroom blithe to meet;  
 "He in his wedding-trim so gay,  
 "I in my winding-sheet."  
 She spoke, she dy'd : her corse was born,  
 The bridegroom blithe to meet;  
 He in his wedding-trim so gay,  
 She in her winding-sheet.

## VII.

Then what were perjur'd *Colin's* thoughts!  
 How were these nuptials kept!  
 The bride's men flock'd round *Lucy* dead,  
 And all the village wept.  
 Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,  
 At once his bosom swell;  
 The damps of death bedew'd his brow,  
 He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

## VIII.

From the vain bride (ah bride no more!)  
 The varying crimson fled,  
 When stretch'd before her rival's corse,  
 She saw her husband dead.  
 Then to his *Lucy's* new-made grave,  
 Convey'd by trembling swains,  
 One mold with her, beneath one sod,  
 For ever now remains.

## IX.

Oft at his grave, the constant hind,  
 And plighted maids are seen,  
 With garlands gay and true love-knots  
 They deck the sacred green.  
 But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,  
 This hallow'd spot forbear;  
 Remember *Colin's* dreadful fate,  
 And fear to meet him here.

## DERMET'S Cronoch.

I.

ONE Sunday after mafs,  
 Dermet and his lafs  
 To the *Greenwood* did pafs,  
 All alone, all alone,  
 All alone, all alone, all alone.

II.

He ask'd for a pogue,  
 And she call'd him a r gue,  
 And struck him with her brogue,  
 Ahon ! ahon ! ahon !

III.

Said he, My dear shoy,  
 Why will you prove coy ?  
 Let us play, let us toy,  
 All alone, all alone,  
 All alone, all alone, all alone.

IV.

If I were so mild,  
 You are so very wild,  
 You would get me a shield.  
 Ahon ! ahon ! ahon !

V.

He brib'd her with fruits,  
 And he brib'd her with nuts,  
 Till a thorn prick'd her foots.  
 Haloo ! haloo ! haloo ! haloo !

Shall I pull it out !  
 You will hurt me, I doubt,  
 And make me to shout.  
 Haloo ! haloo ! haloo !

A Review of St PAUL's Church,  
COVENT GARDEN.

## I.

**H**Aving spent all my time  
Upon women and wine,  
I went to the church out of spite ;  
But what the priest said  
Is quite out of my head,  
I resolv'd not to edify by't.

## II.

All the women I view'd,  
Both religious and lewd,  
From the fable top-knot to the scarlets ;  
An even wager I'd lay,  
That at a foul play,  
The house ne'er swarm'd so with harlots.

## III.

Madam lovely I saw  
With her daughters-in-law,  
Whom she offers to sale ev'ry *Sunday* ;  
In the midst of her pray'rs  
She negotiates affairs,  
And signs assignations for *Monday*.

## IV.

Next a baron knight's daughter,  
Whose own mother taught her,  
By precept and practical notions,  
To wear gaudy cloaths,  
And ogle the beaux,  
Was at church, to shew signs of devotion.

## V.

Next, a lady of fame,  
Whom we shall not name,  
Sh. ll give you no trouble in teaching ;  
She has a very fine book,  
But ne'er on it do's look,  
And regards neither praying nor preaching.

## VI.

Madam fair there she sits,  
 Almost out of her wits,  
 Betwixt vice and devotion debating ;  
 She's as vitious as fair,  
 And has no business there,  
 To hear Master *Tickle* text-prating.

## VII.

From the corner of the square  
 Comes a hopeful young pair,  
 As religious as they see occasion ;  
 But if patches or paint  
 Be true signs of a saint,  
 We've no reason to fear their damnation.

## VIII.

When thus he had done,  
 He bless'd every one,  
 With his benediction the people :  
 So I run to the *Crown*,  
 Lest the church shou'd fall down,  
 And beat out my brains with the steeple.

## SUSAN'S Complaint and Remedy.

## I.

**A**S down in the meadows I chanced to pass,  
 Oh ! there I beheld a young beautiful lass,  
 Her age, I am sure, it was scarcely fifteen,  
 And she on her head wore a garland of green ;  
 Her lips were like rubies ; and as for her eyes,  
 They sparkled like diamonds, or stars in the skies ;  
 And as for her voice, it was charming and clear,  
 And she sung a song for the loss of her dear.

## II.

Why does my love *Willy* prove false and unkind ?  
 Ah ! why does he change like the wavering wind,  
 From one that is loyal in every degree ?  
 Ah ! why does he change to another from me ?

Or does he take pleasure to torture me so ?  
 Or does he delight in my sad overthrow ?  
*Susanna* will always prove true to her trust,  
 'Tis pity lov'd *Willy* shou'd prove so unjust.

## III.

In the meadows as we were a-making of hay,  
 There did we pass the soft minutes away ;  
 Then was I kiss'd, and set down on his knee,  
 No man in the world was so loving as he.  
 And as he went forth to harrow and plow,  
 I milk'd him sweet fillabubs under my cow :  
 O then I was kiss'd as I sat on his knee !  
 No man in the world was so loving as he.

## IV.

But now he has left me, and *Fanny* the fair  
 Employs all his wishes, his thoughts, and his care :  
 He kisses her lip as she sits on his knee,  
 And says all the sweet things he once said to me :  
 But if she believe him, the false-hearted swain  
 Will leave her, and then she with me may complain.  
 For nought is more certain, believe silly *Sue*,  
 Who once has been faithless can never be true.

## V.

She finish'd her song, and rose up to be gone,  
 When over the meadow came jolly young *John*,  
 Who told her that she was the joy of his life,  
 And if she'd consent, he wou'd make her his wife :  
 She cou'd not refuse him, so to church they went ;  
 Young *Willy's* forgot, and young *Susan's* content.  
 Most men are like *Willy*, most women like *Sue* ;  
 If men will be false, why shou'd women be true ?

## The Cobler.

**A** Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a stall,  
 Which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen and hall ;  
 No coin in his pocket, nor care in his pate,  
 No ambition had he, nor no duns at his gate.

*Derry down, down, down, derry down.*

Contented

## II.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself happy  
If at night he cou'd purchase a cup of brown nappy ;  
He'd laugh then and whistle, and sing too most sweet,  
Saying, Just to a hair I've made both ends meet.

*Derry down, &c.*

## III.

But love the disturber of high and of low,  
That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau,  
He shot the poor cobbler quite thro' the heart,  
I wish it had hit some more ignoble part.

*Derry down, &c.*

## IV.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,  
Where a buxom young damsel continually lay ;  
Her eyes shone so bright when she rose every day,  
That she shot the poor cobbler straight over the way.

*Derry down, &c.*

## V.

He sung her love-songs as he sat at his work,  
But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk :  
Whenever he spoke, she wou'd flounce, and wou'd tear ;  
Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair.

*Derry down, &c.*

## VI.

He took up his awl, that he had in the world,  
And to make away with himself was resolv'd,  
He pierc'd thro' his body instead of the sole :  
So the cobbler he died, and the bell it did toll.

*Derry down, &c.*

## The bonny Earl of MURRAY.

## I.

**Y**E Highlands, and ye Lawlands,  
Oh ! where have you been ?  
They have slain the Earl of Murray,  
And they laid him on the green !  
*They have, &c.*

Now

## II.

Now wae be to thee, *Huntly*,  
 And wherefore did you fae ?  
 I bade you bring him wi' you,  
 But forbade you him to flay.  
*I bade, &c.*

## III.

He was a braw gallant,  
 And he rid at the ring;  
 And the bonny Earl of *Murray*,  
 Oh! he might have been a king.  
*And the, &c.*

## IV.

He was a braw gallant,  
 And he play'd at the ba':  
 And the bonny Earl of *Murray*  
 Was the flower amang them a'.  
*And the, &c.*

## V.

He was a braw gallant,  
 And he play'd at the glove:  
 And the bonny Earl of *Murray*,  
 Oh! he was the queen's love.  
*And the, &c.*

## VI.

Oh! lang will his lady  
 Look o'er the castle *Down*,  
 Ere she see the Earl of *Murray*  
 Come sounding thro' the town.  
*Ere she, &c.*

If e'er I do well, 'tis a Wonder.

## I.

**W**hen I was a young lad,  
 My fortune was bad;  
 If e'er I do well, 'tis a wonder:

I spent all my means  
 On whores, bawds, and queans:  
 Then I got a commission to plunder.  
*Fall all de rall, &c.*

## II.

The hat I have on,  
 So greasy is grown,  
 Remarkable 'tis for its shining;  
 'Tis stich'd all about,  
 Without button or loop,  
 And never a bit of a lining,  
*Fall all de rall, &c.*

## III.

The coat I have on,  
 So thread-bare is grown,  
 So out at the armpits and elbows,  
 That I look as absurd  
 As a sailor on board,  
 That has ly'n fifteen months in the bilbos.  
*Fall all de rall, &c.*

## IV.

My shirt it is tore  
 Both behind and before,  
 The colour is much like a cinder;  
 'Tis so thin and so fine,  
 That it is my design  
 To present it to the muses for tinder.  
*Fall all de rall, &c.*

## V.

My blue fustian breeches  
 Is wore to the stiches,  
 My legs you may see what's between them;  
 My pockets all four,  
 I'm the son of a whore,  
 If there's ever one farthing within them.  
*Fall all de rall, &c.*

## VI.

I've stockings, 'tis true,  
 But the devil a shoe,  
 I'm oblig'd to wear boots in all weather;

Be damn'd the boot-sole,  
Curse on the spur-roll,  
Confounded be the upper-leather.  
*Fall all de rall, &c.*

## VII.

Had ye then but seen  
The sad plight I was in,  
Ye'd not seen such a poet amongst twenty ;  
I have nothing that's full,  
But my shirt and my scull,  
For my pockets and belly were empty.  
*Fall all de rall, &c.*

## The Fumbler's Rant.

## I.

Come carls a' of fumblers ha',  
And I will tell you of our fate,  
Since we have married wives that's braw,  
And canna please them when 'tis late :  
A pint we'll take, our hearts to cheer ;  
What faults we have, our wives can tell :  
Gar bring us in baith ale and beer,  
The auldest bairn we hae's ourfell.

## II.

Christ'ning of weans we are rid of,  
The parish-priest 'tis he can tell,  
We aw him nought but a gray groat,  
The off'ring for the house we dwell.  
Our bairns's tocher is a' paid,  
We're masters of the gear our sell ;  
Let either well or wae betide,  
Here's a health to a' the wives that's yell.

## III.

Our nibour's auld son and the lass,  
Into the barn amang the strae,  
He grips her in the dark beguets,  
And after that comes meikle wae.

Repentance

Repentance ay comes afterhin',  
 It cost the carl baith corn and hay;  
 We're quat of that with little din,  
 Sic crosses haunt ne'er you nor I.

## IV.

Now merry, merry may we be,  
 When we think on our nibour *Robie*,  
 The way the carl does, we fee,  
 Wi' his auld son and his daughter *Maggy* :  
 Boots he maun hae, pistols, why not ;  
 The hussy maun hae corkit shoon :  
 We are no fae ; gar fill the pot,  
 We'll drink to a' the hours at e'en.

## V.

Here's a health to *John Mackay* we'll drink,  
 To *Hughie*, *Andrew*, *Rob*, and *Tam* :  
 We'll sit and drink, we'll nod and wink,  
 It is o'er soon for us to gang.  
 Foul fa the cock, he's spilt the play,  
 And I do trow he's but a fool,  
 We'll sit a while, 'tis lang to day,  
 For a' they rave at *Yool*.

## VI.

Since we have met, we'll merry be,  
 The foremost hame shall bear the mell ;  
 I'll set me down, lest I be fee,  
 For fear that I shou'd bear't mysell.  
 And I, quoth *Rob*, and down sat he,  
 The gear shall never me outride,  
 But we'll take a soup of the barley-bree,  
 And drink to our yell fireside.

---

 The Matron's Wish.

## I.

**W**hen my locks are grown hoary,  
 And my visage looks pale ;  
 When my forehead has wrinkles,  
 And my eye-sight does fail ;

Let my words and my actions  
Be free from all harm,  
And may I have my old husband  
To keep my back warm.

CHORUS.

*The pleasures of youth  
Are flowers but of May;  
Our life's but a vapour,  
Our body's but clay:  
O let me live well,  
Tho' I live but a day.*

II.

With a sermon on Sunday,  
And a Bible of good print;  
With a pot on the fire,  
And good viands in't;  
With ale, beer, and brandy,  
Both winter and summer,  
To drink to my gossip,  
And be pledg'd by my cummer.  
*The pleasures of, &c.*

III.

With pigs and with poultry,  
And some money in store,  
To purchase the needful,  
And to give to the poor:  
With a bottle of Canary  
To sip without sin,  
And to comfort my daughter  
Whene'er she lies in.  
*The pleasures of, &c.*

IV.

With a bed soft and easy  
To rest on at night,  
With a maid in the morning  
To rise with the light.

To do her work neatly,  
 And obey my desire,  
 To make the house clean,  
 And blow up the fire.  
*The pleasures of, &c.*

## V.

With health and content,  
 And a good easy chair;  
 With a thick hood and mantle,  
 When I ride on my mare.  
 Let me dwell near my cupboard,  
 And far from my foes,  
 With a pair of glass eyes  
 To clap on my nose.  
*The pleasures of, &c.*

## VI.

And when I am dead,  
 With a sigh let them say,  
 Our honest old cummer's  
 Now laid in the clay:  
 When young, she was chearful,  
 No scold, nor no whore;  
 She assisted her neighbours,  
 And gave to the poor.  
*Tho' the flower of her youth  
 In her age did decay,  
 Tho' her life like a vapour  
 Ev'nish'd away,  
 She liv'd well and happy  
 Unto her last day.*

---

 The Free Mafons Song.

## I.

Come let us prepare,  
 We *brothers* that are  
 Assembled, on merry occasion:  
 Let's drink, laugh, and sing,  
 Our wine has a spring;  
 Here's a health to an accepted mason.

## II.

The world is in pain  
 Our secret to gain,  
 And still let them wonder and gaze on :  
 They ne'er can divine  
 The word, or the sign,  
 Of a free and an accepted mason.

## III.

'Tis this and 'tis that,  
 They cannot tell what,  
 Why so many great men of the nation  
 Should aprons put on,  
 To make themselves one,  
 With a free and an accepted mason.

## IV.

Great kings, dukes, and lords,  
 Have laid by their swords,  
 Our myst'ry to put a good grace on,  
 And ne'er been ashamed  
 To hear themselves nam'd  
 With a free and an accepted mason.

## V.

Still firm to our trust,  
 In friendship we're just,  
 Our actions we guide by our reason :  
 By observing this rule,  
 The passions move cool  
 Of a free and an accepted mason.

## VI.

All idle debate  
 About church or the state,  
 The springs of impiety and treason :  
 These raisers of strife  
 Ne'er ruffle the life  
 Of a free and an accepted mason.

## VII.

Antiquity's pride  
 We have on our side,  
 Which adds high renown to our station ;

H h 2

There's

There's nought but what's good  
To be understood  
By a free and an accepted mason.

## VIII.

The clergy embrace,  
And all *Aaren's* race,  
Our square actions their knowledge to place on ;  
And in each degree  
They'll honoured be  
With a free and an accepted mason.

## IX.

We're true and sincere  
In our love to the fair,  
Who will trust us on every occasion :  
No mortal can more  
The ladies adore  
Than a free and an accepted mason.

## X.

Then join hand in hand,  
T' each other firm stand,  
Let's be merry, and put a good face on :  
What mortal can boast  
So noble a toast  
As a free and an accepted mason ?

## The Sailor's Rant.

## I.

**H**OW pleasant a sailor's life passes,  
Who roams o'er the watery main !  
No treasure he ever amasses,  
But cheerfully spends all his gain.  
We're strangers to party and faction,  
To honour and honesty true ;  
And would not commit a bad action,  
For power or profit in view.

CHORUS.

## CHORUS.

*Then why should we quarrel for riches,  
Or any such glittering toy?  
A light heart and a thin pair of breeches  
Goes thorough the world, brave boy.*

## II.

The world is a beautiful garden,  
Enrich'd with the blessings of life,  
The toiler with plenty rewarding,  
Which plenty too often breeds strife.  
When terrible tempests assail us,  
And mountainous billows affright;  
No grandeur or wealth can avail us,  
But skilful industry steers right.  
*Then why should, &c.*

## III.

The courtier's more subject to dangers,  
Who rules at the helm of the state,  
Than we, that to politics are strangers,  
Escape the snares laid for the great.  
The various blessings of nature,  
In various nations we try:  
No mortal than us can be greater,  
Who merrily live till we die.  
*Then why should, &c.*

## A Love-Song in the modern Taste;

By Dr SWIFT.

## I.

**F**lutt'ring spread thy purple pinions,  
Gentle *Cupid*, o'er my heart;  
I a slave in thy dominions,  
Nature must give way to art.

## II.

Mild *Arcadians*, ever blooming,  
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,  
See my weary days consuming  
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

## III.

Thus the *Cyprian* goddess weeping,  
Mourn'd *Adonis*, darling youth,  
Him the boar, in silence creeping,  
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

## IV.

*Cynthia*, tune harmonious numbers,  
Fair *Discretion*, string the lyre,  
Sooth my ever waking numbers,  
Bright *Apello*, lend thy choir,

## V.

Gloomy *Pluto*, king of terrors,  
Arm'd in adamantine chains,  
Lead me to the crystal mirrors  
Wat'ring soft *Elysian* plains.

## VI.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,  
Gilding my *Aurelia*'s brows,  
*Morpheus* hov'ring o'er my pillow,  
Hear me pay my dying vows.

## VII.

Melancholy, smooth Meander  
Swiftly purling in a round,  
On thy margin-lovers wander,  
With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

## VIII.

Thus when *Philomela* drooping,  
Softly seeks her silent mate;  
See the birds of *Juno* stooping:  
Melody resigns to fate.

## SYLVIA and the Flask.

**I** Thank thee, my friend,  
That at length you declare,  
Why *Sylvia*'s so coy.  
As to shun me with care.

I mus'd every night,  
And rack'd my poor soul,  
To find out the cause  
Of a falsehood so foul.

## II.

But she tells me she cannot  
With claret agree,  
That she thinks of a hog'shead  
Whene'er she sees me :  
That I smell like a beast,  
And therefore that I  
Must resolve to forsake her,  
Or claret, good claret deny.

## III.

Ye gods ? was ere it known  
That beasts smell'd of wine ?  
They brutishly abhor  
A liquor so divine :  
'Tis when we are most beasts,  
When like them in common,  
We eagerly go a hunting  
For the next lewd woman.

## IV.

Must I leave my dear bottle,  
That has been ever my friend,  
Which prolongs all my joys,  
To my grief puts an end ?  
Which inspires me with wit,  
And makes me so sublime,  
That there's none are like us  
That drink the best wine ?

## V.

But *Silvia*, whom nature  
So perfect has made,  
Has no room left for wishes,  
New beauties to add.  
Must I leave her, I'm sorry,  
It is too hard a task ;  
Yet she may go to the devil,  
Bring me the other flask.

Love,

## Love, Drink, and Debt.

I.

I Have been in love, and in debt, and in drink,  
 These many and many a year ;  
 And these are plagues enough I shou'd think  
 For any poor mortal to bear.  
 'Twas love made me fall into drink,  
 And drink made me fall into debt ;  
 And tho' I have struggled and strove,  
 I cannot get out of them yet.

II.

There's nothing but money can cure me,  
 And rid me of all my pain :  
 'Twill pay all my debts,  
 And remove all my lets ;  
 And my mistress, that cannot endure me,  
 Will love me, and love me again :  
 Then, then I shall fall to my loving and drinking again.

## The Farmer's Son.

I.

Sweet Nelly, my heart's delight,  
 Be loving, and do not slight  
 The proffer I make, for modesty's sake,  
 I honour your beauty bright ;  
 For love I profess, I can do no less,  
 'Thou hast my favour won :  
 And since I see your modesty,  
 I pray agree and fancy me,  
 Tho' I'm but a farmer's son.

II.

No ; I am a lady gay,  
 'Tis very well known I may  
 Have men of renown in country and town,  
 Sir Roger without delay.  
 Court Bridget, or Sue, Kate, Nanny, or Prue,  
 Their loves will soon be won ;

But

But don't ye dare to speak me fair,  
As tho' I were at my last prayer,  
To marry a farmer's son.

## III.

My father has riches in store,  
Two hundred a year and more,  
Besides sheep and cows, carts, harrows, and plows,  
His age is above threescore :  
And when he gives way, then merrily I  
Shall have what he has won ;  
Both land and kine, and all shall be thine,  
If thou'lt incline, and wilt be mine,  
And marry a farmer's son.

## IV.

A fig for your cattle and corn,  
Your proffer'd love I scorn ;  
'Tis known very well, my name is *Nelly*,  
And you're but a bumpkin born.  
Well, since it is so, away I will go,  
And I hope no harm is done :  
Farewell, adieu, I hope to woo  
As good as you, and win her too,  
Tho' I'm but a farmer's son.

## V.

Be not in such haste, quoth she,  
Perhaps we may still agree :  
For, man, I protest, I was but in jest,  
Come prithee sit down by me ;  
For thou art the man that verily can  
Perform what must be done,  
Both straight and tall, genteel withal ;  
Therefore I shall be at your call  
To marry a farmer's son.

## VI.

Dear *Nelly*, believe me now,  
I solemnly swear and vow,  
No lords in their lives take pleasure in their wives  
Like fellows that drive the plow.

For

But

For whatever they gain with labour and pain,  
 They don't to harlots run,  
 As courtiers do ; I never knew  
 A *London* beau that cou'd outdo  
 A country-farmer's son.

---

### The Angel Woman.

#### I.

When thy beauty appears  
 With its graces and airs,  
 All bright as an *angel*  
 New dropt from the sky ;  
 At a distance I gaze,  
 And am aw'd by my fears !  
 So strangely you dazzle mine eye !

#### II.

But when without art  
 Your thoughts you impart,  
 When your love runs in blushes  
 Through every vein,  
 When it darts from your eyes,  
 When it pants from your heart,  
 Then I know you are a *woman* again.

#### III.

There's a passion and pride  
 In our sex, the reply'd,  
 And thus (might I gratify both)  
 I would do,  
 Still an *angel* appear  
 To each lover beside,  
 But still be a *woman* to you.

---

### ROGER'S Courtship.

Young *Roger* came tapping  
 At *Dolly's* window,  
*Tumpaty, Tumpaty, Tump.*

He begg'd for admittance,  
 She answer'd him, no ;  
*Glumpaty, Glumpaty, Glump.*  
 My Dolly, my dear,  
 Your true love is here,  
*Dumpaty, Dumpaty, Dump.*  
 No, no, Reger, no,  
 As you came you may go,  
*Slumpaty, Slumpaty, Slump.*

II.

Oh what is the reason,  
 Dear Dolly ? he cry'd :  
*Humpaty, &c.*  
 That thus I am cast off,  
 And unkindly deny'd ?  
*Trumpaty, &c.*  
 Some rival more dear  
 I guess has been here :  
*Crumpaty, &c.*  
 Suppose there's been two, Sir,  
 Pray what's that to you, Sir ?  
*Numpaty, &c.*

III.

Oh ! then with a sad look  
 His farewell he took :  
*Humpaty, &c.*  
 And all in despair  
 He leap'd into the brook :  
*Plumpaty, &c.*  
 His courage he cool'd,  
 He found himself fool'd :  
*Mumpaty, &c.*  
 He swam to the shore,  
 And saw Dolly no more :  
*Rumpaty, &c.*

IV.

Oh ! then she recall'd,  
 And recall'd him again :  
*Humpaty, &c.*

While

Whilst he like a madman  
 Ran over the plain :  
*Slumpaty, &c.*  
 Determin'd to find  
 A damsel more kind :  
*Plumpaty, &c.*  
 While *Dolly* afraid  
 She must die an old maid :  
*Mumpaty, &c.*

---

### Jump at a Crust.

#### I.

**A**S I am a friend,  
 Be willing to lend  
 An ear to these lines,  
 Which in pity I penn'd.  
 'Tis a cordial advice,  
 Girls, be not too nice,  
 Young lovers are now  
 At another gate price  
 Than they have been.

#### II.

I pray you refrain  
 Your scorn and disdain,  
 If young men you slight,  
 They'll slight you again.  
 They'll make you run mad,  
 Sigh heavy and sad,  
 There are not so many  
 Young men to be had  
 As there have been.

#### III.

Perhaps you suppose  
 Fine furbelow'd cloaths  
 Will serve for a portion :  
 But under the rose,

If truth may be spoke,  
 'Tis but a mere joke,  
 For love without money  
 Will vanish like smoke,  
 Let me tell ye.

## IV.

The country-clown,  
 When he comes to town,  
 He values not miss  
 With her butterfly-gown :  
 I tell you it won't do,  
 There must be a few  
 Bright glittering guineas,  
 A thousand or two,  
 Or he'll leave ye.

## V.

Young men are grown wise,  
 A portion they prize,  
 They are done with the charms  
 Of your conquering eyes.  
 A portion ! they cry,  
 If love you would buy ;  
 In order to purchase,  
 You then must bid high,  
 Or live single.

## VI. \*

Once bachelors, they  
 Did sigh, whine, and pray ;  
 But still were put off  
 With a scornful delay.  
 Down with your dust,  
 A portion there must ;  
 Poor girls wou'd be glad  
 To jump at a crust,  
 Cou'd ye get it.

## Merry Beggars.

*First Beggar.*

**I** Once was a poet at *London*,  
 I kept my heart still full of glee;  
 There's no man can say that I'm undone,  
 For begging's no new trade to me.  
*Toll deroll, &c.*

*Second Beggar.*

I once was an attorney at law,  
 And after a knight of the post;  
 Give me a brisk wench and clean straw,  
 And I value not who rules the roost.  
*Toll deroll, &c.*

*Third Beggar.*

Make room for a soldier in buff,  
 Who valiantly strutted about,  
 'Till he fancy'd the peace breaking off,  
 And then he most wisely fold out.  
*Toll deroll, &c.*

*Fourth Beggar.*

Here comes a courtier polite, Sir,  
 Who flatter'd my Lord to his face;  
 Now railing is all his delight, Sir,  
 Because he miss'd getting a place.  
*Toll deroll, &c.*

*Fifth Beggar.*

I still am a merry gut-scraper,  
 My heart never yet felt a qualm;  
 Tho' poor, I can frolic and vapour,  
 And sing any tune but a psalm.  
*Toll deroll, &c.*

*Sixth Beggar.*

I was a fanatical preacher,  
 I turn'd up my eyes when I pray'd:  
 But my hearers half-starv'd their teacher,  
 For they believ'd not one word that I said.  
*Toll deroll, &c.*

*First*

*First Beggar.*

Whoe'er would be merry and free,  
 Let him list, and from us he may learn;  
 In palaces who shall you see  
 Half so happy as we in a barn?  
*Toll de roll, &c.*

## CHORUS of all.

*Whoe'er wou'd be merry, &c.*

---

## To Signora CUZZONI.

## I.

**L**ittle Syren of the stage,  
 Charmer of an idle age,  
 Empty warbler, breathing lyre,  
 Wanton gale of fond desire;

## II.

Bane of every manly art,  
 Sweet enfeebler of the heart;  
 Oh too pleasing is thy strain!  
 Hence to southern climes again.

## III.

Tuneful mischief, vocal spell,  
 To this island bid farewell:  
 Leave us as we ought to be,  
 Leave the *Britons* rough and free.

---

## HAPPINESS.

*Tune, To all you ladies now at land.*

## I.

**M**Y dearest maid, since you desire  
 To know what I wou'd wish,  
 What store of wealth I would require,  
 To gain true happiness;  
 This faithful inventory take  
 Of all that life can easy make.

I i 2

Here

## II.

Here happy only are the few  
Who wish to live at home,  
Who never do extend their view  
Beyond their small income;  
An income which should ever be  
The fruit of honest industry.

## III.

A soul serene and free from fears,  
With no contentions vex'd,  
Nor yet with vain and anxious cares  
To be at all perplex'd.  
A body that's with health endow'd,  
An open temper, yet not rude.

## IV.

A heart that's always circumspect,  
Unknowing to deceive,  
Yet ever wisely can reflect,  
Not easy to believe.  
As to my dress, let it be plain,  
Yet always neat without a stain.

## V.

A cleanly hearth and chearful fire  
To drive away the cold,  
A moderate glass one would require  
When merry tales are told:  
The company of an easy friend,  
My like in fortune and in mind.

## VI.

Some shelves of books of the right kind,  
For knowledge and delight,  
Not intricate, nor interlin'd  
With narrow party-spite:  
A garden fair, to paint me clear  
Nature's gradations through the year.

## VII.

To give true relish to delight,  
A chaste and chearful wife,  
With sweetest humour to unite  
Our hearts as long as life:

Sound sleep, whose kind delusive turn  
Shall join the evening to the morn.

## VIII.

So would we live agreeably,  
And ever be content,  
To PROVIDENCE ay thankful be  
For all those blessings lent.  
O sovereign power! but grant me this,  
No more I'll ask, no more I'll wish.

## Smirky NAN.

Tune, *Nannio*.

## I.

AH! woes me, poor *Willy* cry'd,  
See how I'm wait'd to a span?  
My heart I lost, when first I spy'd  
The charming lovely milk-maid *Nan*,  
I'm grown so weak, a gentle breeze  
Of dusky *Roger's* winnowing fan  
Would blow me o'er yon beechy trees,  
And all for thee, my smirky *Nan*.

## II.

The alewife misses me of late,  
I us'd to take a hearty can;  
But I can neither drink nor eat,  
Unless 'tis brew'd and bak'd by *Nan*.  
The baker makes the best of bread,  
The flour he takes, and leaves the bran;  
The bran is every other maid,  
Compar'd with thee, my smirky *Nan*.

## III.

But *Dick* o' the green, that nasty lown,  
Last *Sunday* to my mistress ran,  
He snatch'd a kiss; I knock'd him down,  
Which hugely pleas'd my smirky *Nan*.  
But hark! the roaring foger comes,  
And rattles *Tantara Tarran*,  
She leaves her cows for noisy drums,  
Woes me I've lost my smirky *Nan*!

## Tarry Woo.

## I.

**T**arry woo, tarry woo,  
 Tarry woo is ill to spin,  
 Card it well, card it well,  
 Card it well ere ye begin.  
 When 'tis carded, row'd, and spun,  
 Then the work is hastens done;  
 But when woven, dress'd, and clean,  
 It may be cleading for a queen.

## II.

Sing, my bonny harmless sheep,  
 That feed upon the mountains steep,  
 Bleating sweetly as ye go  
 Through the winter's frost and snow;  
 Hart, and hynd, and fallow-deer,  
 No be ha'f so useful are;  
 Frae kings to him that hads the plow,  
 Are all oblig'd to tarry woo.

## III.

Up ye shepherds, dance and skip,  
 O'er the hills and valleys trip,  
 Sing up the praise of tarry woo,  
 Sing the flocks that bear it too:  
 Harmless creatures without blame,  
 That clead the back and cram the wame,  
 Keep us warm and hearty fou;  
 Leese me on the tarry woo.

## IV.

How happy is a shepherd's life,  
 Far frae courts and free of strife,  
 While the gimmers bleat and bae,  
 And the lambkins answer inae:  
 No such music to his ear,  
 Of thief or fox he has no fear;  
 Sturdy kent, and colly too,  
 Well defend the tarry woo.

## V.

He lives content, and envies none ;  
 Not even a monarch on his throne,  
 Tho' he the royal sceptre sways,  
 Has not sweeter holydays.  
 Who'd be a king, can only tell,  
 When a shepherd sings fae well ;  
 Sings fae well, and pays his due,  
 With honest heart and tarry woo.

---

## ON HENRIETTA'S Recovery.

Tune, *My deary, if thou die.*

## I.

**I**F heaven, its blessings to augment,  
 Call *Henny* to the skies,  
 Hence from the earth flies all content,  
 The moment that she dies ;  
 For in this earth there is no fair  
 Can give such joy to me ;  
 How great must then be my despair,  
 My *Henny*, an thou die ?

## II.

But now pale sickness leaves her face,  
 And now my charmer smiles ;  
 New beauty heightens ev'ry grace,  
 And all my fear beguiles :  
 The bounteous powers have heard the pray'rs  
 I daily made for thee,  
 Like them be kind, and ease my cares,  
 Else I myself must die.

---

## HODGE of the Mill and buxome NELL.

**Y**Oung Roger of the mill,  
 One morning very soon,  
 Put on his best apparel,  
 New hose and clouted shoon ;

And

And he a-wooing came  
 To bonny buxome *Nell*,  
 Dear lass, cries he, cou'dst fancy me,  
 I like thee wondrous well.

## II.

My horses I have drefs'd,  
 And gi'en them corn and hay,  
 Put on my best apparel :  
 And having come this way,  
 Let's sit and chat a while  
 With thee, my bonny *Nell*.  
 Dear lass, cries he, cou'dst fancy me,  
 I se like thy person well.

## III.

Young *Roger*, you're mistaken,  
 The damsel then reply'd,  
 I'm not in such a haste  
 To be a ploughman's bride ;  
 Know I then live in hopes  
 To marry a farmer's son :  
 If it be so, says *Hodge*, I'll go ;  
 Sweet mistress, I have done.

## IV.

Your horses you have drefs'd,  
 Good *Hodge*, I heard you say,  
 Put on your best apparel ;  
 And being come this way,  
 Come sit and chat a while.  
 O no indeed, not I,  
 I'll neither wait, nor sit, nor prate,  
 I've other fish to fry.

## V.

Go take your farmer's son,  
 With all my honest heart :  
 What tho' my name be *Roger*,  
 That goes at plough and cart ?  
 I need not tarry long,  
 I soon may gain a wife :  
 There's buxome *Jean*, it is well known,  
 She loves me as her life,

Pray

## VI.

Pray what of buxome *Joan* ?

Can't I please you as well ?

For she has ne'er a penny,

And I am buxome *Nell* ;

And I have fifty shillings.

*The money made him smile :*

Oh then, my dear, I'll draw a chair,

And chat with thee a while.

## VII.

Within the space of half an hour

This couple a bargain struck,

Hoping that with their money

They both wou'd have good luck.

To your fifty I've forty,

With which a cow we'll buy ;

We'll join our hands in wedlock-bands,

Then who but you and I ?

## Buttery MAY.

## I.

**I**N yonder town there wons a *May*,  
Snack and perfyte as can be ony,

She is fae jimp, fae gamp, fae gay,

Sae capernoytie, and fae bonny :

She has been woo'd and loo'd by mony,

But she was very ill to win ;

She wadna hae him except he were bonny,

Tho' he were ne'er fae noble a kin.

## II.

Her bonnynefs has been foreseen

In ilka town baith far and near,

And when she kirns her minny's kirk,

She rubs her face till it grows clear ;

But when her minny she did perceive

Sic great inlack amang the butter,

Shame fa' that filthy face of thine,

'Tis erish that gars your grunzie glitter.

*There's*

*There's Dunkyson, Davyson, Robie Carniel,  
The lass with the petticoat dances right well,  
Sing Stidrum, Stouthrum, Suthrum, Stony,  
An ye dance ony mair, we'se tell Mefs Johny.  
Sing, &c.*

---

### The wise Penitent.

*Sung by Mr. GAY.*

#### I.

**D***Apbnis* stood pensive in the shade ;  
With arms across, and head reclin'd ;  
Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,  
And sighs reliev'd his love-sick mind ;  
His tuneful pipe all broken lay,  
Looks, sighs, and actions seem'd to say,  
My *Chloe* is unkind.

#### II.

Why ring the woods with warbling throats !  
Ye larks, ye linnets, cease your strains ;  
I faintly hear in your soft notes  
My *Chloe's* voice, that wakes my pains.  
But why should you your songs forbear ?  
Your mates delight your songs to hear,  
But *Chloe* mine disdains.

#### III.

As thus he melancholy stood  
Dejected, as the lonely dove,  
Sweet sound broke gently thro' the wood.  
I feel a sound my heart-strings move :  
'Twas not the nightingale that sung ;  
No, 'tis *Chloe's* sweeter tongue :  
Hark ! hark ! what says my love ?

#### IV.

How simple is the nymph, she cries,  
Who trifles with her lover's pain ?  
Nature still speaks in womens eyes,  
Our artful lips are made to feign.

Oh *Daphnis* ! *Daphnis* ! 'twas my pride,  
 'Twas not my heart thy love deny'd :  
 Come back, dear youth, again.

## V.

As t' other day my hand he seiz'd :  
 My blood with trickling motion flew,  
 Sudden I put on looks displeas'd,  
 And hasty from his hold withdrew :  
 'Twas fear alone, thou simple swain :  
 Then hadst thou press'd my hand again,  
 My heart had yielded too.

## VI.

'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,  
 That swell'd thy lip and rosy cheek ;  
 Think not thy skill in song defam'd,  
 Thy lip should other pleasures seek.  
 Much, much thy music I approve,  
 Yet break thy pipe, for more I love  
 Much more to hear thee speak.

## VII.

My heart forbodes that I'm betray'd ;  
*Daphnis*, I fear, is ever gone !  
 Last night with *Delia*'s dog he play'd ;  
 Love by such trifles first comes on.  
 Now, now, dear shepherd, come away,  
 My tongue would now my heart betray.  
 Ah *Chloe* ! thou art won.

## VIII.

The youth stept forth with hasty pace,  
 And found where wishing *Chloe* lay ;  
 Shame sudden light'ned in her face,  
 Confus'd she knew not what to say :  
 At last, in broken words she cry'd,  
 To-morrow you in vain had try'd,  
 But I am lost to-day.

## Old DARBY.

*An Advice to CHLOE.*

## I.

**D**EAR *Chloe*, while thus beyond measure  
 You treat me with doubts and disdain,  
 You rob all your youth of its pleasure,  
 And hoard up an old age of pain;  
 Your maxim, that love is still founded  
 On charms that will quickly decay,  
 You'll find to be very ill grounded,  
 When once you its dictates obey.

## II.

The love that from beauty is drawn,  
 By kindness, you ought to improve;  
 Soft locks and gay smiles are the dawn,  
 Fruition the sun-shine of love.  
 And tho' the bright beams of your eyes  
 Should be clouded, that now are so gay,  
 And darkness obscure all the skies,  
 You ne'er can forget it was day.

## III.

Old *Darby*, with *Joan* by his side,  
 You have often regarded with wonder,  
 He's dropfical, she is dim-ey'd,  
 Yet they're ever uneasy afunder:  
 Together they totter about,  
 Or sit in the sun at the door;  
 And at night when old *Darby's* pot's out,  
 His *Joan* will not smoke a whiff more.

## IV.

No beauty nor wit they possess,  
 Their several failings to cover:  
 Then, what are the charms, can you guess,  
 That make them so fond of each other?  
 'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,  
 The endearments that youth did bestow,  
 The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,  
 The best of our blessings below.

Thou

## V.

Those traces for ever will last,  
 No sickness or time can remove :  
 For when youth and beauty are past,  
 And age brings the winter of love,  
 A friendship insensibly grows,  
 By reviews of such raptures as these ;  
 The current of fondness still flows,  
 Which decrepit old age cannot freeze.

---

## The modern Marriage-question.

## I.

**H**appy the world in that bless'd age,  
 When beauty was not bought and sold,  
 When the fair mind was uninflam'd  
 With the mean thirst of baneful gold.  
*With the mean thirst, &c.*

## II.

Then the kind shepherd when he sigh'd,  
 The swain, whose dog was all his wealth,  
 Was not by cruel parents forc'd  
 To breathe the am'rous vow by stealth.  
*To breathe, &c.*

## III.

Now the first question fathers ask,  
 When for their girls fond lovers sue,  
 Is, — *What's the settlement you'll make ?*  
 You're poor ! — *he flings the door at you.*  
*You're poor, &c.*

---

## The Country-wake.

**I**'LL sing you a ditty, and warrant it true,  
 Give but attention unto me a while,  
 Of transactions in court, and in country too,  
 Toilsome pleasure, and pleasing toil :

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\* K k

Accept

Accept it, I pray, as your help-mates you take,  
 To some 'twill give joy,  
 And some others annoy ;  
 All's fair at a country-wake.  
*All's fair, &c.*

## II.

Many ladies at court are styl'd unpolite,  
 Because truly virtuous and prone to no ill ;  
 Whilst others, who sparkle in diamonds bright,  
 Are stript of their pride at basset or quadrille,  
 Till their losses at play do their lords credit shake :  
 Then, their toys to recover,  
 They'll grant the last favour ;  
 Strange news at a country-wake.  
*Strange news, &c.*

## III.

Here most of our gentlemen patriots are,  
 Tho' very bad statesmen, I freely confess,  
 They design harm to none, but a fox or a hare,  
 And are always found loyal in war and in peace,  
 The farmer's industry does earth fertile make ;  
 The husbandman's plowing,  
 His planting and sowing,  
 Gets health and good cheer at a country-wake.  
*Gets health, &c.*

## IV.

Our maids blooming fair, without washes and paints,  
 From neighbouring villages hither resort,  
 They kiss sweet as roses, yet virtuous as saints ;  
 (Who can say more for the ladies at court) ?  
 No worldly cares vex them asleep or awake,  
 But their time they improve  
 In peace and true love,  
 And innocent mirth at a country-wake.  
*And innocent, &c.*

## V.

The schemes of a courtier are full of intrigues :  
 Here all's fair and open, dark deeds we despise,  
 Set rural contentment 'gainst courtly fatigue,  
 Who chuses the former is happy and wise :

Now

Now let's pray for the king, and, for *Britain's* sake,  
 From all factions free,  
 May his subjects agree,  
 As well at the court as the country-wake.  
*As well, &c.*

---

### Oaths in fashion.

**C**ustom prevailing so long 'mongst the great,  
 Makes oaths easy potions to sleep on ;  
 Which many (on gaining good places) repeat,  
 Without e'er designing to keep one.  
 For an oath's seldom kept, as a virgin's fair fame,  
 A lover's fond vows, or a prelate's good name ;  
 A lawyer to truth, or a statesman from blame,  
 Or a patriot's heart in a courtier.

---

### The terrible Law.

**T**HE terrible law when it fastens its paw  
 On a poor man, it grips till he's undone ;  
 And what I am doing may prove to my ruin,  
 Tho' rich as the lord mayor of *London*.

#### II.

Therefore I'll be wary what message I carry,  
 Unless we first make a sure zure bargain ;  
 I will be dempnified, thoroughly satisfied,  
 That ch'an shan't zuffer a varding.

---

### The Play of Love.

#### *First Act.*

**T**HE play of love is now begun,  
 And thus the actions do go on ;  
*Strepson*, enamour'd, courts the fair,  
 She hears him with a careless air,  
 And smiles to find him in love's snare.

K k 2

*Second*

*Second Act.*

The act tune play'd, they meet again,  
 Here pity moves her for his pain,  
 Which she evades with some pretence,  
 And thinks she may with love dispense,  
 But pants to hear a man of sense.

*Third Act.*

The third approach her lover makes,  
 She colours up whene'er she speaks;  
 But with feign'd flights she put him by,  
 And faintly cries, she can't comply,  
 Altho' she gives her heart the lie.

*Fourth Act.*

Now the plot rises, he seems shy,  
 As if some other fair he'd try;  
 At which she swells with spleen and fear,  
 Lest some more wise his love shou'd share,  
 Which yet no woman e'er can bear.

*Fifth Act.*

The last act now is wrought so high,  
 That thus it crowns the lover's joy;  
 She does no more his passion shun,  
 He strait into her arms does run:  
 The curtain falls, the play is done.

## FANNY fair.

**T**O Fanny fair could I impart  
 The cause of all my wo!  
 That beauty which has won my heart,  
 She scarcely seems to know:  
 Unskill'd in the art of womankind,  
 Without design the charms;  
 How can those sparkling eyes be blind,  
 Which every bosom warms?

She

## II.

She knows her power is all deceit,  
 'The conscious blushes shows,  
 Those blushes to the eye more sweet  
 Than th' op'ning budding rose :  
 Yet the delicious fragrant rose,  
 That charms the sense so much,  
 Upon a thorny brier grows,  
 And wounds with ev'ry touch.

## III.

At first when I beheld the fair,  
 With raptures I was blest ;  
 But as I would approach more near,  
 At once I lost my rest ;  
 Th' enchanting sight, the sweet surprise,  
 Prepare me for my doom ;  
 One cruel look from those bright eyes  
 Will lay me in my tomb.

## The Bottle preferr'd.

## I.

**P**Roud woman, I scorn you,  
 Brisk wine's my delight,  
 I'll drink all the day,  
 And I'll revel all night.

## II.

As great as a monarch,  
 The moments I pass,  
 The bottle's my globe,  
 And my sceptre's the glass.

## III.

The table's my throne,  
 And the tavern's my court,  
 The drawer's my subject,  
 And drinking's my sport.

K k 3

Here's

## IV.

Here's the chief of all joy,  
 Here's a mistress ne'er coy;  
 Dear cure of all sorrows,  
 And life of all bliss:  
 I'm a king when I hug you,  
 But more when I kiss.

---

## Tippling JOHN.

## I.

**A**S tippling *John* was jogging on,  
 Upon a riot-night,  
 With tottering pace, and fiery face,  
 Suspicious of high flight;  
 The guards, who took him, by his look,  
 For some chief fiery-brand,  
 Ask'd, whence he came? what was his name?  
 Who are you? Stand, friend, stand.

## II.

I'm going home, from meeting come:  
 Ay, says one, that's the case;  
 Some meeting he has burnt, you see  
 The flame's still in his face.  
*John* thought it time to purge his crime,  
 And said, My chief intent  
 Was to assuage my thirsty rage,  
 I' th' meeting that I meant.

## III.

Come, friend, be plain, you trifle in vain,  
 Says one, pray let us know,  
 That we may find how you're inclin'd;  
 Are you high church or low?  
*John* said to that, I'll tell you what,  
 To end debates and strife,  
 All I can say, this is the way  
 I steer my course of life.

## IV.

I ne'er to *Bow*, nor *Burgefs* go,  
 To steeple-house nor hall,  
 The brisk bar-bell best suits my zeal  
 With gentlemen, d'ye call;  
 Guess then, am I low church or high,  
 From that tow'r, or no steeple,  
 Whose merry toll exalts the soul,  
 And must make high-flown people?

## V.

The guards came on, and look'd at *John*.  
 With countenance most pleasant,  
 By whisper round they all soon found  
 He was no damag'd peasant.  
 Thus while *John* stood the best he cou'd,  
 Expecting their decision;  
 Damn him, says one, let him begone,  
 He's of our own religion.

## B E L I N D A.

## I.

**W**ould fate to me *Belinda* give,  
 With her alone I'd chuse to live,  
 Variety I'd ne'er require,  
 Nor a greater, nor a greater,  
 Nor a greater bliss desire.

## II.

My charming nymph, if you can find  
 Amongst the race of human kind,  
 A man that loves you more than I,  
 I'll resign you, I'll resign you,  
 I'll resign you, tho' I die.

## III.

Let my *Belinda* fill my arms,  
 With all her beauty, all her charms;  
 With scorn and pity I'd look down  
 On the glories, on the glories,  
 On the glories of a crown.

Beauty

## Beauty and Rigour.

## I.

THE nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind,  
 No less than a wonder by nature design'd ;  
 She's the grief of my heart, and the joy of my eye,  
 And the cause of a flame that never can die.  
*And the cause, &c.*

## II.

Her mouth, from whence wit still obligingly flows,  
 Has the beautiful blush, and the smell of the rose :  
 Love and destiny both attend on her will,  
 She wounds with a look, with a frown she can kill.  
*She wounds, &c.*

## III.

The desperate lover can hope no redress,  
 Where *Beauty and Rigour* are both in excess ;  
 In *Silvia* they meet, so unhappy am I,  
 Who sees her must love, who loves her must die.  
*Who sees her, &c.*

## The Rival.

## I.

OF all the torment, all the care,  
 By which our lives are curst,  
 Of all the sorrows that we bear,  
 A *rival* is the worst.  
 By partners in another kind  
 Afflictions easier grow,  
 In love alone we hate to find  
 Companions in our wo.

## II.

*Silvia*, for all the griefs you see  
 Arising in my breast,  
 I beg not that you'd pity me,  
 Would you but slight the rest.  
 Howe'er severe your rigours are,  
 Alone with them I'd cope,  
 I can endure my own despair,  
 But not another's hope.

Hunting

## Hunting Song going out.

## I.

**H**Ark ! away, 'tis the merry ton'd horn  
 Calls the hunters all up with the morn ;  
 To the hills and the woodlands they steer,  
 To unharbour the out-lying deer.

## CHORUS of Huntsmen.

*All the day long,  
 This, this is our song,  
 Still hallooing,  
 And following ;  
 So frolic and free,  
 Our joys know no bounds,  
 While we're after the bounds,  
 No mortals on earth are so jolly as we.*

## II.

Round the woods when we beat, how we glow,  
 While the hills they all echo hillo ;  
 With a bounce from his cover when he flies,  
 Then our shouts they resound to the skies.  
*All the day, &c.*

## III.

When we sweep o'er the valleys, or climb  
 Up the heath-breathing mountain sublime,  
 What a joy from our labour we feel !  
 Which alone they who taste can reveal.  
*All the day, &c.*

## The Return from the Chace.

**T**HE sweet rosy morn peeps over the hills,  
 With blushes adorning the meadows and fields ;  
 The merry, merry, merry horn calls, Come, come away,  
 Awake from your slumbers, and hail the new day.  
*The merry, &c.*

The

## II.

The stag rous'd before us, away seems to fly,  
And pants to the chorus of hounds in full cry,  
Then follow, follow, follow the musical chace,  
Where pleasure and vigorous health you embrace.  
*Then follow, &c.*

## III.

The day's sport when over makes blood circle right,  
And gives the brisk lover fresh charms for the night;  
Then let us, let us now enjoy all we can while we may,  
Let love crown the night, as our sports crown the day.  
*Then let us, &c.*

## The Girl that's blithe and gay.

*Tune, Black Jock.*

**O**F all the girls in our town,  
Or black, or yellow, or fair, or brown,  
With their soft eyes, and faces so bright;  
Give me a girl that's blithe and gay,  
As warm as *June*, and as sweet as *May*,  
With her heart free, and faithful as light.  
What lovely couple then cou'd be  
So happy and so blest'd as we!  
On whom the sweetest joys wou'd smile,  
And all the cares of life beguile,  
Entranc'd in bliss each rapt'rous night.

## CYNTHIA'S Perplexity.

## I.

**C**ynthia frowns whene'er I woo her,  
Yet she's vex'd if I give over;  
Much she fears I should undo her,  
But much more to lose her lover;  
Thus in doubting she refuses,  
And not winning thus she loses.

*Prithee,*

## II.

Prithee, *Cynthia*, look behind you,  
 Age and wrinkles will o'ertake you ;  
 Then too late, desire will find you  
 When the power must forsake you.  
 Think upon the sad condition  
 To be pass'd, yet wish fruition.

---

## Nought but Love.

## I.

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill,  
 The western clouds were lin'd with gold,  
 The sky was clear, the winds were still,  
 The flocks were pent within the fold ;  
 When from the silence of the grove,  
 Poor *Damon* thus despair'd of love !

## II.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose  
 From the bare rock, or oozy beach ;  
 Who from each barren weed that grows  
 Expects the grape, or blushing peach ;  
 With equal faith may hope to find  
 The truth of love in womankind.

## III.

I have no herds, no fleecy care,  
 No fields that wave with golden grain,  
 No pastures green, nor gardens fair,  
 A maiden's venal heart to gain :  
 Then all in vain my sighs must prove,  
 For I, alas ! have nought but love.

## IV.

How wretched is the faithful youth,  
 Since womens hearts are bought and sold ?  
 They ask not vows of sacred truth,  
 Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for gold.  
 Gold can the frowns of scorn remove,  
 But I, alas ! have nought but love.

To

## V.

To buy the gems of *India's* coast,  
 What wealth, what treasure can suffice?  
 Not all their shine can ever boast  
 The living lustre of her eyes:  
 For these the world too cheap would prove;  
 But I, alas! have nought but love.

## VI.

O *Silvia*! since nor gems, nor ore,  
 Can with your brighter gems compare,  
 Consider that I offer more,  
 More seldom found a soul sincere:  
 Let riches meaner beauties move,  
 Who pays thy worth, must pay in love.

---

Tell me, my Heart.

## I.

When *Delia* on the plain appears,  
 Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,  
 I would approach, but dare not move:  
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

## II.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear  
 No other voice but hers can bear,  
 No other wit but hers approve:  
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

## III.

If she some other swain commend,  
 Tho' I was once his fondest friend,  
 That instant enemy I prove:  
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

## IV.

When she is absent, I no more  
 Delight in all that pleas'd before,  
 The clearest spring, or shady grove:  
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When

## V.

When arm'd with insolent disdain,  
 She seem'd to triumph in my pain;  
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove:  
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

---

## CUPID mistaken.

## I.

AS after noon, one summer's day,  
*Venus* flood bathing in a river,  
*Cupid* a-shooting went that way,  
 New strung his bow, and fill'd his quiver:  
 With skill he chose his sharpest dart,  
 With all his might his bow he drew,  
 Swift to his beauteous parent's heart,  
 The too well-guided arrow flew.

## II.

I faint! I die! the goddess cry'd:  
 O cruel! cou'dst thou find none other  
 To wreak thy spleen on? parricide,  
 Like *Nero*, thou hast slain thy mother!  
 Poor *Cupid*, sobbing, scarce cou'd speak;  
 Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye:  
 Alas! how easy the mistake,  
 I took you for your likeness *Chloe*.

---

## SILVIA TO ALEXIS.

AS *Lexis*, how artless a lover!  
 How bashful and silly you grow!  
 In my eyes can you never discover  
 I mean Yes, when I often say No?  
*I mean, &c.*

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Wher

## II.

When you pine and you whine out your passion,  
 And only intreat for a kifs;  
 To be coy and deny is the fashion,  
*Alexis* should ravish the blifs.  
*Alexis should, &c.*

## III.

In love, as in war, 'tis but reason  
 To make some defence for the town:  
 To surrender without it, were treason,  
 Before that the outworks were won.  
*Before that, &c.*

## IV.

If I frown, 'tis my blushes to cover,  
 'Tis for honour and modesty's sake;  
 He is but a pitiful lover  
 Who is foil'd by a single attack.  
*Who is, &c.*

## V.

But when we by force are o'erpower'd,  
 The best and the bravest must yield;  
 I am not to be won by a coward,  
 Who hardly dares enter the field.  
*Who hardly, &c.*

## The serious Lover.

## I.

**B**elieve my sighs, my tears, my dear,  
 Believe the heart you have won,  
 Believe my vows to you sincere,  
 Or, *Jenny*, I'm undone.  
 You say, I'm fickle, and apt to change,  
 At every face that's new:  
 Of all the girls I ever saw,  
 I ne'er lov'd one but you.

## II.

My heart was like a lump of ice,  
 Till warm'd by your bright eye;  
 And then it kindled in a trice,  
 A flame that ne'er can die.  
 Then take and try me, you shall find  
 That I've a heart that's true;  
 Of all the girls I ever saw,  
 I ne'er lov'd one like you.

---

## The grateful Admirer.

**F**alse tho' she be to me and love,  
 I'll ne'er pursue revenge;  
 For still the charmer I approve,  
 Tho' I deplore her change.  
 In hours of bliss we oft have met,  
 They could not always last;  
 But tho' the present I regret,  
 I'm grateful for the past.  
*I'm grateful, &c.*

---

## CELIA and SABINA.

## I.

**T***Hirsis*, a young and am'rous swain,  
 Saw two, the beauties of the plain,  
 Who both his heart subdue:  
 Gay *Celia's* eyes were dazzling fair;  
*Sabina's* easy shape and air,  
 With softer music drew.

## II.

He haunts the stream, he haunts the grove,  
 Lives in a fond romance of love,  
 And seems for each to die;  
 Till each a little spiteful grown,  
*Sabina* *Celia's* shape ran down,  
 And she *Sabina's* eye.

L 1 2

Their

## III.

Their envy made the shepherd find  
 Those eyes that love could only blind;  
 So set the lover free.  
 No more he haunts the grove or stream,  
 Or, with a true love-knot or name,  
 Engraves a wounded tree.

## IV.

Ah *Celia*! fly *Sabina* cry'd,  
 Tho' neither love, we're both deny'd,  
 Let either fix the dart.  
 Poor girl! says *Celia*, say no more;  
 That spite which broke his chains before,  
 Would break the other's heart.




---

 The fair Warning.

**Y**oung *virgins* love pleasure,  
 As *misses* do treasure;  
 And both alike study  
 To heighten the measure;  
 Their hearts they will rifle  
 For every new trifle,  
 And when in their teens  
 Fall in love for a song;  
 But soon as they marry,  
 And find things miscarry;  
 Oh! how they sigh  
 That they were not more wary,  
 Instead of soft wooing,  
 They run to their ruin,  
 And all their lives after  
 Drag sorrow along.

Petticoat

## Petticoat wooing.

## I.

**D**ear *Colin*, prevent my warm blushes,  
 How can I speak without pain?  
 My eyes have oft told you their wishes:  
 Why can't you the meaning explain?

## II.

My passion wou'd lose by expression,  
 And you too might cruelly blame;  
 Then pray don't expect a confession  
 Of what is too tender to name.

## III.

Since yours is the province of speaking,  
 How can you expect it from me?  
 Our wishes shou'd be in our keeping,  
 Till you tell us what they shou'd be.

## IV.

Then quickly why don't you discover?  
 Did your heart feel such tortures as mine?  
 I need not tell over and over  
 What I in my bosom confine.

## COLIN'S Reply.

## I.

**G**ood Madam, when ladies are willing,  
 A man must needs look like a fool;  
 For me, I would not give a shilling  
 For one that does love without rule.

## II.

At least ye shou'd wait for our offers,  
 Not snatch like old maids in despair;  
 Had you liv'd to these years without proffers,  
 Your sighs were all spent in the air.

## III.

You shou'd leave us to guess by your blushing,  
 And not tell the matter so plain;  
 'Tis ours to be writing and puthing,  
 And yours to affect a disdain.

## IV.

But you're in a terrible taking,  
 By all the fond oglings I see;  
 The fruit that can fall without shaking,  
 Indeed is too mellow for me.

## The Country-lafs's Ambition.

## I.

**W**Hat tho' they call me country-lafs?

I read it plainly in my glafs,

That for a duchefs I might pass,

Oh! could I see the day!

Wou'd fortune but attend my call,

At park, at play, at ring, and ball,

I'd brave the proudest of them all,

With a stand-by, Clear the way.

## II.

Surrounded by a croud of beaux,

With smart toupees, and powder'd cloaths,

At rivals I'll turn up my nose;

Oh! could I see the day!

I'll dart such glances from these eyes,

Shall make some duke, or lord, my prize;

And then, oh! how I'll tyrannize,

With a stand-by, Clear the way.

## III.

Oh! then for every new delight,

For equipage, and diamonds bright,

Quadrille, and balls, and plays, all night;

Oh! could I see the day!

Of love and joy I'd take my fill,

The tedious hours of life to kill,

In every thing I'd have my will,

With a stand-by, Clear the way.

The

The following Song is said to be made in honour of our Sovereign Lady MARY Queen of Scots.

I.

**Y**OU meaner beauties of the night,  
Who poorly satisfy our eyes,  
More by your number than your light,  
Ye are but officers of the skies ;  
What are you when the moon doth rise ?

II.

You violets that first appear,  
By your fine purple colour known,  
Taking possession of the year,  
As if the spring were all your own ;  
What are ye when the rose is blown ?

III.

You charming birds, that in the woods  
Do warble forth your lively lays,  
Making your passion understood  
In softest notes ; what is your praise,  
When *Philomel* her voice does raise ?

IV.

You glancing jewels of the east,  
Whose estimation fancies raise,  
Pearls, rubies, sapphires, and the rest  
Of glittering gems ; what is your praise,  
When the bright diamond shews his rays ?

V.

But, ah ! poor light, gem, voice, and smell,  
What are ye if my MARY shine ?  
Moon, diamond, flowers, and *Philomel*,  
Light, lustre, scent, and music tine,  
And yield to merit more divine.

VI.

Thus when my mistress you have seen  
In beauties of her face and mind,  
First, by descent, she is a *Queen* ;  
Judge then if she be not divine,  
And glory of all womankind.

There

## VII.

There rose and lily, the hale spring,  
 Unto her breath for sweetness speed ;  
 The diamond darkness in the ring :  
 When she appears, the moon looks dead, |  
 As when *Sol* lifts his radiant head.

---

'There Gowans are gay.

## I.

**T**Here gowans are gay, my joy,  
 There gowans are gay ;  
 They gar me wake when I shou'd sleep,  
 The first morning of *May*.

## II.

About the fields as I did pass,  
 There gowans are gay ;  
 I chanc'd to meet a proper lass,  
 The first morning of *May*.

## III.

Right busy was that bonny maid,  
 There gowans are gay ;  
 I hats'd her, syne to her I said,  
 The first morning of *May* :

## IV.

O lady fair, what do you here ?  
 There gowans are gay ;  
 Gathering the dew, what need ye speir ?  
 The first morning of *May*.

## V.

The dew, quoth I, what can that mean ?  
 There gowans are gay ;  
 Quoth she, to wash my mistress clean,  
 The first morning of *May*.

## VI.

I asked farther at her syne,  
 There gowans are gay,  
 Gif to my will she wad incline ?  
 The first morning of *May*.

She

## VII.

She said, her errand was not there,  
 Where gowans are gay ;  
 Her maidenhead on me to ware,  
 The first morning of *May*.

## VIII.

Then, like an arrow frae a bow,  
 There gowans are gay ;  
 She skift away out o'er the know,  
 The first morning of *May* ;

## IX.

And left me in the garth my lane,  
 There gowans are gay ;  
 And in my heart a twang of pain,  
 The first morning of *May*.

## X.

The little birds they sang full sweet,  
 There gowans are gay ;  
 Unto my comfort was right meet,  
 The first morning of *May*.

## XI.

And thereabout I past my time,  
 There gowans are gay ;  
 Until it was the hour of prime,  
 The first morning of *May* ;

## XII.

And then returned hame bedeen,  
 There gowans are gay ;  
 Panfand what maiden that had been,  
 The first morning of *May*,

## Slighted Love fair to bide.

**I** Had a heart, but now I heartless gae ;  
 I had a mind, but daily was oppress ;  
 I had a friend that's now become my fae ;  
 I had a will that now has freedom lost.

What

What have I now ?  
 Naething I trow,  
 But grief where I had joy :  
 What am I than ?  
 A heartless man :  
 Could love me thus destroy !  
 I love, I serve ane whom I much regard,  
 Yet for my love disdain is my reward.

## II.

Where shall I gang to hide my weary face ?  
 Where shall I find a place for my defence ?  
 Where my true love remains the fittest place,  
 Of all the earth that is my confidence.  
 She is my heart  
 Till I depart :  
 Let her do what she list,  
 I cannot mend,  
 But still depend,  
 And daily to insist,  
 To purchase love, if love my love deserve ;  
 If not for love, let love my body starve.

## III.

O lady fair ! whom I do honour most,  
 Your name and fame within my breast I have ;  
 Let not my love and labour thus be lost,  
 But still in mind I pray thee to engrave,  
 That I am true,  
 And fall not rue  
 Ane word that I have said :  
 I am your man,  
 Do what you can,  
 When all these plays are plaid.  
 Then save your ship unbroken on the sand,  
 Since man and goods are all at your command.

*I won't Believe my*  
*Diary* The

## The Invitation.

## I.

Come, love, let's walk by yonder spring,  
 Where we may hear the blackbird sing,  
 The robin-red-breast and the thrush,  
 And nightingale in thorny bush,  
 The mavis sweetly caroling;  
 'This to my love, this to my love,  
 Content will bring.

## II.

See where the nymph, with all her train,  
 Comes skipping thro' the park amain,  
 And in this grove she means to stay,  
 At barley-breaks to sport and play;  
 Where we may sit us down and see  
 Fair beauty mix'd, fair beauty mix'd  
 With chastity.

## III.

In yonder dale are finest flowers,  
 With many pleasant shady bowers,  
 A purling brook, whose silver streams  
 Are beautified with *Phæbus'* beams;  
 Which steal out thro' the trees for fear,  
 Because *Diana*, because *Diana*  
 Bathes her there.

## IV.

All her delight is as ye see,  
 This way to sport, and here to be  
 Delyting in this caler spring,  
 Only to bathe herself therein,  
 Until *Aëton* her espy'd;  
 Then to the thicket, then to the thicket  
 Did she glyde.

## V.

And there by magic art she wrought,  
 And in her heart she thus bethought,  
 With secret speed away to flee,  
 And he a hart was turn'd to be;

Because

Because he follow'd *Diana's* train,  
His life he lost, his life he lost,  
Her love to gain.

---

### Cast away Care.

#### I.

**C**Are, away gae thou frae me,  
For I am no fit match for thee,  
Thou bereaves me of my wits,  
Wherefore I hate thy frantic fits :  
Therefore I will care no moir,  
Since that in cares comes no restoir ;  
Bur I will sing hey down a dee,  
And cast doilt care away frae me.

#### II.

If I want, I care to get,  
The more I have, the more I fret ;  
Love I much, I care for moir,  
The moir I have I think I'm poor :  
Thus grief and care my mind oppress,  
Nor wealth or wae gives no redress ;  
Therefore I'll care no moir in vain,  
Since care has cost me meikle pain.

#### III.

Is not this warld a flidd'ry ball ?  
And thinks men strange to catch a fall ?  
Does not the sea baith ebb and flow ?  
And fortune's but a painted show,  
Why shou'd men take care or grief,  
Since that by these comes no relief ?  
Some careful saw what careless reap,  
And wasters ware what niggards scrape.

#### IV.

Well then, ay learn to know thyself,  
And care not for this warldly pelf :  
Whether thy 'state be great or small,  
Give thanks to God whate'er befall,  
Sae fall thou than ay live at ease,  
No sudden grief shall thee displease ;  
Then mayst thou sing, Hey down a dee,  
When thou hast cast ilk care frae thee.

## The fairest of her Days.

## I.

**W**Hoe'er beholds my *Helen's* face,  
 And says not that good hap has she;  
 Who hears her speak, and tents her grace,  
 Shall think none ever spake but she.  
*The short way to resound her praise,  
 She is the fairest of her days.*

## II.

Who knows her wit, and not admires,  
 He must be deem'd devoid of skill:  
 Her virtues kindle strong desires  
 In them that think upon her skill.  
*The short way, &c.*

## III.

Her red is like unto the rose  
 Whose buds are opening to the sun,  
 Her comely colours to disclose  
 The first degree of ripeness won.  
*The short way, &c.*

## IV.

And with the red is mix'd the white,  
 Like to the sun or fair moon-shine,  
 That does upon clear waters light,  
 And makes the colour seem divine.  
*The short way to resound her praise,  
 She is the fairest of her days.*

*N. B.* The six foregoing songs I took out of a very old MSS. collection, wrote by a gentleman in *Aberdeen*.

## Lord HENRY and KATHARINE.

**I**N ancient times, in *Britain's* isle,  
 Lord *Henry* well was known,  
 Nor knight in all the land more fam'd,  
 Or more deserv'd renown;

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His

His thoughts on honour always run,  
 He ne'er cou'd bow to love,  
 No nymph in all the land had charms  
 His frozen heart to move.

## II.

Amongst the nymphs where *Kath'rine* came,  
 The fairest face she shows,  
 She was as bright as morning-sun,  
 And sweeter than a rose :  
 Although she was of mean degree,  
 She daily conquests gains ;  
 For ne'er a youth who her beheld,  
 Escap'd her powerful chains.

## III.

But soon her eyes their lustre lost,  
 Her cheek grew pale and wan,  
 A pining seiz'd her lovely form,  
 And cures were all in vain :  
 The sickness was to all unknown  
 That did the fair one waste,  
 Her time in sighs and floods of tears,  
 And broken slumbers past.

## IV.

Once in a dream she cry'd aloud,  
 Oh *Henry*, I'm undone !  
 Oh cruel fate ! oh wretched maid !  
 Thy love must ne'er be known !  
 Such is the fate of womankind,  
 They must the truth conceal,  
 I'll die ten thousand thousand deaths,  
 Ere I my love reveal.

## V.

A tender friend that watch'd the fair  
 To *Henry* hy'd away.  
 My Lord, says she, we've found the cause  
 Of *Kath'rine's* quick decay :  
 She in a dream the secret told,  
 Till now no mortal knew :  
 Alas ! she now expiring lies,  
 And dies for love of you !

## VI.

The gen'rous *Henry's* soul was touch'd,  
 His heart began to flame,  
 Ah, poor unhappy maid ! he cry'd,  
 Yet I am not to blame.  
 Ah *Kath'rine* ! too too modest maid,  
 Thy love I never knew,  
 I'll ease your pain : and swift as wind  
 To her bedside he flew.

## VII.

Awake ! awake ! he fondly cry'd,  
 Awake ! awake ! my dear ;  
 If I had only guess'd your love,  
 You ne'er had shed a tear :  
 'Tis *Henry* calls, complain no more,  
 Renew thy wonted charms ;  
 I come to save thee from despair,  
 And take thee to my arms.

## VIII.

These words reviv'd the dying fair,  
 She rais'd her drooping head,  
 And gazing on the long-lov'd youth,  
 She started from the bed.  
 Around his neck her arms she flung,  
 In ecstasy, and cried,  
 Will you be kind ? Will you indeed ?  
 My love ! — and so she died.

## The Milking-pail.

## I.

**Y**E nymphs and *silvan* gods,  
 That love green fields and woods,  
 When spring newly born herself does adorn  
 With flowers and blooming buds :  
 Come sing in the praise, while flocks do graze  
 On yonder pleasant vale,  
 Of those that chose to milk their ewes,  
 And in cold dews, with clouted throes,  
 To carry the milking-pail.

## II.

You goddess of the morn,  
 With blushes you adorn,  
 And take the fresh air, whilst linnets prepare  
 A consort on each green thorn :  
 The blackbird and thrush, on every bush,  
 And the charming nightingale,  
 In merry vein, their throats do strain,  
 To entertain the jolly train  
 Of those of the milking-pail.

## III.

When cold bleak winds do roar,  
 And flowers will spring no more,  
 The fields that were seen so pleasant and green,  
 With winter's all candied o'er.  
 See how the town-lads look with her white face,  
 And her lips so deadly pale ?  
 But it is not so with those that go  
 Thro' frost and snow, with cheeks that glow,  
 And carry the milking-pail.

## IV.

The miss of courtly mold,  
 Adorn'd with pearl and gold,  
 With washes and paint her skin does so taint,  
 She's wither'd before she's old :  
 While she of commode puts on a cart-load,  
 And with cushions plumps her tail.  
 What joys are found in rushy ground,  
 Young plump and round, nay, sweet and sound,  
 Of those of the milking-pail.

## V.

You girls of *Venus* game,  
 That venture health and fame,  
 In practising seats, with cold and heats,  
 Make lovers grow blind and lame :  
 If men were so wise to value the prize  
 Of wares most fit for sale,  
 What store of beaux would daub their cloaths,  
 To save a nose, by following of those  
 Who carry the milking-pail ?

The

## VI.

The country-lad is free  
 From fears and jealousy,  
 Whilst upon the green he is often seen  
 With his lass upon his knee;  
 With kisses most sweet he doth her so treat,  
 And swears she'll never grow stale:  
 But the *London* lass, in every place,  
 With brazen face despises the grace  
 Of those of the milking-pail.

---

## PHILLIS, despise not.

## I.

**P**hillis, despise not your faithful lover,  
 Play not the tyrant, because you are fair;  
 Beauty will fade, my charming maid,  
 Just as the lily, my beautiful *Philly*,  
 Cease to prove coy, smile on the boy,  
 Grant him the blessing he longs to enjoy.

## II.

Crowns are but trifles, compar'd with my *Philly*.  
 Who can behold her, and not be enslav'd?  
 Angel divine! wert thou but mine;  
 Pity my story, I laugh at all glory,  
 Here I protest, on thy dear breast,  
 With thee in a cottage I'd think myself blest.

---

## Drink while ye can.

**L**et's drink, my friends, while here we live,  
 The fleeting moments as they pass  
 This silent admonition give,  
 T' improve our time, and push the glass.

M m 3

When

## II.

When once we've ent'red *Charon's* boat,  
Farewell to drinking, joys divine,  
There's not a drop to weet our throat,  
The grave's a cellar void of wine.

## Meddlers out of Season.

## I.

**C**ome, lads, ne'er plague your heads  
With what is done in *Spain*,  
But leave to them  
Who are supreme,  
To settle peace again :  
Debating, prating, jumbling, grumbling,  
Pays no nation's debt ;  
'Tis time must clear it,  
Just like claret,  
When it is on the fret.

## II.

Each one should mind his own,  
Not business of the state :  
This all we get,  
By meddling yet,  
More troubles to create.  
Our wrangling, jangling, clam'ring, hamm'ring,  
But disturb the town ;  
Such men of mettle,  
In a kettle,  
Make two holes for one.

## III.

If you the dangers knew  
Of those that wear a crown,  
You'd scarce envy  
A state so high,  
But wisely use your own :  
Unsteady, giddy, busy, dizzy,  
With the dazzling height ;

Yet daily stooping,  
Almost drooping  
Underneath the weight.

IV.

Low swains that range the plains,  
Their native freedom keep,  
Who yet command,  
With crook in hand,  
Their faithful dog and sheep :  
Their leisure, pleasure, sporting, courting,  
None but time deceive ;  
Whilst *Amaryllis*,  
*Jug* and *Phyllis*,  
Flow'ry garlands weave.

Complaint on Scorn.

I.

WHY will *Florella*, when I gaze,  
My ravish'd eyes reprove,  
And chide them from the only face,  
I can behold with love ?  
To shun your scorn, and ease my care,  
I seek a nymph more kind :  
And as I range from fair to fair,  
Still gentle usage find.

II.

But O ! how faint is ev'ry joy,  
Where nature has no part ?  
New beauties may my eyes employ,  
But you engage my heart.  
So restless exiles, as they roam,  
Meet pity ev'ry where ;  
Yet languish for their native home,  
Tho' death attends them there.

Love

## Love or Wine.

## I.

**I**F *Phillis* denies me relief,  
 If she's angry, I'll seek it in wine;  
 Tho' she laughs at my am'rous grief,  
 At my mirth why shou'd she repine?  
*At my mirth, &c.*

## II.

The sparkling *Champaign* shall remove  
 All the cares my dull grief has in store:  
 My reason I lost when I lov'd,  
 And by drinking what can I do more?  
*And by drinking, &c.*

## III.

Wou'd *Phillis* but pity my pain,  
 Or my am'rous vows wou'd approve,  
 The juice of the grape I'd disdain,  
 And be drunk with nothing but love.  
*And be drunk, &c.*

Twenty-one favourite SONGS, in the BEG-  
 GAR'S OPERA.

## SONG I.

Tune, *An old woman clothed in grey, &c.*

**T**Hrough all the employments of life,  
 Each neighbour abuses his brother:  
 Whore and rogue they call husband and wife,  
 All professions be-rogue one another;  
 The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,  
 The lawyer be-knaves the divine;  
 And the statesman, because he's so great,  
 Thinks his trade as honest as mine.

SONG

## SONG II.

Tune, *The bonny grey-ey'd morn, &c.*

**T**IS woman that seduces all mankind,  
 By her we first were taught the wheedling arts :  
 Her very eyes can cheat, when most she's kind,  
 She tricks us of our money with our hearts :  
 For her, like wolves by night, we roam for prey,  
 And practise ev'ry fraud to bribe her charms ;  
 For suits of love, like law, are won by pay,  
 And beauty must be fee'd into our arms.

---

## SONG III.

Tune, *Why is your faithful slave disdain'd ? &c.*

**I**F love the virgin's heart invade,  
 How, like a moth, the simple maid  
 Still plays about the flame !  
 If soon she be not made a wife,  
 Her honour's sing'd, and then for life  
 She's what I dare not name.

---

## SONG IV.

Tune, *Of all the simple things we do, &c.*

**A** Maid is like a golden ore,  
 Which hath guineas intrinsical in't,  
 Whose worth is never known, before  
 It is try'd, and impress'd in the mint.  
 A wife's like a guinea in gold,  
 Stamp'd with the name of her spouse ;  
 Now here, now there ; is bought, or is sold ;  
 And is current in every house.

SONG

## SONG V.

Tune, *What shall I do to show how much I love her, &c.*

**V**irgins are like the fair flower in its lustre,  
Which in the garden enamels the ground ;  
Near it the bees, in play, flutter and cluster,  
And gaudy butterflies frolic around ;  
But when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring,  
To *Covent-Garden* 'tis sent, (as yet sweet),  
There fades, and shrinks, and grows past all enduring,  
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

---

## SONG VI.

Tune, *Oh London is a fine town.*

**O**UR Polly is a sad slut ! nor heeds what we taught her,  
I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter !  
For she must have both hoods and gowns,  
And hoops to swell her pride,  
With scarfs and stays, and gloves and lace ;  
And she will have men beside ;  
And when she's dress'd with care and cost,  
All tempting fine and gay,  
As men should serve a cucumber,  
She flings herself away.  
*Our Polly is a jad slut, &c.*

---

## SONG VII.

Tune, *Grim king of the ghosts, &c.*

**C**AN love be controll'd by advice !  
Will *Cupid* our mothers obey ?  
Though my heart were as frozen as ice,  
At his flame, 'twould have melted away.  
When he kiss'd me so closely he prest,  
'Twas so sweet that I must have comply'd :  
So I thought it both safest and best,  
To marry for fear you shou'd chide.

SONG

## SONG VIII.

Tune, *A soldier and a sailor.*

A Fox may steal your hens, Sir,  
 A whore your health and pence, Sir,  
 Your daughter rob your chest, Sir,  
 Your wife may steal your rest, Sir,  
 A thief your goods and plate.  
 But this is all but picking,  
 With rest, pence, chest, and chicken :  
 It ever was decreed, Sir,  
 If lawyer's hand is fee'd, Sir,  
 He steals your whole estate.

## SONG IX.

Tune, *Over the hills and far away.*

W Ere I laid on *Greenland's* coast,  
 And in my arms embrac'd my lass ;  
 Warm amidst eternal frost,  
 Too soon the half-year's night would pass.  
 Were I sold on *Indian* soil,  
 Soon as the burning day was clos'd,  
 I could mock the sultry toil,  
 When on my charmer's breast repos'd.  
 And I would love you all the day,  
 Every night would kiss and play,  
 If with me you'd fondly stray,  
 Over the hills and far away.

## SONG X.

Tune, *O the broom, &c.*

T HE miser thus a shilling sees,  
 Which he's oblig'd to pay,  
 With sighs resigns it by degrees,  
 And fears 'tis gone for ay.  
 The boy, thus, when his sparrow's flown,  
 The bird in silence eyes ;  
 But soon as out of sight 'tis gone,  
 Whines, whimpers, sobs, and cries.

SONG

## SONG XI.

*Tune, Cotillon.*

**Y**outh's the season made for joys,  
 Love is then our duty;  
 She alone who that employs,  
 Well deserves her beauty.  
     Let's be gay,  
     While we may,  
 Beauty's a flower despis'd in decay,  
 Youth's the season, &c.  
 Let us drink and sport to-day,  
 Ours is not to-morrow,  
 Love with youth flies swift to-day,  
 Age is nought but sorrow.  
     Dance and sing,  
     Time's on the wing,  
 Life never knows the return of spring.  
*Chorus.* Let us drink, &c.

---

## SONG XII.

*Tune, When once I lay with another man's wife.*

**T**HE gamesters and lawyers are jugglers alike,  
 If they meddle, your all is in danger;  
 Like gypsies, if once they can finger a soule,  
 Your pockets they pick, and they pilfer your house,  
 And give your estate to a stranger,

---

## SONG XIII.

*Tune, Courtiers, courtiers, think it no harm, &c.*

**M**AN may escape from rope or gun,  
 Nay, some have outliv'd the doctor's pill;  
 Who takes a woman must be undone,  
 That basilisk is sure to kill.  
 The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets,  
 So he that tastes woman, woman, woman,  
 He that tastes woman, ruin meets.

SONG

## SONG XIV.

Tune, *The sun had loos'd his weary teams, &c.*

**T**HE first time at the looking-glass  
 The mother sets her daughter,  
 The image strikes the smiling lass,  
 With self-love ever after.  
 Each time she looks, she, fonder grown,  
 Thinks ev'ry charm grows stronger :  
 But alas, vain maid, all eyes but your own,  
 Can see you are not younger.

## SONG XV.

Tune, *How happy are we, &c.*

**W**HEN you censure the age,  
 Be cautious and sage,  
 Left the courtiers offended should be :  
 If you mention vice or bribe,  
 'Tis pat to all the tribe,  
 Each cries — That was levell'd at me.

## SONG XVI.

Tune, *London ladies.*

**I**F you at an office solicit your due,  
 And would not have matters neglected ;  
 You must quicken the clerk with the perquisite too,  
 To what his duty directed.  
 Or would you the frowns of a lady prevent,  
 She too has this palpable failing,  
 The perquisite softens her into consent ;  
 That reason with all is prevailing.

## SONG XVII.

Tune, *Packinton's pound.*

**T**HUS gamesters united in friendship are found,  
 Tho' they know that their industry all is a cheat,  
 They flock to their prey at the dice-box's found,  
 And join to promote one another's deceit ;

But if by mishap,  
 They fail of a chap,  
 To keep in their hands, they each other entrap :  
 Like pikes lank with hunger, who miss of their ends,  
 They bite their companions, and prey on their friends.

---

## S O N G XVIII.

Tune, *Lillibullero*.

**T**HE modes of the court so common are grown,  
 That a true friend can hardly be met ;  
 Friendship for interest is but a loan,  
 Which they let out for what they can get.  
 'Tis true you find  
 Some friends so kind,  
 Who will give you good counsel themselves to defend.  
 In sorrowful ditty,  
 They promise, they pity,  
 But shift you for money, from friend to friend.

---

## S O N G XIX.

Tune, *Down in the north country, &c.*

**W**Hat gudgeons are we men !  
 Every woman's easy prey,  
 Though we have felt the hook, agen  
 We bite and they betray.  
 The bird that hath been trapt,  
 When he hears his calling mate,  
 To her he flies, again he's clapt  
 Within the wiry grate.

---

## S O N G XX.

Tune, *A cobbler there was, &c.*

**O**Urselfes, like the great, to secure a retreat,  
 When matters require it, must give up our gang :  
 And good reason why,  
 Or instead of the fry,  
 Ev'n *Peachum* and I  
 Like poor petty rascals, might hang, hang ;  
 Like poor petty rascals, might hang.

SONG

## SONG XXI.

Tune, *Green Sleeves*.

**S**ince laws were made for ev'ry degree,  
 To curb vice in others, as well as me,  
 I wonder we han't better company,  
 Upon *Tyburn* tree !  
 But gold from law can take out the sting,  
 And if rich men like us were to swing,  
 'Twould thin the land, such numbers to string,  
 Upon *Tyburn* tree !

---

## ANDRO and his cutty Gun.

## I.

**B**lyth, blyth, blyth was she,  
 Blyth was she butt and ben ;  
 And well she loo'd a *Harwick* gill,  
 And leugh to see a tappit hen.  
 She took me in, and set me down,  
 And heght to keep me lawing-free ;  
 But, cunning carling that she was,  
 She gart me birle my bawbie.

## II.

We loo'd the liquor well enough ;  
 But waes my heart my cash was done,  
 Before that I had quench'd my drowth,  
 And laith I was to pawn my shoon.  
 When we had three times toom'd our stoup,  
 And the neist chappin new begun,  
 In started, to heeze up our hope,  
 Young *Andro* with his cutty gun.

## III.

The carling brought her kebbuck ben,  
 With girdle-cakes well toasted brown ;  
 Well does the canny kimmer ken,  
 They gar the scuds gae glibber down.

We ca'd the bicker aft about,  
 Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bun,  
 And ay the cleanest drinker out,  
 Was *Andro* with his cutty gun.

## IV.

He did like ony mavis sing,  
 And as I in his oxters fat,  
 He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,  
 And mony a fappy kifs I gat.  
 I hae been east, I hae been west,  
 I hae been far ayont the sun;  
 But the blytheft lad that e'er I saw,  
 Was *Andro* with his cutty gun.

## Sailors Song.

**H**OW happy are we,  
 Now the wind is abaft;  
 And the bosson he pipes,  
 Haul both your sheets aft.  
 Steady, steady, says the master,  
 It blows a fresh gale;  
 We'll soon reach our port, boys,  
 If the wind does not fail.  
 Then drink about, *Tom*,  
 Altho' the ship roll:  
 Then drink about, *Tom*,  
 Altho' the ship roll:  
 We'll save our rich liquor,  
*We'll save, &c.*  
 By flinging our bowl.

## A hundred Years hence.

**L**ET us drink and be merry, dance, joke, and rejoice,  
 With claret, canary, theorboe, and voice;  
 The changeable world to our joys is unjust,  
 And all pleasure's ended when we are in dust.

In

In mirth let us spend our spare hours and our pence,  
For we shall be past it a hundred years hence.

## II.

The butterfly-courtier, that pageant of state,  
That mouse-trap of honour, and may-game of fate ;  
For all his ambition, his freaks, and his tricks,  
He must die like a bumkin, and fall into Styx :  
His plot against death's but a slender pretence,  
Who'd take his place from him a hundred years hence ?

## III.

The beautiful bride, who with garlands is crown'd,  
And kills with each glance as she treads on the ground ;  
Her glittering dress does cast such a splendor,  
As if none were fit but the stars to attend her ;  
Altho' she is pleasant, and sweet to the sense,  
She'll be damnable mouldy a hundred years hence.

## IV.

The right-hearted soldier, who's a stranger to fear,  
Calls up all his spirits when danger is near ;  
He labours and fights, great honour to gain,  
And hardily thinks it will ever remain ;  
But virtue and courage prove in vain a pretence,  
To flourish his standard a hundred years hence.

## V.

The merchant who ventures his all on the main,  
Not doubting to grasp what the *Indies* contain,  
He buzzes and bustles like a bee in the spring,  
Yet knows not what harvest the autumn will bring :  
Tho' fortune's great queen should load him with pence,  
He'll near reach the market a hundred years hence.

## VI.

The rich bawling lawyer, who, by fools wrangling  
    strife,  
Can spin out a suit to the end of a life ;  
A suit which the client does wear out in slavery,  
Whilst the pleader makes conscience a cloak for his  
    knavery ;  
Tho' he boasts of his cunning, and brags of his sense,  
He'll be *non est inventus* a hundred years hence.

## VII.

The pluff-coated quack, who, his fees to enlarge,  
Kills people by licence, and at their own charge ;  
He builds up fair structures with ill-gotten wealth,  
By the dregs of a piss-pot, and the ruins of health :  
By the treasures of health he pretends to dispense,  
He'll be turn'd into mummy a hundred years hence.

## VIII.

The meagre-chopp'd usurer, who in hundreds gets  
twenty,  
But starves in his wealth, and pines in his plenty ;  
Lays up for a season he never will see,  
The year of one thousand eight hundred and three :  
He must change all his houses, his lands, and his rents,  
For a worm-eaten coffin a hundred years hence.

## IX.

The learned divine, with all his pretensions  
To knowledge superior, and heavenly mansions ;  
Who lives by the tithe of other folks labour,  
Yet expects that his blessing be receiv'd as a favour,  
Tho' he talks of the spirit, and bewilders our sense,  
Knows not what will come of him a hundred years  
hence.

## X.

The poet himself, who so loftily sings,  
And scorns any subject but heroes or kings,  
Must to the capricio of fortune submit ;  
Which will make a fool of him in spite of his wit :  
Thus health, wealth, and beauty, wit, learning, and  
sense,  
Must all come to nothing a hundred years hence.

## XI.

Why should we turmoil then in cares and in fears,  
By converting our joys into sighs and to tears ?  
Since pleasures abound, let us ever be tasting,  
And to drive away sorrow while vigour is lasting,  
We'll kiss the brisk damsels, that we may from thence  
Have brats to succeed us a hundred years hence.

The

## XII.

The true-hearted mason, who acts on the square,  
 And lives within compass by rules that are fair;  
 Whilst honour and conscience approve all his deeds,  
 As virtue and prudence directs he proceeds,  
 With friendship and love, discretion, and sense,  
 Leaves a pattern for brothers a hundred years hence.

## JOHNY FAA, the Gypsie Laddie.

THE gypsies came to our good Lord's gate,  
 And vow but they sang sweetly;  
 They sang sae sweet, and sae very complete,  
 That down came the fair lady.

## II.

And she came tripping down the stair,  
 And a' her maids before her;  
 As soon as they saw her well-far'd face,  
 They coost the glamer o'er her.

## III.

Gae tak frae me this gay mantle,  
 And bring to me a plaidie,  
 For if kith and kin, and a' had sworn,  
 I'll follow the gypsie laddie.

## IV.

Yestreen I lay in a well-made bed,  
 And my good Lord beside me:  
 This night I'll lie in a tenant's barn,  
 Whatever shall betide me.

## V.

Come to your bed, says *Johnny Faa*,  
 Oh come to your bed, my deary;  
 For I vow and I swear, by the hilt of my sword,  
 That your Lord shall nae mair come near ye.

## VI.

I'll go to bed to my *Johnny Faa*,  
 I'll go to bed to my deary;  
 For I vow and swear by what past yestreen,  
 That my Lord shall nae mair come near me.

## VII.

I'll make a hap to my *Jobny Faa*,  
 And I'll make a hap to my deary,  
 And he's get a' the coat gaes round,  
 And my Lord shall nae mair come near me.

## VIII.

And when our Lord came hame at een,  
 And speir'd for his fair lady,  
 The tane she cry'd, and the other reply'd,  
 She's away with the gypsie laddie.

## IX.

Gae saddle to me the black black steed,  
 Gae saddle and make him ready;  
 Before that I either eat or sleep,  
 I'll gae seek my fair lady.

## X.

And we were fifteen well-made men,  
 Altho' we were na bonny:  
 And we were a' put down for ane,  
 A fair young wanton lady.

## Old CHIRON.

OLD *Chiron* thus preach'd to his pupil *Achilles*,  
 I'll tell thee, young gentleman, what the fates  
 will is:

You, my boy, must go  
 (The gods will have it so)  
 To the siege of *Troy*;

Thence never to return to *Greece* again,  
 But before those walls to be slain.

## II.

Let not your noble courage be cast down,  
 But all the while you lie before the town,  
 Drink and drive care away, drink and be merry:  
 You'll ne'er go the sooner to the Stygian ferry.

Bottle

## Bottle and Friend.

## I.

Sum up all the delights  
 This world does produce,  
 The darling allurements  
 Now chiefly in use,  
 You'll find if compar'd,  
 There's none can contend  
 With the solid enjoyments  
 Of a bottle and friend.

## II.

For honour, for wealth,  
 For beauty may waste ;  
 These joys often fade,  
 And rarely do last ;  
 They're so hard to attain,  
 And so easily lost,  
 That the pleasure ne'er answers  
 The trouble and cost.

## III.

None but wine and true friendship  
 Are lasting and sure,  
 From jealousy free,  
 And from envy secure ;  
 Then fill all the glasses  
 Until they run o'er,  
 A friend and good wine  
 Are the charms we adore.

Dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.

Tune, *Yellow-hair'd laddie*.

## I.

ON *Whitsunday* morning  
 I went to the fair,  
 My yellow-hair'd laddie  
 Was selling his ware ;

He

He gied me sick a blyth blink  
 With his bonny black eye,  
 And a dear blink, and a fair blink  
 It was unto me.

## II.

I wist not what ail'd me  
 When my laddie came in,  
 The little wee starnies  
 Flew ay frae my een ;  
 And the sweat it dropt down  
 Frae my very eye-brie,  
 And my heart play'd ay  
 Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.

## III.

I wist not what ail'd me,  
 When I went to my bed,  
 I tossed and tumbled,  
 And sleep frae me fled.  
 Now its sleeping and waking  
 He is ay in my eye ;  
 And my heart play'd ay  
 Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.

## ROGER and DOLLY.

**A**S *Dolly* was milking of the cows,  
 Young *Roger* came tripping it over the plain,  
 And made unto her most delicate bows,  
 And then he went tripping it back again.  
 My pretty sweet *Roger*, come back again,  
 My pretty sweet *Roger*, come back again ;  
 For it is your company that I do lack,  
 Or else my poor heart will burst in twain.  
 I winna come back, nor I canna come back ;  
 I wonot, I cannot ; no, no, not I :  
 And if 'tis my company that you do lack,  
 You may lack it until the day you die.

Oh!

Oh! do you not mind the curds and cream,  
And many a bottle of good *March* beer?  
When you was going along with your team?  
And then it was *Dolly* my own sweet dear.  
But I winna come back, nor I canna come back, &c.

---

### The Invocation.

#### I.

**Y**E powers that o'er mankind preside,  
And pity human woes,  
My steps to some retirement guide,  
That no disturbance knows.  
*Ye powers, &c.*

#### II.

There let my soul forget her pain,  
Restor'd to blissful peace again;  
Nor e'er resign the calm retreat,  
To feel the sorrows of the great,  
*To feel the sorrows of the great.*

---

### The Virgin's Choice.

#### I.

**V**irgins, if e'er at last it prove  
My destiny to be in love,  
Pray wish me this good fate:  
May wit and prudence be my guide,  
And may a little decent pride  
My actions regulate.

#### II.

If e'er I an amour commence,  
May it be with a man of sense,  
And learned education;  
May all courtship easy be,  
Neither too formal, nor too free,  
But wisely shew his passion.

May

## III.

May his estate be like to mine,  
 That nothing look like a design  
 To bring us into sorrow.  
 Grant me but this that I have said,  
 And willingly I'll live a maid  
 No longer than to-morrow.

---

## Still he's the Man.

## I.

**W**Hat woman cou'd do, I have try'd to be free,  
 Yet do all I can,  
 I find I love him, and tho' he flies me,  
 Still, still, he's the man.  
 They tell me at once, he to twenty will swear :  
 When vows are so sweet, who the falsehood can fear ?  
 So when you have said all you can,  
 Still, — still he's the man.

## II.

I caught him once making love to a maid,  
 When to him I ran,  
 He turn'd, and he kiss'd me, then who cou'd upbraid  
 So civil a man ?  
 The next day I found to a third he was kind,  
 I rated him soundly, he swore I was blind ;  
 So let me do what I can,  
 Still, — still he's the man.

## III.

All the world bids me beware of his art :  
 I do what I can ;  
 But he has taken such hold of my heart,  
 I doubt he's the man !  
 So sweet are his kisses, his looks are so kind,  
 He may have his faults, but if none I can find,  
 Who can do more than they can,  
 He, — still is the man.

## An old Catch.

**N**OW God be wi' old *Symon*,  
 For he made cans to many a one,  
 And a good old man was he ;  
 And *Jenkin* was his journeyman,  
 And he cou'd tipple off ev'ry can ;  
 And thus he said to me :  
 To whom drink you, Sir Knave ?  
 Turn the timber like the lave ;  
 Ho ! jolly *Jenkin*,  
 I spy a knave in drinking ;  
 Come, troll the bowl to me.

---

## The Cobler's Merits.

Tune, *Charming SALLY*.

**O**F all the trades from east to west,  
 The cobbler's, past contending,  
 Is like in time to prove the best,  
 Which every day is mending.  
 How great his praise who can amend  
 The soals of all his neighbours,  
 Nor is unmindful of his end,  
 But to his last he labours !

---

## The Cobler's Happiness.

Tune, *Come, let us prepare*.

I.  
**L**ET matters of state  
 Disquiet the great,  
 The cobbler has nought to perplex him ;  
 W. Has nought but his wife  
 At To ruffle his life,  
 Will her he can strap, if she vex him.  
 An OL. IV. \* O o

He's

## II.

He's out of the pow'r  
 Of *Fortune*, that whore,  
 Since low as can be she has thrust him;  
 From duns he's secure,  
 For being so poor,  
 There's none to be found that will trust him.

---

## The Honourable Support.

Tune, *The milking-pail*.

**I** Hate the coward tribes,  
 Who, by mean sneaking bribes,  
 By tricks and disguise,  
 By flattery and lies,  
 To power and grandeur rise.  
 Like heroes of old,  
 Be still greatly bold;  
 Let the sword your cause support;  
 Never learn to fawn,  
 And never be drawn  
 Your truth to pawn  
 Among the spawn  
 Who practise the frauds of courts.

---

## Self, the prime Mover.

Tune, *Hunt the squirrel*.

**T**H E world is always jarring,  
 This is pursuing  
 T' other man's ruin;  
 Friends with friends are warring  
 In a false cowardly way.  
 Spurr'd on by emulations,  
 Tongues are engaging,  
 Calumny raging,  
 Murders reputations,  
 Envy keeps up the fray.

An  
 us,

Thus, with burning heat,  
Each returning hate  
    Wounds and robs his friends  
    In civil life ;  
    Even man and wife  
Squabble for selfish ends.

---

The spotless Virgin.

Tune, *My deary, if thou die.*

PURE as the new-fallen snow appears  
The spotless virgin's fame,  
Unfully'd white her bosom bears  
    As fair her form and fame ;  
But when she's soild, her lustre greets  
The admiring eye no more ;  
She sinks to mud, defiles the streets,  
And swells the common shore.

---

The Worth of Wine.

Tune, *Let's be jovial.*

I.

'TIS wine that clears the understanding,  
Makes men learn'd withouten books :  
It fits the general for commanding,  
And gives fogs fiercer looks.  
*With a fa, la, la, la, &c.*

II.

'Tis wine that gives a life to lovers,  
Heightens beauties of the fair ;  
Truth from falsehood it discovers,  
Quickens joys, and conquers care.  
*With a fa, la, la, la, &c.*

III.

Wine will set our souls on fire,  
Fit us for all glorious things ;  
When rais'd by *Bacchus* we aspire  
At flights, above the reach of kings.  
*With a fa, la, la, la, &c.*

Bring in bonny magnums plenty,  
 Be each glass a bumper crown'd;  
 None to flinch till they be empty,  
 And full fifty toasts gone round.  
*With a fa, la, la, la, &c.*

---

### Woman compar'd to China.

*Tune, Pinks and Lilies.*

I.

A Woman's ware, like china,  
 Now cheap, now dear is bought;  
 When whole, though worth a guinea,  
 When broke's not worth a groat;  
*When broke, &c.*

II.

A woman at St *James's*,  
 With hundreds you obtain;  
 But stay till lost her fame is,  
 She'll be cheap in *Drury-lane*.  
*She'll be cheap, &c.*

---

### Slow Men of London.

I.

There were three lads in our town,  
 Slow men of *London*;  
 They courted a widow was bonny and brown,  
 Yet they left her undone.

II.

They often tasted the widow's chear,  
 Slow men of *London*;  
 Yet the widow was never the near,  
 For still they left her undone.

III.

They went to work without their tools,  
 Slow men of *London*;  
 The widow she sent them away like fools,  
 Because they left her undone.

Blow,

Blow, ye winds, and come down, rain,  
 Slow men of *London* ;  
 They never shall woo this widow again,  
 Because they left her undone.

---

### Follow your Leaders.

*To the foregoing tune.*

**T**HE manners of the great affect ;  
 Stint not your pleasure :  
 If conscience had their genius checkt,  
 How got they treasure ?  
 The more in debt, run in debt the more,  
 Careless who is undone ;  
 Morals and honesty leave the poor,  
 As they do at *London*.

---

### The Pimp and Politician Parallels.

*Tune, 'Twas within a furlong of Edinburgh town.*

**I**N pimps and politicians  
 The genius is the same :  
 Both raise their own conditions  
 On others guilt and shame :  
 With a tongue well tipt with lies  
 Each the want of parts supplies ;  
 And with a heart that's all disguise  
 Keeps his schemes unknown.  
 Seducing as the devil,  
 They play the tempter's part,  
 And have, when most they're civil,  
 Most mischief in their heart.  
 Each a secret commerce drives,  
 First corrupts and then connives,  
 And by his neighbour's vices thrives,  
 For they are all his own.

## PHILANDER and AMORET.

## I.

When gay *Philander* fell a prize  
 To *Amoreta's* conquering eyes,  
 He took his pipe, he sought the plain;  
 Regardless of his growing pain;  
 And resolutely bent to wrest  
 The bearded arrow from his breast.

## II.

Come, gentle gales, the shepherd cry'd,  
 Be *Cupid* and his bow defy'd;  
 But as gales obsequious flew,  
 With flow'ry scents and spicy dew,  
 He did unknowingly repeat,  
*The breath of Amoret is sweet.*

## III.

His pipe again the shepherd try'd,  
 And warbling nightingales reply'd;  
 Their sounds in rival measures move,  
 And meeting echoes charm the grove:  
 His thoughts that rov'd again repeat,  
*The voice of Amoret is sweet.*

## IV.

Since every fair and lovely view  
 The thoughts of *Amoret* renew,  
 From flow'ry lawn and shady green  
 To prospect gloomy change the scene:  
 Sad change for him! for sighing there,  
 He thought of lovers in despair.

## V.

Convinc'd, the sad *Philander* cries,  
 Now, cruel god, assert thy prize,  
 For love its fatal empire gains;  
 Yet grant, in pity to my pains,  
 These lines the nymph may oft repeat,  
 And own *Philander's* lays are sweet.

The WIT and the BEAU.

Tune, *Bright AURELIA*.

I.

With every grace young *Strephon* chose  
His person to adorn,  
That by the beauties of his face  
In *Sylvia*'s love he might find place,  
And wonder'd at her scorn.

II.

With bows and smiles he did his part,  
But oh ! 'twas all in vain ;  
A youth less fine, a youth of art,  
Had talk'd himself into her heart,  
And would not out again.

III.

With change of *habits* *Strephon* press'd,  
And urg'd her to admire ;  
His *love* alone the other dress'd,  
As verse or prose became it best,  
And mov'd her soft desire.

IV.

This found, his courtship *Strephon* ends,  
Or makes it to his glass ;  
There in himself now seeks amends,  
Convinc'd, that where a *wit* pretends,  
A *beau* is but an *ass*.

The Nurse's Song.

Tune, *Yellow stockings*.

I.

Hey ! my kitten, a kitten,  
Hey ! my kitten, a deary ;  
Such a sweet pett as this  
Is neither far nor neary :  
Here we go up, up, up ;  
Here we go down, down, downy ;  
Here we go backwards and forwards,  
And here we go round, round, roundy:

Chicky,

## II.

Chicky, cockow, my lily cock ;  
 See, fee, sic a downy ;  
 Gallop a trot, trot, trot,  
 And hey for *Dublin* towny.  
 This pig went to the market ;  
 Squeek mouse, mouse, mousy ;  
 Shoe, shoe, shoe the wild colt,  
 And hear thy own dol dousy.

## III.

Where was a jewel and petty,  
 Where was a sugar and spicy ;  
 Hush a baba in a cradle,  
 And we'll go abroad in a tricy.  
 Did-a pappa torment it ?  
 Did-e vex his own baby ? did-e ?  
 Hush a baba in a bosie ;  
 Take ous own sucky : did-e ?

## IV.

Good-morrow, a pudding is broke ;  
 Slavers a thread o' crystal,  
 Now the sweet posset comes up ;  
 Who said my child was pifs'd all ?  
 Come water my chickens, come clock.  
 Leave off, or he'll crawl you, he'll crawl you ;  
 Come, gie me your hand, and I'll beat him :  
 Wha was it vexed my baby ?

## V.

Where was a laugh and a craw ;  
 Where was, was, was a gigling honey ?  
 Goody, good child shall be fed,  
 But naughty child shall get nony.  
 Get ye gone, raw-head and bloody-bones,  
 Here is a child that won't fear ye.  
 Come, pissy, pissy, my jewel,  
 And ik, ik ay, my deary.

## The Magpie.

## I.

Good people, draw near,  
 A story ye's hear,  
 A story both pleasant and true ;  
 Which happened of late,  
 And's not out of date ;  
 I am going to tell it to you.

## II.

It was an old cobbler,  
 Who soal'd shoes at *Dubler*,  
 And lov'd to drink the juice of good barley ;  
 And then with his wife,  
 As dear as his life,  
 When drunk, he lov'd for to parley.

## III.

This cobbler, they say,  
 Being drunk on a day,  
 His wife she did murmur and chat ;  
 This cobbler, they say,  
 Did thrash her that day,  
 And cry'd, What a pox wad ye be at ?

## IV.

He had a magpie  
 That was very sly,  
 And usel'd for to murmur and chat ;  
 Who soon got the tone,  
 Before it was long,  
 Of, What a pox wad ye be at ?

## V.

And this magpie,  
 Who was so very sly,  
 He into a meeting-house gat ;  
 And as the old parson  
 Was canting his lesson,  
 Cry'd, What a pox wad ye be at ?

## VI.

The parson surpris'd,  
 Did lift up his eyes :  
 Now help us, pray, Father, in need :  
 For Satan, I fear,  
 Does visit us here ;  
 So help us, pray, Father, with speed.

## VII.

The parson again  
 Began to explain  
 To those around him that sat ;  
 But Magpie indeed  
 Flew over his head,  
 And cry'd, What a pox wad ye be at ?

## VIII.

Then the parson did skip,  
 Five yards at a leap,  
 From his pulpit quite down to the floor ;  
 And left every faint,  
 Quite ready to faint,  
 Leaping out of the meeting-house door.

## IX.

Then some without hats,  
 And some without hoods,  
 Then out of the meeting-house gat :  
 And Magpie happ'd after,  
 Which caus'd much laughter,  
 Crying, What a pox wad ye be at ?

## X.

Then a sanctify'd soul,  
 Who thought to controul,  
 Look'd Magpie quite full in the face,  
 Said, Satan, how dare  
 You thus to appear  
 In this our sanctify'd place ?

## XI.

But Magpie he pranc'd,  
 He skipp'd and he danc'd,  
 And out of the meeting-house gat ;

And

## The new Light.

## I.

**C**elia, now my heart hath broke  
The bond of your ungentle yoke,  
Dissolv'd the fetter of that chain  
By which I strove so long in vain :  
May I be slighted if I e'er  
Am caught again within your snare,  
*Am caught, &c.*

## II.

In vain you spread your treach'rous net,  
In vain your wily snares are set ;  
The bird can now your arts espy,  
And, arm'd with caution, from them fly :  
Some heedless swain your prey may be,  
But faith you're too well known to me,  
*But faith, &c.*

## III.

I with contempt can now despise  
The treach'rous follies of your eyes,  
And with contempt can sit and hear  
You prattle nonsense half a year,  
And go away as little mov'd  
As you was lately when I lov'd,  
*As you was, &c.*

## IV.

I wonder what the plague it was  
Made me such a stupid ass,  
To fancy such a noble grace  
In your language, mien, and face,  
Where now I nothing more can find  
Than what I see in all your kind,  
*Than what, &c.*

## V.

Thus when the drowsy god of sleep,  
Upon our wearied fancies creep,  
Some headless piece of image rise,  
By fancies form'd delude our eyes :

But soon as e'er the god of day  
Appears, they faint and die away,  
*Appears, they, &c.*

---

The Fickle fix'd.

I.

**M**Y love was fickle once and changing,  
Nor e'er would settle in my heart;  
From beauty still to beauty ranging,  
In ev'ry place I found a dart.

II.

'Twas first a charming shape enslav'd me,  
An eye that gave the fatal stroke,  
Till by her wit *Corinna* sav'd me,  
And all my former fetters broke.

III.

But now a long and lasting anguish  
For *Belvidera* I endure;  
Hourly I sigh, and hourly languish:  
Nor hope to find the wonted cure.

IV.

For here the false unconstant lover,  
After a thousand beauties shown,  
Does new surprising charms discover,  
And finds variety in one.

**J. CHILD**

**E. X.**

# EXPLANATION

OF THE

## SCOTS WORDS.

**A**<sup>'</sup>, *all*.  
 Abeit, *albeit*.  
 Aboon, *above*.  
 Ae, *one*.  
 Aff, *off*.  
 Aften, *often*.  
 Aik, *oak*.  
 Ain, *own*.  
 Aith, *oath*.  
 Air, *early*.  
 Ajee, *aside*.  
 Alane, *alone*.  
 Amaist, *almost*.  
 Ambry, *cupboard*.  
 Ane, *one*.  
 Anither, *another*.  
 Awa, *away*.  
 Auld, *old*.  
 Ayont, *beyond*.

B.

**B**A<sup>'</sup>, *ball*.  
 Baith, *both*.  
 Bane, *bone*.  
 Bannocks, *oat-bread*.  
 Baps, *roll-bread*.  
 Bawm, *balm*.  
 Bauk, *baulk*.

Bedrals, *beadles*.  
 Beet, *to help or repair*.  
 Bend, *to drink*.  
 Bennison, *blessing*.  
 Bent, *the open fields*.  
 Bewith, *somewhat in the mean time*.  
 Eirks, *birch*.  
 Bigg, *build*.  
 Billy, *brother*.  
 Binging, *becking, bending*.  
 Blate, *bashful*.  
 Blaw, *blow*.  
 Bleeze, *blaze*.  
 Blink, *glance of the eye*.  
 Blutter, *blunder*.  
 Bode, *predict*.  
 Bodin, *stored*.  
 Bot or But, *without*.  
 Bougils, *sounding horns*.  
 Bountith, *a gratuity*.  
 Bowt, *bolt*.  
 Brachen, *a sort of broth*.  
 Brae, *rising ground*.  
 Brankit, *prim'd up*.  
 Braid, *broad*.  
 Brander, *a gridiron*.

# E X P L A N A T I O N of

Braw, *finely dressed.*  
 Broach, *a buckle.*  
 Brack, *broken parts, or refuse.*  
 Brow, *the forehead.*  
 Bruik, *to love or enjoy.*  
 Bught, *sheep-fold.*  
 Burnist, *polished.*  
 Burn, *a rivulet.*  
 Busk, *to deck.*  
 But and Ben, *be out and be in.*  
 Byer, *a cow-house.*

Coots, *joint of the ankle.*  
 Courchea or Curtchea, *a handkerchief.*  
 Crack, *to boast.*  
 Creel, *basket or hamper.*  
 Crocks, *lean sheep.*  
 Crost, *corn-land.*  
 Crouse, *brisk, bold.*  
 Crowdy-mowdy, *a sort of gruel.*  
 Crummy, *a cow's name.*  
 Cunzie, *coin.*

## C.

**C**A', *call.*  
 adgie, *cheerful.*  
 Caff, *calf. id. chaff.*  
 Canna, *cannot.*  
 Canker'd, *angry.*  
 Canny, *cautious, lucky.*  
 Carlings, *old women. Id. boiled pease.*  
 Cauld, *cold.*  
 Cauler, *cool, fresh.*  
 Cawk, *chalk.*  
 Clag, *failing or imperfection.*  
 Clat, *a rake.*  
 Claiths, *cloaths.*  
 Clashes, *tittle tattle.*  
 Clock, *a beetle.*  
 Cockernony, *the hair bound up.*  
 Cod, *a pillow.*  
 Coft, *bought.*  
 Cogg, *a wooden dish.*  
 Coof, *a blockhead.*

## D.

**D**Affin, *jolly,*  
*wantonness.*  
 Daft, *mad, foolish.*  
 Dawt, *fondle, caress.*  
 Dight, *to wipe.*  
 Dinna, *do not.*  
 Ding, *beat.*  
 Dool, *trouble.*  
 Dofend, *frozen, cold.*  
 Dorty, *haughty,*  
 Dow, *can. Id. dove.*  
 Downa, *cannot.*  
 Dowf, *spiritlefs.*  
 Doughtna, *could not.*  
 Dowy, *weary, lonely.*  
 Drant, *to speak slow.*  
 Dramock, *cold gruel.*  
 Drap, *drop.*  
 Dwining, *decaying.*  
 Dunting, *beating.*  
 Dulce and tangle, *sea-plants.*  
 Durk, *a dagger.*

Eard,

the SCOT'S WORDS.

E.

**E** Ard, *earth.*  
 Een, *eyes.*  
 Eild, *age.*  
 Eith, *easy.*  
 Elding, *fewel.*  
 Eem, *cousin.*  
 Ettle, *aim.*  
 Eydent, *diligent.*

F.

**F** A', *fall.*  
 Fadge, *a coarse sort of roll-bread*  
 Fae, *fee.*  
 Fand, *found.*  
 Fangle, *Newfangle, fond of what's new.*  
 Farles, *thin oat-cakes.*  
 Fash, *trouble.*  
 Fause, *false.*  
 Faut, *fault.*  
 Fee, *wages.*  
 Feirs, *brothers.*  
 Fendy, *active, industrious.*  
 Fenzie, *fain*  
 Ferley, *wonder.*  
 Fey, *attended by a fatality.*  
 Flee, *fly.*  
 Flouks, *flounders.*  
 Flyte, *to scold.*  
 Fog, *moss.*  
 Fore, *to the fore, in being or lasting.*  
 Fouth, *plenty.*  
 Frae, *from*  
 Fraising, *babling with a foolish wonder.*

Fou, or fu', *full.*

G

**G** Ab, *the mouth.*  
 Gabocks, *large mouthfuls.*  
 Gaberlunzie, *a wallet that hangs on the side or loin.*  
 Gae, *gave.* Id. *go.*  
 Gane, *gone.*  
 Gar, *make or cause.*  
 Gawfy, *jolly, large.*  
 Gate, *way.*  
 Gawn, *going.*  
 Gawd, *gall'd.* Id. *goad.*  
 Gawky, *empty, foolish.*  
 Gawnt, *to yawn.*  
 Geck, *to flout and jeer.*  
 Genty, *small and neat.*  
 Gin and gif, *if.*  
 Glaikit, *idle and rompish.*  
 Glee, *joy.*  
 Glead, *squinting.*  
 Glen, *a hollow between hills.*  
 Gloyd, *an old horse.*  
 Glowr, *to stare*  
 Gowk, *the cuckow.* Id. *a fool.*  
 Gowping, *handful.*  
 Graip, *to grope.* Id. *a trident fork for dung.*  
 Graith, *accoutrements.*  
 Grots, *skinned oats.*  
 Gutcher, *grandfather.*

Ha',

# E X P L A N A T I O N of

H.

**H**A', *hall.*

Hae, *have.*

Haf, *half.*

Hagies, *a boiled pudding made of a sheeps pluck minced, with seawet.*

Halucket, *light-headed, whimsical.*

Hale, *whole.*

Haly, *holy.*

Hame, *home.*

Hames and brechoms, *wore about the neck of a cart-horse.*

Hawle, *embrace.*

Heefe, *to lift.*

Hecht, *promised.*

Heugh, *any steep place.*

Hodde, *to waddle in walk-*

Hoden, *coarse cloth.*

Hows, *hollows.*

Howms, *valleys on river-sides.*

I.

**J**Ee, *to jee back and again, the motion of a balance.*

Ill-fard, *ill-favoured, or ugly.*

Ilka, *each.*

Ilka, *every.*

Ingle, *fire.*

Jo, *sweet-heart.*

Jouk, *to bow.*

Irk, *wearry or tired.*

Irie, *afraid of ghosts.*

Ishogles, *icicles.*

Ise, *I shall.*

Ither, *other.*

K.

**K**Airn, or Cairn, *heaps of monumental stones.*

Kail, *coleworts. Id. broth.*

Kaim, *comb.*

Kebuck, *a cheese.*

Keek, *peep.*

Ken, *know.*

Kepp, *to catch.*

Kilted, *tucked up.*

Kirn, *chirn.*

Kimmer, *a she-gossip.*

Kirtle, *upper petticoat.*

Kurchie, *handkerchief.*

L.

**L**Ag, *to fall behind.*

Laigh, *low.*

Lane, *own self.*

Laith, *loath.*

Lapperd, *crudled.*

Law, *low.*

Lawty, *justice.*

Lave, *the rest.*

Lee, *fallow-ground.*

Leesome, *lovely.*

Leese me, *a phrase used when one loves or is pleased with a person.*

Leil, *exact.*

Leugh, *laughed.*

Lib, *to geld.*

Lilt;

# the SCOTS WORDS.

Lilt, *a tune.*  
 Linkan, *to move quickly.*  
 Loor, *rather.*  
 Loos, *loves.*  
 Loun, *a fly wench.*  
 Lout, *to bow.*  
 Lowan, *flaming.*  
 Lown, *calm.*  
 Lucken, *gathered together,*  
*or close join'd to one an-*  
*other.*  
 Lyart, *hoary or grey.*

## M.

**M**Aik, *a mate.*  
 Mair, *more.*  
 Maist, *most.*  
 Maksna, *it matters not.*  
 Main, *moan.*  
 March, *limits or border of*  
*grounds.*  
 Marrow, *match.*  
 Maun, *must.*  
 Mawking, *a hare.*  
 Mavis, *the thrush.*  
 Meikle, *or Muckle, much.*  
 Meise, *move.*  
 Mends, *revenge.*  
 Menfe, *manners. Id. to de-*  
*corate.*  
 Menzie, *a company or re-*  
*tinue.*  
 Milfy, *a search for milk.*  
 Mint, *attempt*  
 Minny, *mother.*  
 Mirk, *dark.*  
 Mons-meg, *a very large il-*  
*ron cannon in the castle*

*of Edinburgh, capable of*  
*holding two people.*  
 Mou, *mouth.*  
 Moup, *to eat as wanting*  
*teeth.*  
 Mouster, *the miller's toll.*  
 Muck, *dung.*  
 Mutches, *linen quoifs or*  
*hoods.*

## N.

**N**A', *and Nae, no, none.*  
 Nane, *none.*  
 Nees, *nose.*  
 Neist, *next.*  
 Nither, *starve or pinch.*  
 Nowther, *neither.*

## O.

**O**ny, *any.*  
 Owrlly, *a cravat.*  
 Owfen, *oxen.*  
 Oxter, *arm-pit.*

## P.

**P**Antry, *a buttery.*  
 Partans, *crab-fish.*  
 Pat, *put*  
 Pawky, *cunning.*  
 Paunches, *tripe.*  
 Peat-pot, *peat coal-pit.*  
 Pibrogh, *a highland tune.*  
 Pickle, *a small share.*  
 Pig, *earthen pot.*  
 Pillar, *stool of repentance.*  
 Pine, *pain.*  
 Pith, *strength.*

Plet,

# E X P L A N A T I O N of

Plet, *to fold*. Id. *twist*.  
 Poortith, *poverty*.  
 Pou, or Pu, *well*.  
 Powfowdy, *ram-head soup*.  
 Prig, *haggle*.  
 Prive, *to prove, or taste*.

## R.

**R** Air, *roar*.  
 Rashe, *rushes*.  
 Red up, *put in order*.  
 Renzie, *rein*.  
 Rever, *robber*.  
 Rifarts, *radishes*.  
 Rife, *plenty*.  
 Riggs, *ridges*.  
 Row, *roll*.  
 Rowth, *wealth*.  
 Rude, *cross*.  
 Runkled, *wrinkled*.  
 Rung, *a club*.  
 Rufe, or roose, *to praise*.

## S.

**S** Ae, *so*.  
 Satt, *soft*.  
 Sair, *fore*.  
 Sawt, *salt*.  
 Seim, *appearance*.  
 Sell, *self*.  
 Sey, *try*.  
 Shanna, *shall not*.  
 Shangy-mouthed, or shevil-  
 gabit, *the mouth much*  
*to one side*.  
 Sharn, *cow-dung*.  
 Shaw, *show*. Id. *a woody*  
*bank*.

Shoo, *a shoe*.  
 Shoon, *shoes*.  
 Shore, *to threaten*.  
 Shire, *thin*.  
 A shire lick, *a smart fellow*.  
 Sic, or Sick, *such*.  
 Sican, *such an one*.  
 Sin, or Syne, *since*.  
 Sindle, *seldom*.  
 Sinsyne, *since that time*.  
 Skair, *share*.  
 Skaith, *harm, loss*.  
 Skink, *strong soup*.  
 Sma', *small*.  
 Snack, *smart*.  
 Snaw, *snow*.  
 Sneist, *to snarl*.  
 Snishing, *snuff*.  
 Snood, *a head-band*.  
 Snug, *convenient, neat*.  
 Souden, *boiled*.  
 Sonfy, *fortunate, jolly*.  
 Sowens, *a kind of sowerd*  
*gruel, boiled like paste*.  
 Soum, *of sheep 20*.  
 Spake, *spoke*.  
 Speer, *to ask*.  
 Spelding, *dried white-fish*.  
 Stane, *stone*.  
 Starns, *stars*.  
 Steek, *shut*.  
 Stend, *stalk hastily*.  
 Stirk, *a young bullock*.  
 Stoup, *a prop*.  
 Strae, *straw*.  
 Streek, *stretch*.  
 Stenzie, *to stain*.  
 Swats, *small ale*.

Sweer,



orig  
Miss

2  
3

Harding C 2514